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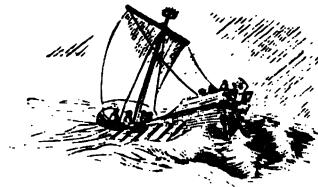
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THE ARGO.



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THE ARGO.

VOL. III.

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Terms, \$2.00 per year in advance. Single copies 15 cents. Students and graduates of Williams are requested to contribute articles, verses, letters, and Alumni notes.

WE regret to announce the resignation of Mr. W. P. Bradley from the Board of Editors of the ARGO. In filling the vacancy caused by this resignation we propose to adopt a plan that has been tried successfully before. We invite a general competition among the students, and shall base our selection of an Editor upon the quality of the articles contributed. All contributions, which should be either tales or sketches, must be handed in by May 12th. We trust the competition will be as lively as the reward merits.

THE study of Rhetoric is rapidly receiving at many colleges the attention that its importance merits, and we may well regret that it is passed over so cursorily at Williams. It seems scarcely reasonable to expect a class to master the principles of this subject in eighteen recitations, or, even if they succeed in this, to derive any practical benefit from them, as they would were the study pursued at the same time, and with thoroughness, that essay-writing is a part of the class curriculum. If in the future this subject can receive more attention, and cease being administered at one dose, like a quinine pill, to work its effect after a long summer vacation, we think the Faculty would receive the thanks of the whole college.

WE observe with pleasure, as the possible harbinger of relief to other classes, that the old monotonous system of teaching only three subjects at a time, with daily recitations in each, has been abolished in the case of the Sophomores, who now have chemistry and botany on alternate days. Formerly they would have been compelled to attend six recitations a week in one subject during the first of the term, and to pursue the other subject similarly during the latter part. This innovation introduces variety into the term's work, and prevents such a thorough disgust with the course and everything connected with it, as ordinarily prevails among the Freshmen. We feel confident that, could the powers that be experience for a time the endless repetition of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics to which the lowest class is subjected, they would speedily devise some change,—and doubtless anything would be acceptable. We sincerely hope to see some steps soon taken to lend more interest to our course of instruction, which in its matter is so praiseworthy.

WE hold the opinion which is universal among the occupants of Morgan Hall, that a great mistake was made in the disposition of the gravel walks about that building. Perhaps in the very beginning too little prominence was given to the main face and main entrances; but by the construction of a wagon road leading to them, and the neglect of paths leading from them directly toward Main street, the principal part of the building has been slighted, while the wings have been favored with these walks. Paths leading from the central entrances toward the street were begun, but strange to say, for some unaccountable reason, work on them was suddenly suspended. Therein we think lies the mistake. Otherwise the surroundings of the building have been improved in a most satisfactory manner. Can we not persuade those who have the matter in charge to reverse their decision and grant a useful as well as ornamental boon? It would

add grandeur to the most thoroughly equipped dormitory of which any American college can boast, which should not be deprived of its excellence by any local ideas of aestheticism.

AT a recent meeting of the college, at which base ball interests were discussed, the subject of a new campus was brought up and thoroughly canvassed. The proposition, though not a new one, was yet received and handled with such spirit as to encourage us to look upon it as an enterprise that will not easily be abandoned, and to lend our hearty encouragement and support to it. It is proposed to purchase the field adjoining Mr. Cole's grounds for \$2,500, and to convert it into a new campus. To this end the college has given \$1,500, Dr. Carter \$100, and Mr. Cole \$100, leaving \$800 to be collected from other sources. When other colleges give so liberally to less pressing needs; when a new era in our athletic history is so nearly within our grasp; when our very identity as an athletic institution is being called in question by our sister colleges,—are we to be defeated for lack of \$800? An unusual enthusiasm has been awakened on this subject. Strike, then, while the iron is hot. Send printed circulars to our alumni. Let loose the contribution fiend among the students at large, and we may hope to see our nine, stimulated by the new interest taken in it, gaining strength and acquiring new honors on a campus worthy of the name.

HE has been here,—we mean, they have been here. The beautiful constellation of the Gemini has again reached its upper culmination for the meridian of Williamstown, and, thanks be to Jupiter and all the rest of the mythology of Greece and Rome, they passed away and left us in peace. One was a book agent. You would know him. He had a wicked eye, and the furtive glance of a young fellow keeping his eyes on the lookout for her father's big dog, lest he be unable to pay his tailor's bills. So has the other brother. But somehow or other we did not recognize him. We doubt not that our Professor of Natural History would have given a large reward, perhaps five cents, for his capture, dead or alive. He

would have looked so well in a bottle of alcohol. Beside him, Jumbo, preserved, would have been a mere Lilliputian. This one was a phrenologist. We missed his old time unctuous affability, but the persistency was all there, and he had an eye that would not have been content with distinguishing bumps, but would have read the thoughts even through the stony cranium of the vivacious Abe. O, shades of Dickens! would that you could have been spared to make another American trip. You would not have lacked matter for satirical notes, had you but known these recent productions of American civilization.

WHAT is the meaning of this mighty influx of tariff tracts and protection pamphlets that has fallen like a meteoric shower upon our college? Does it mean that some petty enthusiast is struggling for fame and renown, with a fair prospect of reaping notoriety instead? Does it savor of the Roach? This is the impression of a large number of students, undoubtedly, as is shown by the generous distribution of the said tracts and pamphlets about the post-office floor. But laying aside the real merit of these publications, many of which are as bigoted and narrow-minded as their ignorant proselytes, we cannot fail to note that the world is beginning to look upon us as men; as responsible, intelligent beings, who are soon to wield an influence, many of us to be intrusted with the reins of government. We cannot help realizing this. The necessity of forming opinions, of identifying ourselves with clearly defined political principles, is becoming daily more apparent, as questions that have long lain dormant in society are now demanding attention and widening the breach between political parties. Society is presenting these questions to us, looking to the coming generation of young men, who are enjoying unprecedented opportunities of learning, for their solution. In view of these facts, the student cannot remain neutral. Society rejects those useless ornaments that are cast adrift upon her tender mercies, unprotected with the sword and buckler of political principles. Let us not burden society. Let us answer her demands. Even the luckless tariff tract may point a moral.

THE base ball season has again come around, and the usual questions are agitating the minds of those who are specially interested in the national game. At the last meeting for base ball purposes our manager's report was encouraging in more ways than one. Particularly so was the news that the Base Ball Association was out of debt and had a small balance in the treasury. The news of the arrangements in regard to the new campus, and, until the purchase of that, in regard to the repair of the old one, were received with considerable enthusiasm. These facts in connection with the schedule of games wholly or partially arranged by the business manager, seem to indicate the opening of the most promising base ball season which has been seen for some years. One thing only is lacking to give completeness to the arrangements already existing. Means to carry the nine through the season are simply indispensable, and the opportunity seems now to be offered for ambitious individuals to put their hands into their pockets and take them out again with a greenback or two in them, rather than to leave them there while they stand about and grumble because the nine does not "brace." As long ago as we can remember, there came the complaint every season that there was no use of raising money to support the nine in playing with mill-hands and scrub-nines. Now this complaint cannot be made, for the schedule is strictly confined to college nines. Leave of absence has already been granted by the Faculty, and the cry of "brace" no longer can be set up by the college in regard to the nine, but the shoe is on the other foot. Money, then, fellows; money! Give liberally, and let us have the best season on record in Williams for inter-collegiate games.

THE Glee Club has been agitating the subject of a Summer tour. The idea is to start immediately after commencement and visit fashionable and popular Summer resorts, both here and in the West. The advantages of this plan are that by so doing business could be combined with pleasure. Persons spending their summers at popular resorts are as a rule in an excellent mood for just such diversion and entertainment as a well-trained Glee Club could furnish. The long

monotony of sultry July would make such a concert as refreshing as a water-cooler, and there would be no difficulty in securing full houses. On the other hand, the temptation to linger upon the way, and the increased expenses necessary to appear to advantage in polite society, where hotel bills are at their highest, and everybody exerts himself to fleece the summer tourist, would make the financial success of the enterprise somewhat doubtful. However, the idea is worthy of consideration, and if the club finds that it can be made profitable as well as enjoyable, why, let it go, and may it gain honors for its college, as it has done before.

WHEN the Williams student returns to college after a vacation and finds himself obliged to work up a society or class debate, or prepare a "congressional" speech, or write an essay on some live question of the day, he desires to trace, through the medium of the daily press, the history of the question upon which he is at work. But the indispensable daily papers are not to be found. The reading-room takes no papers during vacations, and keeps no files; by the kindness of the post-master he may gain access to a heap of tangled rubbish from which he may and may not find some of the desired numbers; but the importance of preserving a continuous record of the world's history, as we have it by daily instalments, is nowhere appreciated. As the student rambles through the library in his perplexity, and scans the many shelves filled with congressional, state, county, and town records, files of ancient papers, stacks of pamphlets, and minute histories of unimportant institutions, he may well feel that the library authorities would make a better use of a small part of this space by keeping files of two or three good daily papers. The need of such files, accessible to the college, is certainly undeniable.

THE *Athenæum* chronicles the important acquisitions the college has recently made in the shape of the Naples and Woods Holl "Tables." We rejoice with our sister journal in the good fortune of Williams.

BLUE EYES.

THE one who sings
That learning brings
The joy that never dies,
Misuses lays.
I sing in praise
Of love and dark blue eyes.

Those eyes so blue,
So calm, so true,
They hold my heart in sway.
Ah! Time, you thief,
Who make sweets brief,
Keep her eyes bright I pray.

The one who sings
That love but wings
Here, there, and never stays,
Is but a fool.
In love's true school,
A lover never strays.

JACQUES.

CHECKMATE.

"CARL, my cousin is coming next week. Her name is Diana Brooke, and she's awfully pretty."

"Good!" exclaimed Carl Eliot, the one addressed.

"Now don't get excited," resumed his friend. "I have opened this subject because I have a few fatherly admonitions to give you. I know your susceptible heart. I know you are a Junior and have little to occupy your time and keep you out of mischief, and I want to save you from humiliation and defeat. My cousin is dangerous; scarcely twenty summers have ripened the beauty of that fair flower, and already she has used up the fingers of her right hand in counting her rejected suitors, and —"

"And if I don't take care, she will check me off on the thumb of her left, you mean, I suppose?" interrupted Carl.

"Precisely," said the other. "Diana has just been up to Hanover and made sad havoc among the Dartmouth youth; so I give you fair warning, as a particular friend."

"My gratitude shall only be equaled by my circumspection," answered Carl. "I won't propose until Miss Brooke languishes at my feet with tears in her eyes."

Thus spake the two collegians—Hugh Tyler, a

grave and studious Senior, and Carl Eliot, of whom the designation "jolly Junior" is a sufficient description.

Ten days after Diana Brooke and her mother had entered their names on the hotel register in the college town where our scene is laid, the former came to her cousin Hugh with embarrassment and perplexity on her pretty face.

"Hugh, I'm in a pretty fix," she began. "I know I can trust you, so I am going to ask you to help me. Would you believe it? your friend, Carl Eliot, to whom you introduced me on my arrival, has had the presumption to propose to me on a week's acquaintance."

"The little rascal! I warned him to behave himself," broke in Hugh.

"Oh, don't be too severe on him," said Diana, beginning to blush and lose her usual perfection of coolness and self-possession. "He suffers for it enough, poor fellow! Of course I couldn't listen to a proposal on such a short acquaintance, even if—even if—I had no other objection. But he doesn't look at it as I do. He is actually in despair; he goes around looking melodramatically melancholy, and last evening I saw him with a revolver sticking out of his pocket. He is desperate, and will do himself some injury, and it is all on my account. Now I want you to go to him," continued Diana, nervously twitching her parasol and feeling her way; "but don't let him know I have said anything to you. Pretend to inquire the cause of his strange behavior, and reassure him; for, you know, a fellow shouldn't be discouraged at one refusal."

"My dear cousin, nothing could please me more," exclaimed Hugh with alacrity, "than to act as Cupid's first lieutenant in your relations with my friend Carl."

"Now, Hugh," protested Diana, blushing violently, "you are jumping at ridiculous conclusions. If you won't be sensible, I'll go home to-morrow."

"Oh, honor bright, I'll be discreet and merit the confidence you repose in me."

"Women are curious pieces," pondered Hugh, as he went to seek his love-smitten friend. "Who would have thought Di would have cared for Carl?"

Diana had been waiting some time for her cousin, on the evening following the above conversation, when at last he came in, his gravity upset and his merriment but ill concealed.

"Well, Hugh," began his cousin, with some hesitation, "what success?"

"It was a hard case, but I have persuaded him to live until the end of the term, at least, if no unforeseen fatality cuts him off."

"What do mean?" asked Diana, betraying more eagerness than she would have wished. "You are making fun of me."

"My poor Di," returned the other, "your wits are at fault this time. Don't waste any more sentiment on that impudent boy. He is merely getting himself in trim for doing the hero of a new and original melodrama written by one of the fellows for the Junior dramatics, and the revolver is an adjunct of the disappointed lover he is to play."

Diana's condition was piteous to behold. "Well, any way, I had good reason for thinking as I did," she stammered.

Hugh's eyes danced wickedly. "The worst is yet to be told," he resumed. "He has been impressing you into his service in practicing the love scene that leads up to the revolver episode. He is too conscientious to neglect anything that can add to the realism of his part. Carl told me all about it; said he wouldn't have popped if he hadn't known there was no danger of being accepted. He begged my pardon for breaking his word to me, but thought he was excusable under the circumstances."

"Poor Di!" thought Hugh, upon that young lady's picture, two days later, "her campaign has been a brilliant success." B.

ABOUT fifteen students remained in town during the last vacation, and were very fortunate in having magnificent weather with the exception of two or three days.

SCENE at morning chapel at close of last term. Prof. conducting chapel: "The first division of the freshman class will have their examination in Latin Tuesday morning." "Let not your hearts be troubled."

IN AUTUMN.

'TIS the tap-tap-tap of the woodpecker's bill
In the gloom of the deepening night,
As the shadowy mist creeps over the hill
In its spectral garments of white.

The measure is beat for the snatch of the rill,
As it babbles away in its flight,—
'Tis the tap-tap-tap of the woodpecker's bill,
In the gloom of the deepening night.

As the desolate woods grow silent and still,
A-musing I wander along the height,
And fancies quaintest my day-dreams fill,
Of the bird-muezzin at fading light,—
'Tis the tap tap-tap of the woodpecker's bill,
In the gloom of the deepening night.

H. S. U.

A TALE OF TERROR.

"GHOST stories? ha! ha! kind of fairy stories you know, only ghost stories are rather played out now, always turning out to be dreams or tricks or hooting-owls, or something of the sort. Believe in ghosts? Well, I should think not."

I have often heard people talk in that way, and I confess I have had the same opinion of ghosts myself. I always laughed at such things till one day last year, when I believed so thoroughly in the existence of nightly spectres that I would have gone through Freshman year again if for the moment I could have thought otherwise. It happened at the end of the Spring vacation, as I was returning to a lovely little hamlet buried amidst the arbutus-covered Berkshires and the Spring mud. I took the night train from the "Hub," expecting to make chapel on the inevitable Thursday morning. After getting accustomed to the noise of the cars, I dropped off into a doze. I must have slept for some time, when the increased roar of the train half wakened me, and the harsh grating of the air brakes, followed by the dead stop of the train, fully aroused me. I went out on the platform and inquired of a brakeman what the matter was and how long we would be delayed. He kicked the lever out of the cog-wheel and let the brake whirl back to its place, and then answered sleepily that something

was wrong and we would be detained at the least ten minutes, till the wheels were examined.

"Ten minutes," I repeated to myself, and I jumped down to stretch my legs. I shivered as I lighted a cigarette, for the air was chilly, with a sort of grave-like dampness to it. Thinking it hardly necessary to go back for an overcoat, I buttoned up my coat and began to walk up and down in the darkness. I found the walking very rough at the side of the cars on account of small quarry stones probably left by the workmen, so I went to the rear of the train and paced up and down the track. As long as I heard the "tang, tang" of the iron as the men inspected the wheels I knew I was all right, so I continued smoking my cigarette.

When I turned in one of my rounds to walk back I was aware that the hammering had ceased. "All right," some one shouted, and then each car grunting in turn as though angry at being disturbed, began to move. "No need to have hurried so," I panted to myself as I overtook the train and ran to one side to climb up the steps. But I had forgotten the quarry stones, and before I knew it I tripped up and fell headlong on the ground. In falling I cut my hand and face, but nevertheless I scrambled up and ran like a Soph. caught hazing. But the train was already under way and seemed to be getting further off. I ran on, shouting, but it was no use; the blinking danger lights grew smaller and smaller, and finally disappeared altogether.

I was left. For a minute I stood gazing on space, and then began moralizing on my luck. I do not know how long I pursued that train of thought, but happening to look in the direction I had come, I saw way off in the distance a most remarkable light. It would appear and then vanish, and then appear again, and all the time it seemed to approach me. My first impulse was to hail it, but on second thought I determined to inspect the bearer of the light, or whatever it was, as a person roaming around at such an hour of the night might be a rough customer. So I anxiously peered through the darkness, trying to make out what was coming. It acted like an intoxicated Will o' the whisp. It glared for a moment and went out, then glared and went out.

To escape observation I walked to one side, but came plump upon a damp rock wall. This was strange. I felt along for a distance, hoping the wall would terminate. Vain hope. I looked toward the light. It had approached considerably nearer, and I thought I saw a black object moving with it. Silently I ran across the road it would take, trusting that I would find a place of concealment on the other side, but with the same luck, another wall. I glanced nervously over my shoulder, and I shall never forget the sight. As I think of it now it makes me shudder.

I could just make out by the varying light the form of a man, or what was once a man. The lower part of his face and his neck were dark red, as though his head had been almost severed from the body, and this horrid head, slightly bent toward the ground, flopped now on this side, now on that, and seemed to keep time with the fluctuating light. Cold perspiration ran down my body till my very feet were wet. Getting over the first shock, I tried to reason with myself. Could I be asleep? No, for my hand I hurt in falling pained me when I touched it. My courage returned, and I resolved to face this farce of a ghost, but a second glance at the creature and I found myself running stealthily away. But heavens! a little distance in front of me was a second dancing light approaching!

What did all this mean, this grave-like smell, these walls? Where in — Mass. was I? Every ghost story I had told or laughed at came up vividly before me, as evil deeds do to a drowning man. Yes, I saw it now. These ghosts were going to get even with me for being skeptical. All I had now was truly a ghost of a chance. I could stand it no longer.

"Keep away, I believe in you!" I yelled. Both lights disappeared. I heard them coming. "Help! help!" I shouted, and leaned against the wall and shut my eyes, listening to the hollow sound of my voice as it died away in the distance. A light shone in my eyes. I opened them. There standing looking at me was a rough-visaged man, with a red bandana handkerchief tied over his mouth and reaching down to his throat. A sigh of relief escaped me. I glanced at his companion. He was an ordinary workingman, with nothing

remarkable in his appearance. "Where am I? What do you wear that horrible red thing for?" I asked with a shiver.

"You are in Hoosac Tunnel. I wears dat kerchief so I do not breathe dat damp air vat prevailed here dis time of year."

"Who are you, anyway? How did you happen to meet here at this time of night?"

"We are night track-walkers," answered the other, "and have to meet every night in the center of the tunnel."

"Why," I asked the other man as a little later I accompanied him when he started back toward Adams, "Why did that foreigner roll his head from side to side, and what caused your lanterns to disappear every moment?"

"Why, we examine both tracks, now looking to the right, now to the left. The reason our lanterns seemed to go out was, I suppose, because, as we carry them in our hand at our side, every step we take causes our leg to come between the light and any one in front."

"Oh! I understand. Pretty cold night, isn't it?"

OHILLING.

AS tender twigs and sprouting tendrils, chilled
By sudden frosts, are sapless, limp, and blighted,
So my poor frame with feebleness is filled—
My young love unrequited.

In verse impassioned and with words of fire
I breathed the love that swayed my soul and spirit.
My winged steed spurned earth, touched Heaven's lyre,
And well did engineer it.

"With love as pure as morning's crystal dew,
With love immortal, holy, mad, undying,
With love divine I love you, darling Sue!
Be mine! O hear me sighing!"

The cruel frost of unrequited love
Came at the vesper's slow, funereal chiming.
I tore the seal! Her answer read, by Jove!—
"You've quite a knack at rhyming."

TAM.

THE season of pitching pennies is near at hand, and before long we may expect to find the walks cut into cross sections by the limiting lines.

AN EDITORIAL OHAT.

WE sat in Nat's law-office indulging in college reminiscences.

"I tell you what," said Nat, beginning to pace the floor with his hands in his pockets, while Merrifield, Smart, and I tilted comfortably back in the stout office chairs; "Few people appreciate the power of the college press. When I was in Abraham College, at the head of the *Abraham Autocrat*, I grew round-shouldered under the weight of my responsibility. The college journal is not so much the index of college views and sentiments as it is their originator and director. The average citizen does not know how to regard the tariff reform, whether to uphold the last cabinet appointment, or which candidate to elect to office, until he receives his paper. And so I found it in college: a helpless vacuity always prevailed in the students' minds in regard to the last action of the Faculty, until they had received their *Autocrats*, and knew whether to applaud or hiss. On one occasion, when matters of importance were under review, and the issue was delayed, it was piteous to see the students hungrily watching the mails. Imbecility stared them in the face with the increasing delay. The cerebral vacuum, ever growing more serious, threatened several victims with a crushing inward of the cranium. But, although nature abhors a vacuum, the principle of the arch triumphed, and the skulls even of the most weak-minded withstood the strain until the arrival of the *Autocrat* brought them alleviation."

"How often it is," I remarked, "that college Faculties have to bow before this engine of power, the college press."

"Yes," Nat resumed, "I remember an occasion when our college was stirred upon the subject of stewed prunes. It remained only with us, by voicing the public displeasure and expressing our distaste for stewed prunes for supper, as prescribed by the Faculty, to produce rebellion and final disintegration. The college hung by a thread, and it was only the tears and prayers of the President that induced us to write a poem on the charms of stewed prunes, and thus to save the college."

"Speaking of editorial experiences," put in

Smart, "let me tell you how I got out of a tight place when I was editor of the *Monthly Kaleidoscope*. It was the eleventh hour—it was the day on which all matter must be sent to our printers, and not a line had been written. I had relied as usual on the rest of the corps, and on our regular contributors to do their work. But one had one excuse, and one another; one was mortally offended at the rejection of his last offering; another was equally so at an unfortunate misprint; the author of the current serial had been suddenly called away without leaving the indispensable next chapter; our principal poet was ill, and here I was, on this last day of grace, alone in the sanctum, in the depths of despair. I can give you no idea how I buckled down to business during that morning, afternoon, and evening, until eleven o'clock, when the mail was to take our manuscript to the city. Editorials and news paragraphs were spun out *currente calamo*; the heavy lit., the light lit., the sentimental poem, the light poem, the humorous poem, the regulation long story, and the spicy short tale I conjured in succession out of the ink-bottle, while the inexorable short hand crept round toward the fatal XI. What did I do about the continued story? I ran over the preceding chapters in desperation, then waited a few minutes for inspiration; it came; in went my pen into the ink, and down went Chapter the Ninth. Talk about Wilkie Collins and 'Edwin Drood'! My task was not at the end, but right in the middle of a thick plot. I had cleverly dovetailed my chapter to what preceded; would it fit equally well to what should follow? Yes; the dovetail proved afterward to be perfect at both ends. But the richest part of the whole thing was the comments of our exchanges on this number of the *Kaleidoscope*. Here is a paragraph that I have kept in my note-book to this day:

"The March *Kaleidoscope* has just reached us. We are pleased to note the advance this magazine is making in its literary scope and power. This number shows a variety in the style of its articles that does credit to the editor's discrimination."

Merrifield here took the floor and told us some of his experiences on the *Wednesday Morning*

Pancake; thus called, he explained, because its humor was the reverse of its name in flatness. "Dear me!" he sighed, "I soon had to leave the *Pancake*. I brought it at the same time the greatest success and well-nigh the most disastrous failure. My articles were so funny that, when students went to the post-office for their papers, and ventured to open them before leaving, they were sure to have to be swept out by the boy, as they lay unconscious after a severe paroxysm of laughter. The mortality increased in the college frightfully, subscribers fell off, complaining of split sides, and not daring to take the *Pancake* longer, and so they elected Longface in my stead, as the only means of saving the paper."

"I think," said I, in my turn, "I have reason to be proud of an idea I conceived when I ran the *Energetic Quilldriver*. We were financially hard up; money was to be raised, or we should go under. In this emergency I pulled off my coat and overhauled the previous volumes of the *Quilldriver*. I made a collection therefrom of the most popular and interesting tales, and designed a style of 32mo. binding, with thin paper, flexible covers, almost no margin, and fine but clear type. I named my book 'The Chapel Edition of Choice Tales; or, A Warning to Dull Preachers.' It had an immense sale at all the colleges, and our finances—"

"Oh, how wicked, how demoralizing!" interrupted Merrifield, with a ludicrously shocked expression.

"Not at all," I returned; "let me tell you the result at our college. Of course, the Faculty soon got wind of this publication, this book which could be read almost between the devoutly-folded hands. The divines felt that they had something to strive after: they must be so eloquent as to hold every man's eye. The Sunday sermons were no longer perfunctorily written and delivered. Both divines and students profited by this innovation of mine, and I really believe hardly a man ever read his book half through. It stopped illegitimate chapel-reading, instead of encouraging it."

Here one of Nat's clients came in, and we dispersed.

TART.

HER hair is rather curly and her teeth are very pearly,
 And she drives a pair of ponies, for her father has
 much pelf;
 Her cloaks are trimmed with ermine, and she dances at
 the German,
 Like a nimble-footed wood-nymph, or Terpsichore her-
 self.

She likes to read romances, and indulges in round dances;
 She entrances with her glances—she's a fickle, gay
 coquette;
 She has quite a taste for laces and she likes to go to races,
 And when she gets a pointer it is shocking how she'll
 bet.

Sometimes she gets in rages, which a bracelet soon assua-
 ges,
 And she dearly loves the flavor of a stolen cigarette;
 Yet, although she's rather haughty and at times a trifle
 naughty,
 I really can't help thinking she's a darling little pet.

I. W. A.

SIO TRANSIT.

"YES," resumed the big Transit Instrument,
 fixing its great cyclops-eye upon me as
 the professor left the room to make some calcu-
 lations—"yes, I have all sorts of visitors. But
 I save that for another time. I want to tell
 you about a little experience of mine, so I shall
 say nothing of my visitors at present; although I
 don't mind telling you that I see some strange
 people. Why there are the third-term Juniors
 who come down according to appointments, to
 have the professor explain me. But bless my
 soul! the little professor, the tall clock in the cor-
 ner, and myself are the best of friends. He
 never breathes one of my secrets; he just gives
 the clock a wink, talks about 'compensated pen-
 dulum,' sets their watches by siderial time, and
 after letting them all take a squint through me,
 and gaze into that mysterious little bowl of mer-
 cury in the floor, they go home not a whit the
 wiser. Then the professor slips in here and we
 three have a long quiet little laugh all to ourselves
 at the expense of those Juniors; and sometime
 sit up all night enjoying each other's company.

Then there's the Freshman, who brings
 'Mamma and sister's friend' to see the observ-
 atory. O how sister's friend opens her eyes

and admires the little man at her side—she
 hardly knows why, except that he seems to be
 such an intimate friend of mine, and speak so
 knowingly of me. And O how Mamma's face
 beams with joy to hear her boy speak so learnedly.
 But I say nothing. The tall clock and I under-
 stand each other; so I look immovably at the
 iron roof, and my friend in the corner ticks on as
 unconcernedly as ever. Then there is the Senior
 who sometimes comes down the path over the
 hill, and when he looks through me I just hold a
 bottle up before my face, and he tells professor
 he has a headache, and would like to be excused.
 Then sometimes a Sophomore brings up sister's
 friend without mamma, and then—why, bless my
 azimuth screws! there's the professor"—and the
 big Transit Instrument turned noiselessly upon
 its axis, and fixed its great eye upon the pole star
 just as a fez peeped through the door.

"Just 3' o'," said the professor.

TWO FRIENDS.

I HAVE two friends, old, true, and tried,
 That have guarded me many a day;
 And one on my right and one on my left,
 They lead me on life's rough way.

They are weather-beaten and coarse without,
 But warm are their souls within,
 For the rough-shelled oyster contains the pearl,
 Though fair is the garb of sin.

Then oft when rages the wintry blast,
 And the eddying snow is whirled,
 Their sturdy frames between me stand
 And the cold of the dreary world.

If you would also have these friends
 To preserve your footsteps too,
 Then one on the right, and one on the left,—
 Rubber boots are the things for you.

THE freshmen have elected H. W. Phelps as
 base-ball manager, and S. G. Tenney captain of
 the class nine.

HAYDEN, '86, is at present in the University of
 New York, where he will remain the rest of the
 year. At the end of this term he expects to go
 into business.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE next *Argo* will be issued on May 19th.

THE nine is in daily practice on the campus.

THE Kellogg Hall Tennis Club is in a flourishing condition.

COMMENCEMENT orations are due a week from next Wednesday.

AGAIN the Lake George regatta takes place on Williams' Class-day!

THE Sophomore class in History has been divided alphabetically.

MR. BALDWIN, of New York, is in town tutoring with F. J. Parsons for '87.

EIGHTY-THREE'S class tax, for general graduating expenses, will be fifteen dollars.

SEVERAL students went to Pittsfield last week to hear Lotta in Muzette.—“But let that pass.”

THE students do not seem to be the only members of college who have tired of their beards.

DOYLE, '83, still at his home in Boston, is said to be looking very well and constantly improving.

PROF. RICE has taken the Schiller Elective and recites “Egmont” to the Juniors every morning.

THE weather last Saturday was so cloudy that the Juniors were deprived of their expected lecture on Optics.

COLUMBIA has followed the example of Williams by introducing banjo selections into her Glee Club concerts.

THE Faculty are laying out a flower-garden, in the rear of Morgan, to supply the inmates with *boutonnières* every morning.

EIGHTY-THREE'S measurements were taken last week, in accordance with the wishes of F. V. Pike, the Class Secretary.

TWENTY-NINE Sophomores have chosen Mathematics as their elective. The rest concluded that it was better to ride than to walk.

THE Sophomores have chosen Mr. Holden as Poet at their Class Supper, which is to be held at the United States Hotel, Saratoga.

WHEELER, '85, who was very sick during the vacation, is convalescent, and will probably return to college in about two weeks.

THE poet sentimental of the board puts in his annual spring plea for arbutus. Don't injure the roots boys, it would break his heart.

PROF.—“How do you know there was oxygen in that glass?”

Student—“Why, you put a *stick* in it.”

THE *Athenæum* has discontinued its illustrations, as they caused too much annoyance to the editors and frequently delayed the paper.

PRESIDENT CARTER attended Prof. Rice's recent lecture to the German and History elective, on the “Rise and Growth of the Faust-idea.”

PROF. BREWER, of Yale, will probably be the next President of the Amherst Agricultural College, in the place of the late Paul A. Chadbourne.

THE grading about Morgan Hall is being actively carried on. There will be a handsome flight of stone steps on the terrace facing Spring street.

A GAME was expected last Saturday, between the College Nine and the Polytechnics of Troy. But for some reason the latter could not accept the challenge.

THE Orchestra will hold weekly rehearsals for the present term on Tuesday evenings. Dewey has resigned the leadership, and Ramsey been elected in his stead.

G. A. COPELAND, '83, will leave his class about June 1st. He has secured a position in the General Post Office at Washington, which he is obliged to take at that time if at all.

It was proposed in the Freshman Class-meeting that the money appropriated for mortarboards be devoted to the purchase of a fountain to be placed in front of Morgan Hall.

FREQUENT complaints are made of the banisters in Morgan Hall. They are so low that they afford slight protection, and render a serious accident in the near future highly probable.

PROF.: “Mr. H——, the President noticed that you were writing in chapel last night, did he not?”

Mr. H——: “I don't know, for I wasn't there.”

THE following are elected to the Freshman Class Supper Committee: I. Baldwin, H. H. Gregg, Jr., J. M. Lasell, P. C. Ransom, and S. H. Tyng, 3d. Greylock Hall has been selected for the supper.

THE room on the third floor of Griffin Hall, used for a short time as a Latin recitation room, is to be occupied by Dr. Clarke after this year, and will be furnished with an open fireplace and other conveniences.

DR. SHERMANN, the "Psycho-dynamist," was in town last week, and after giving an interesting exhibition of his skill at the Mansion House, instructed a small class of students in the mysterious art—price \$5.

ON returning to Young Men's Christian Association work in the summer, Mr. C. K. Ober will occupy the position of State Secretary, as Mr. Sayford intends to devote his whole time to general evangelical work.

THE Seniors have finished the regular course in English Literature and have taken up Bacon's "Aesthetics." Prof. Rice will deliver some lectures to the class during the term on subjects connected with this study.

Every available corner about the college is haunted. Go where you will, you cannot escape the magic fascination of—"Close your eyes, looking me steadily in the eye," compared with which the horrors of the fifteen puzzle are as naught."

THE campus has been "restored." One after another the venerable landmarks disappeared. Dyke, ditch, and mound were swept away by the desecrating spade of the workman with a degree of cold-bloodedness before which even the restoring architect of St. Mark's turned pale. And the campus, once so picturesque with its grassy knolls and gently sloping hills, is now as level as a barn floor.

TO T. K. B.

The ARGO hears, with many leers,
About your four and twenty tears;
And since no sneer on your career
Was uttered here,—if not too queer,
We say, my dear, on us,—one beer—
You see that we're, in truth, sincere.

It is stated, on good authority, that the examination on Senior electives will not take place June 1st, as is stated in the catalogue, but will be deferred until the time of the regular final examination. The Seniors are somewhat disturbed.

"THE present prices of rooms are subject to revision at Commencement, 1884"—and the Under-classman growls while the Junior pastes the "Supplement to the Morgan Hall Regulations" in his scrap-book and congratulates himself on another narrow escape.

KEEP your eye on the box-office for the Dramatics,—performance comes a week from Thursday. Messrs. Squier and Collins, in the female parts, are said to take the cake. W. F. Hawkins plays "Fouche, the Duke," J. W. Allen as the lover, and W. Mercer as the heavy villain, are immense.

WHAT a rush there would be among the students for the vacant editorship on the *Argo's* staff if, as so many of our exchanges assert, editors were excused by the Faculty, from all literary work. It has been stated on good authority, however, that this immunity will be granted when the present chapel system is abolished.

YALE, Brown, Amherst, and Trinity are represented in the Inter-Collegiate Tennis Association. The officers are: President, F. W. Richardson of Trinity; Vice President, J. T. A. Doolittle of Yale; Secretary and Treasurer, W. H. Wilcox of Amherst. We hope to see Williams take advantage of her invitation and join the association.

THE following are the successful contestants for the Graves prizes: George Henry Badger, subject "Howells as a Critic of American Life;" Frederick Geller, subject "The American Judiciary and its Dangers;" Samuel Van Vrauken Holmes, subject "The University of Oxford;" John Parkinson Hubbard, Jr., subject "The Unrest of the Age as expressed in its Poetry;" Lewis Whipple Pratt and Hubert Shapleigh Underwood, both on the subject "The Author of 'Rab and his Friends.'" Honorable mention, William Sturtevant Andrews, subject "The University of Oxford."

THE following games have been arranged by the College nine for the coming season: Bowdoin, May 3d; Stevens Institute, May 12th; Tufts, May 19th; Cornell, May 30th, and Amherst, June 2d. In addition to these, arrangements will be made for playing Dartmouth, Hamilton, Harvard, Hobart, Trinity Union, and Wesleyan.

THE Sophomore Mathematical division is feasted with the near prospect of climbing a certain mountain, somewhere in the vicinity, to find the altitude of a certain spring somewhere pretty high up. But let not its ambition rest there. It will probably have a poem recited on the margin of the limpid pool, reminding it that it has climbed in more ways than one. And then, charming fancy!—exhorting it to be content to use the feet with which Nature has abundantly supplied it; “we have not wings, we cannot soar.”

PERSONALS.

'49. Henry H. Hoyt, ex-Governor of Pennsylvania, is about to settle down to the practice of his profession in the city of Philadelphia. On March 31st he was admitted to practice in the several courts, upon the motion of ex-Chief Justice Sharswood. Mr. Hoyt was described by Mr. Sharswood as a member of the bar of Luzerne County, whose name is entered as a practitioner in the minutes of the Supreme Court.

'57. The Montreal *Gazette*, for March 21th, announces the death of Mr. Frederick Southmayd Haight in that city. Mr. Haight removed to Canada in 1858, “being for a time in the Lower Province and Ontario; for over fifteen years he has been a respected citizen of Montreal. He established a private school in the old Mercantile Association building, and afterwards removed to McGill-College avenue, and later he built a school on Metcalfe street. For the past three years Mr. Haight has been the head-master of the Senior-school, where, as in every other capacity, he earned the respect of all with whom he came in contact.”

'60. James C. Greenough, formerly of West-

field, Mass., more recently principal for fifteen years of the Normal school at Providence, R. I., is one of the candidates for the presidency of the Mass. Agricultural College. He was born and brought up on a farm in Deerfield, Mass. After his graduation he studied both law and theology.

'62. Prof. Griffin supplied, on Sunday, April 15th, the pulpit of Rev. T. T. Munger, who was absent in Boston, supplying the pulpit of the Park Street Church of that city.

'78. Charles Gross recently received the degree of *Summa cum Laude*, at a German University, the highest degree attainable.

'79. Rev. E. T. Lee, of Portland, Oregon, has just met with a great blow in the death of his wife.

'79. T. G. Thompson was recently admitted to the Troy Conference at their last meeting, having been two years a probationer, and having passed a satisfactory examination. He has been assigned to Waterford, New York.

'81. F. A. Smith was recently elected Justice of the Peace in Addison, DuPage Co., Ill.

'81. W. Starr Cutting, who has been very successful as principal of the Deerfield high-school during the past year, is to be assistant instructor in modern languages in the Martha's Vineyard summer-school for the coming season. Prof. Borsini, formerly professor of modern languages at Williams, has control of this department in the summer-school.

'82. F. J. Demond is general secretary of the railroad branch of the Y. M. C. A., at Peoria, Ill., where society rooms have been fitted up in the new Union depot. The salaries and expenses of the association are paid by the several railroad companies represented there.

'82. F. A. Lincoln, formerly a member of this class, is one of the editors of the “Franklin (Mass.) Sentinel.”

'82. H. L. Peeke is practicing law with Melville & Kelley, at Huron, Dakota. He was admitted to the bar on the 17th inst.

'82. Norman Plass is reported as being one of the best scholars in his class at Yale Divinity School.

'84. Arthur G. Butler is, for the present, working in a book-store in Philadelphia.

JASON'S LOG BOOK.

JASON will considerably omit the metaphor in his introductory paragraph. He will not tell to all the world how, with the departure of the old board, his little craft steers with the uncertainty of the *Spectator's* Society Editor among the rocks and shoals that beset its path. He will not tell how his poor brain gets into fourteen puzzling knots an hour. He will waive all that, partly because the figure is old, partly because he wishes to assume from the beginning the experienced, man-of-the-world air of that same Society Editor—but principally because he wishes to present a bold front to the *Courant*, who has prayed for the complete extinction of the race of Jasons. Can it be that the valuable review of "How to Feed Baby so as to Make it Healthy and Happy" is a hollow mockery? and that the perfidious reviewer has not in his heart one little warm corner for Jason, Jr.? "Lurking love for the babies," indeed! But here is *Lampy*,—and the scowl melts away into a broad, genial, beneficent smile. It takes *Lampy* to present things in an original light, so that even the "Dude" seems a trifle less hackneyed when sung "to an old air." By the way, *Burr*, don't you think that sufficient mention has already been made by aspiring young romancers of the provoking way in which girls will kiss their brothers in the presence of smitten strangers, causing the inevitable complications? This little trait is characteristic of the sex, and hardly justifies three columns of "The Course of True Love, Etc." But Jason is not an "Admiring Graduate." On the contrary, he thinks your editorials both pertinent and readable, and always finds something to relish in your columns.

Welcome, *Acta*. Pardon me if I appear bold on first acquaintance. But has T. Carlyle actually resigned? If the "Letter on Statistics" is the fruit of it, we would advise you to let him hand in a letter of "resignation" every issue. Your verse is not quite up to the usual standard.

Evidently Jason, Sen. grated his bark on a hidden reef, when he said that the sensational delighted Vassar hearts. For the *Misc.* at once wanted to know why even her best exchanges wrote "so many trashy, slangy stories." Now there are two reasons why Jason, Jr. declines

to explain. First, because his modesty will not allow him to arrogate the delicate compliment to himself; and in the next place, because, admitting the soft impeachment, he has turned over so many new leaves, and made such a number of nice little resolutions in consequence of numerous advices from his lady friends, that he has decided to repudiate the debts of Jason, Sen. Yes; repudiate them! (Yale papers please copy.) He will buy a new Log-Book, start a new bank account, and settle down for the long voyage utterly indifferent to the tempests of his predecessor's creditors roaring about his cozy cabin—"Steward, a pot of 'alf-and-'alf!"

LIFE AT OTHER COLLEGES.

ON April 2d, the Trustees of Columbia made an appeal to the public for an additional endowment fund of \$4,050,000 to yield an annual income of \$202,500. The object of this appeal was stated to be the desire to make Columbia a model university, affording instruction in almost every conceivable subject. It was stated that the present income is \$336,392, and the expenditures \$298,690, but that a debt of \$750,000 would have to be contracted for the erection of the contemplated new buildings.

In reference to a new preparatory school, soon to be established near Princeton, the *Princetonian* says: The inevitable result of the new school will be the rapid raising of the standard of admission to the College, at least to the upper divisions of the Freshman class. It has been the fact, that many of Princeton's feeders were inferior schools, that has kept the standard lower than the two large New England universities. With the rapidly growing Scientific School, the embryo School of Philosophy, the new Art School, and the Lawrenceville prep. of the immediate future, the College of New Jersey can almost lay claim to the title of a leading university, as well as to the humbler one of a leading College."

THOSE students who were in college in the fall of 1881 may note the difference in the discipline of different colleges, by reading this editorial from the *Wesleyan Argus*: "We understand that the sophomores are considering the question of

cremation, and that they will probably observe the time-honored custom. No event of Commencement week is so interesting and amusing, and it will be much to the credit of the sophomores if they give us a sufficiently lugubrious celebration. We hope that the class may see the matter in this light, and decide in favor of cremation."

CORNELL has been afflicted with a veritable college spy, and the *Era* breaks forth upon him as follows: "It has recently been whispered about the University that some unprincipled individual, misnamed a college student, has, in a low sneaking manner, been engaged in the business of casting slurs upon his fellow students through the medium of anonymous letters to certain members of the faculty. Just what the purport of these letters is, we cannot at present divulge; but it is evident to all who have read them that the dirty flings contained in them must have emanated from a person utterly devoid of gentlemanly instincts, filled with jealousy and vindictive feelings, anxious to pull down good reputations, that he, or his friends, might find profit in the overthrow of others."

The above quotation serves to show how universally the spy system is abhorred.

OLIPPINGS.

"WHERE do they keep the 'consecrated cross-eyed bear?'" said the Freshman, after he had been listening to the choir rehearsing their new anthem.—*Lehigh Burr*.

Enthusiastic Professor of Physics, discussing the organic and inorganic kingdoms: "Now, if I should shut my eyes—*so*—and drop my head—*so*—and should not move, you would say I was a clod! But I move, I leap, I run; then what do you call me?" Voice from the rear: "A clod-hopper?" Class is dismissed.—*Vassar Miscellany*.

ENTOMOLOGIC.

I heard a Dutchman saying, in the street,
"The grub is fodder to the butterfly,"
And thought, if at Memorial he should eat
A dinner, he would bitterly repeat,
"The grub is fodder," and lie down and die.

—*Lampoon*.

"You ought to have seen me," said the vivacious young lady who resides up town, to the minister. "I just got the skates on and made a start, when I came down on my ——" "Maggie!" said her mother. "What? Oh, it was so funny. One skate went one way and the other'n t'other, and down I came on my ——" "Margaret!" reprovingly spoke her father. "Well, what? They scooted from under me and I came down plump on my ——" "Margaret!" yelled both her parents. "On my little brother, who had me by the hand, and I like to have mashed him. Now what's the matter?"—*Ex*.

If we look in the right sort of dictionary we shall see that faculty is derived from *factum*, a deed, and *ulcisor*, to avenge. Thus it is that college faculties exist,—to avenge the deeds of students. Furthermore, we learn that the person avenged is put in the accusative. This is borne out in practice. The faculty is always avenged, and so is put in the accusative, while, no matter how much the students accuse the faculty, they are never avenged,—they belong in the vocative. When we were little shavers we always had a faculty for getting into hot water; so when we grow older and become real shavers, we have a great faculty for the use of hot water. This is true as regards our college life,—we have a great faculty for the use of hot water. They have enough for the whole college to get into it once a day."—"Uncle Jabez" in *Crimson*.

A MEMORY.

We sat by the bank of the brook,
At the edge of eventide.
There lay the book she'd been reading,
With a handkerchief, at her side.
Through the gnarled roots at our feet
The water gurgled free,
And it sang with a ceaseless rhythm,
As it wandered on to the sea.
We gazed through the portals bright,
Ajar in the western sky;
We thought sweet thoughts, but spoke not,
And the brook went singing by.
* * * * *
I never have seen her since;
I doubt I never will;
But the brook that made me kiss her
Sings and flows onward still.

—*Tiger*

THE ARGO.

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THE ARGO.

Published fortnightly during the college year by the students of Williams College.

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Terms, \$2.00 per year in advance. Single copies 15 cents. Students and graduates of Williams are requested to contribute articles, verses, letters, and Alumni notes.

WE have thought best to make a slight change in our column of "Life at other Colleges." Hitherto we have given only the most important items of news from the college world, with comments. But feeling that our readers should have the benefit of our exchanges, we have decided to condense, and thus furnish a greater variety of college news. The change is experimental, however, and if found to be unsatisfactory, the old plan will be resumed.

HOWEVER much the fact may be lamented, it is undeniable that we have two chapels a day, and that they must be attended to the very last day of June, after many of the students' friends and relations have arrived in town for commencement. Such being the case, it seems only reasonable for the students to desire that the interior of the building should present the best possible appearance when they are called upon to accompany their friends thither. Accordingly we would suggest that the wall about the window nearest the tower door should be replastered and painted, while its second defacement by water should in some way be prevented. Another improvement should be effected by reducing the variety of lamps in the large chandelier from four to one, and the substitution of some more

ornamental object to sustain them than the present iron chain with its imitation of two beer barrels half-way down.

A SLIGHT disturbance that occurred last week has brought the following question before us: "In what relations do the college and class nines stand with reference to each other?" The answer to this question is clearly so simple that we should not have called attention to it but for the incident alluded to. Three Freshmen happened to be members of both the College and Freshman nines, and when engagements were made by both nines for playing on the same day, great discontent was exhibited among certain members of '86 because the captain of the College nine insisted on retaining the three men in question for the college game. That there should have been disappointment is perfectly natural. But that certain Freshmen should actually have threatened to withdraw their donations to the College nine on that account, shows a remarkable degree of effrontery. Our nines hold the relations of State and Nation toward each other.

COMPARISONS are odious, and when backed by statistics are sometimes doubly disagreeable. It is, then, with great chagrin that the Williams man sees library statistics going the rounds of the college press, and learns that his college has less volumes in its library than any other similar institution of the same size in the country. When the editor sees such a statement, his first impulse is to be the champion of his insulted college, and retaliate with some stinging remark about "quality *versus* quantity," etc. But even an editor must be discreet. And to venture the assertion that our library was well selected in spite of its size, would be to put our editorial foot inextricably in it. It has been suggested that the \$15,000 yet remaining of the Morgan Hall fund be employed in the purchase

of new books. We will not attempt to dictate the appropriation of that particular fund for the purpose, but we do heartily recommend an enlargement of that very important feature of the college—its library.

WHEN the subject of tennis is being agitated, and parties are looking about for convenient spots whereon to cast their nets, we cannot refrain from putting in a word in behalf of a college tennis ground. There is an admirable site for such a purpose in the great field adjoining Dr. Hopkins' house on the south. Very little grading would be necessary, and the college could lay out twelve or more courts there at slight expense. It could be made a source of revenue by renting these courts to the students for moderate sums, and by that means receiving an income over and above the expenses of repair. The advantages of this place are obvious. By devoting a field to that special purpose, there would not be so strong a tendency to deface our campus by grading for individual courts. It would encourage a healthier interest in this most healthful sport. Both the English universities and our larger American colleges have tennis courts arranged in this way, and on this account, and because, as we have shown, it would be advantageous to both college and students, we heartily recommend this suggestion, and trust that it will meet with general support.

SINCE the close of the administration of our late lamented ex-President, one of his own peculiar ideas, which during his active term of office he was wont to enforce with severity, has gradually faded from memory. We refer to the care and attention which he always manifested toward the preservation of the beautiful lawns about the college buildings, and the speedy punishment which befell all trespassers. These have been for years the chief natural beauty of our rural village, and have contributed not a little toward the surprise of the visitor at the beauty of the college buildings and surroundings. It would be well were the old-time caution, which the very mention of our President's name instilled, treasured in our memories. And now, as

they have once more resumed their verdancy, it is proper that we should sound a note of warning and appeal to all alike, to pay attention to this matter, trivial in itself, perhaps, but one which can easily be attended to by the exercise of a moderate degree of forethought. We can not conceive of any excuse for wantonly trampling on the borders of lawns, or making any by-paths through them. Convenient walks have been constructed in all directions, and all points are easily accessible. Why therefore can we not make use of them?

THE Renaissance, which has swept with resistless fury over our college during the past two years, and consigned to oblivion so many of our traditions and customs, has, we fear, brought in its train evil as well as good. Time was when the bronze soldier and his pedestal echoed and reëchoed to the animated warblings of Senior, Junior, Sophomore, Freshman. But all this has gradually changed. Last year our college and class "sings" were few and far between. This year gives promise of a still greater laxity of interest. In the same ratio of decrease it is a simple matter to calculate the time when these nocturnal rites will be dim spectres of the past. Then will the languid æsthetes of East and South, and the watchman in the tower of Griffin Hall, contemplate the moon uninterrupted in the death-like silence of the night. Then will the grubber grub on, the sleeper sleep on. But may such be far from us. Away with "Gul" criticism, with the lassitude of "dudes," with the childish prattle of inveterate grumblers. Let us revive that generous rivalry which once distinguished the struggle of the classes for musical superiority. Let us not rob our summer guests and visiting friends of a source of real joy. Let us occasionally enliven the quiet of the summer night. Let us not abandon a custom whose worth has been indelibly stamped by the hand of time.

IT is a serious question, which, perhaps, has not been thought seriously of by many, what benefit is acquired by attendance for a year on the college reading-room. With one of the best

equipped reading-rooms that it has been our good fortune to see, it certainly would seem that great benefits must result to its patrons. Yet most of those who make use of the room, spending from a half to two hours a day, take a look at from two to six daily papers, glance over the weeklies, scan a few pages of some half a dozen monthlies and quarterlies, and then flatter themselves that they are keeping abreast of the times. If, as in too many cases, they mean that they can give you a minute account of the latest fire, murder case, prize-fight, or of even lower and fouler themes than these, they are certainly fully up with the news of the day. But ask them about the changes in the internal revenue, about the latest treaty between the United States and this or that nation, about the benefit accruing from the new scientific excursion, and they are able to give you the barest generalities only. When we consider that nine-tenths of the average periodical is trashy, we can think of no better motto for the reading-room than those excellent words of Gilbert Hamerton, "The art of reading is to skip judiciously."

NOW that one good work is completed and the college nine placed on a firm financial foundation, let us turn our attention to another branch of athletics. Let us pave the way to the establishment of a college football eleven. While the old saying still holds true that it is not the best plan to get too many irons in the fire, at the same time we do not think it would be an undue strain on our nerves or resources to adopt means looking toward this end. The representative football player of our college, whose experience in this interesting sport has been wide and varied, assures us that there is in our midst to-day the material for an excellent eleven. All it needs is proper training and preparation. Therefore the present is the time to begin. Practice alone can make perfect, and if such is our intention, let it be accomplished quickly. Let us not remain passive and uninterested in the matter till the season is upon us and then proceed to business. Let us choose an eleven immediately. Let us appoint one or more of our number, who may be competent to exer-

cise an intelligent judgment, who shall select the most skilled and efficient players, and put the plan in practical operation. We are sure of receiving an excellent delegation of players from Northampton in the incoming Freshman class, who will contribute a stalwart addition, and with their assistance we may be able to recruit an eleven which will do justice to itself and add to the rather depressed reputation of the college in the line of athletics. We press this subject on the attention of the college at large. The present conditions are most favorable: we are unhampered by former restrictions, which brought to nought the most hopeful schemes and damped the enthusiasm of every lover of the manly sports. Our Faculty are evincing a liberal and most praiseworthy spirit toward all enterprises of this character. Shall we allow the opportunity to pass unheeded?

THERE is the usual preliminary work and talk being done prior to the annual horn-game between the Freshmen and Sophomores. Once more,—for the question has latterly become an annual one,—the question comes as to the sense and profit of playing such a game. Is it not one of the old, senseless customs, which it would be well to dispense with? We would suggest to the two under-classes, as has been done to previous under-classes, that they favor the rest of the college with a series of three or five class games, which shall decide the contest for superiority on the ball-field between these two classes, and reach an ultimate advantage to the college nine, inasmuch as seven out of the nine men on the college team belong to the two lower classes. This last item seems to us, just now, of considerable importance, when such strenuous exertions are being made to place in the intercollegiate field a college team which shall do us honor. Such a series of games as we propose would enlist as much if not more class feeling than the antiquated horn-game, and would not leave that unsatisfactory feeling in the minds of many which has so often hitherto existed after that game is over. We desire, at least, that '85 and '86 would give this matter a little serious attention, and see if they cannot initiate a change for the better.

NO PASTORALS NEED APPLY.

THEOCRITES I'd read a bit—
 The pastorals by Al. Pope writ,
 And P. V. Maro—
 I thought—a green field suits my wit.
 An eclogue, then, I'll try and quit,
 A week, my faro.

And now I'm here—I sigh and sigh,
 My rural muse is far too shy—
 The "moo's" is truer—
 No Pans but tin ones meet my eye;
 The dryads are (I've chanced to spy)—
 Than tree-toads fewer.

No fair young shepherdess as yet—
 No charming Thyrsis have I met,
 The only maiden
 On whom my hungry eyes I've set—
 A red-haired dame, quite soiled and wet,
 With milk-pails laden.

ENVOY.

Away with sorrow, in town to-morrow,
 I'll scribble rhymes satiric.
 Bucolics are but melancholics,
 Calliope—one lyric!

BERCT.

FOUCHÉ, THE DUKE OF OTRANTO.

PRESENTED BY EIGHTY-FOUR, MAY 16, 1883.

BEFORE THE PLAY.

GREAT confusion in the dressing-room, great tuning of instruments by the orchestra, great traversing of aisles by the ushers; finally, great impatience by audience, till the college orchestra begins for the sixty-eighth time the "*Moss-covered Galop*."

ACT I.

Mr. Hawk appears as *Fouché, the Duke of Otranto*, a scheming villain, with a monk's cowl and a secret door; *Madame de Fontanges*, a female spy, appears as F. S. choir; and W. Mercy as *Desmarets*, a paid agent and enemy of *Fouché*. *M. de Cevennes* appears as C. F. Greyman, while Mr. A. Len appears first as *De Neuville*, his secretary, then *De Neuville* appears as Mr. A. Len. Mr. Collier appears inimitable as *Cecile*, a French maid. Mr. Martyr appears as *Fubot*. There is a game of picquet, a fog, a box of despatches, a quotation from Virgil, several pistol shots, and a little good acting.

First Intermission.

A SENIOR, WHO IS FOND OF HIS JOKE.—There seems to be a good many villains, don't there?

HIS FOUR-YEARS' CHUM (*with a despairing look*).—Yes, why?

THE SENIOR (*in delight*).—You might call it a villainous play.

A JUNIOR (*who has just learned to pun*).—Why is the cast of characters like the money *Madame Choir* gave to *Desmarets*.

THE FRESHMAN AT HIS SIDE.—I don't know, sir.

THE JUNIOR.—Because it is a rôle of Bills. (*Freshman faints.*)

THE SOPHOMORE (*to his ladifriend*).—Well, I was glad to hear the shooting; it made me almost think I was at a real show. Did you ever see "Buffalo Bill?"

HIS LADIFRIEND.—No, but isn't Mr. Choir a daisy girl?

ACT II.

Mr. Collier yawns, and the audience laughs heartily. Mr. Len makes love, and the audience howls. *Desmarets* appears; the quiet and interest increase. Mr. Greyman carries a loaded cane, which is unloaded while he lunches. *Madame Fontanges* makes off for Paris with *Cevennes*, and *Desmarets* and *Neuville* follow. Mr. Len and Mr. Choir do their best acting.

Intermission Second.

A PROFESSOR (*who desires to appear jovial*).—What huge animal does this building resemble?

A TALKATIVE SENIOR, WHO IS PUTTING IN GOOD WORK FOR HIS LAST V. H.—By Jove, sir, it doesn't strike me at present. What is it?

THE PROF.—The famous white elephant, of Siam.

THE SENIOR.—Ha-ha! Ha-ha! Genuine specimen, too, sir. How long were you in Siam, sir?

THE PROF.—Never was there. (*Senior suddenly becomes silent.*)

A JUNIOR.—Did you agree with what madame said to *De Neuville*?

A SOPH.—When do you mean?

THE JUNIOR.—When she said, "This is excellent acting."

A SOPH.—Oh, I don't know. The boys yelled a good deal then, anyway.

ANOTHER SOPH.—Did you notice 'Cevennes' cane, with the head that unscrewed, and a hole inside? How did that differ from the rushers' last term?

HIS CHUM.—Give it up.

THE SOPH.—One is a stick with a hollow head and the other is a hollow head with a stick.

HIS CHUM.—Which is which?

ACT III.

Madame Choir returns to Paris and finds *Fouché*. *De Neuville* Len also finds him; ditto *Cevennes*. *Fouché* fails to find any despatch in the hollow cane. *Cevennes* has a spelling match with himself, and gets stuck on *Schatzenellenbogere*. *Desmaretz* turns up. There is a little affection, a little despair, a little happiness, and at the end a little surprise for *Fouché*. The secret door opens for the last time and *Fouché* takes a cab for Vincennes.

AFTER THE PLAY.

THE SENIOR.—Well, it didn't touch Eighty-three's dramatics. It was too big a job for the actors.

THE JUNIOR.—'Om, didn't that take the cake? Like the Gul and orchestra, it was "*ne plus ultra*."

THE SOPH.—Just lay off and wait till next year, boys. Remember what is *long owed* to '84.

THE FRESHMAN.—'MPH! I'd rather see the Guy Family!

DRAMATIC CRITIC OF THE POWNAL EAGLE.—(*Thanking business manager for pass.*) "Yes, sir, I shall say, superbly mounted, the striking melodrama of plot and passion was presented with an array of histrionic talent that compared wonderfully well with the best stars of the American stage. The music was glorious; the gaslight transcendently illuminated the intellectual assembly of students, and the loss was only \$20.

THE PROFESSOR.—After "*Fouché's*," base-ball games; after the base-ball games, examinations; after the examinations, what.

THE Junior Class supper committee have appointed W. E. Collins toast-master, P. F. Bicknell historian, Robert Ramsey prophet, and A. W. Underwood poet. They will probably have their supper at the Delevan House, Albany.

A QUESTION OF LTHIOS.

BY the old cross in Melrose Town
I chanced to pass one day,
And listened to this monologue—
But looked the other way:

"Tell me the truth, ma naughty bairn,
Don't lie to your auld mammy!
Tell me wha thwacked the ither first—
Was't you, or was it Sammy!

"Tell your auld mammy a' ye ken!
Come—that's ma ain sweet Jenney—
Just say that Sammy thwacked ye first—
An' I'll gie ye a penny!"

Queer ethics those, where the b'inded love
Of that shrewd Scottish mother,
Would court deceit to screen her child,
And implicate another.

And yet—so wags the world, and she
Is only one of many,
Who would, to bribe the "still small voice"—
"Gie up their last ha' penny."

TAM.

A JOKE FIEND.

THE spring of 18— was a beautiful one at Charlottesville, Va. In the distance the Blue Ridge mountains stood clearly defined against the sky; while the undulating country between the city and the mountains afforded an agreeable contrast.

At this time there were living in Charlottesville a party of young gentlemen from New York, who, having been hard at work during the previous fall and winter, were spending a few months for health and recreation in that charming locality. They were all good fellows and intimate friends, and in addition their sporting tastes were quite similiar. The party was in the habit of starting out for the mountains each Monday and remaining for two or three days in their heavily wooded recesses.

On the day previous to the departure of the expedition, George Vilant was conversing with Ned Lovy, a friend of his, and they decided that they would play a trick on Gus Mackey, one of the party, who was naturally of rather a timid disposition. The two schemers resolved to take into their confidence a young lady to whom the victim had been paying marked attentions. So they

betook themselves to her and asked her aid in the following affair :

Starting early in the morning, the party would reach the camp about one o'clock. When near their destination Vilant and Lovy would in some way manage to escape the fellows, and then the former would proceed to the camp, while the latter would secret himself somewhere on the road near his destination. The gentlemen asked Miss S—— if she would write a short note to Mr. Mackey, begging his immediate presence at her house. She, with a little smile, complied with the request and handed them the letter. After thanking their fair assistant, Vilant said :

"Now, Miss S——, the remainder of our plan is this. When Mr. Mackey comes into the camp I will hand him this note, pretending I had forgotten to do so before we started. Of course he will return, and on passing the spot where my friend Mr. Lovy is, he will meet with quite a surprise." With this the gentlemen left.

The next day was a perfect one, and the party started from Charlottesville in high spirits. Nothing of interest marked the journey, and when near the camp Vilant and Lovy galloped off. Vilant had not been at his journey's end long before Gus came in and said that the rest of the party would soon appear.

Vilant, in a confused manner, handed Miss S——'s note to Gus, who read it and, in a half-serious, half-joking voice, said he was summoned to the city and would be obliged to return. In a few moments Vilant was alone again, anxiously waiting for the remainder of the party ; but in vain. He was beginning to get worried when his friend came up and inquired if Gus had received the note.

"Yes," replied Vilant. "Have you not seen him?"

"No," answered his accomplice ; "but where are the fellows?"

"That I cannot tell you."

"Is it possible," asked Lovy, "that Gus and the others have obtained some clue, and have turned the joke on us by returning to the city by the ridge road?"

"Well," was the reply, "if they do not come by two o'clock we will return."

Two o'clock came—and not a sign of the party. So with many denunciations on their hard luck, the would-be jokers retraced their way to Charlottesville. At four it began to rain violently, and, were it not for the frequent flashes of lightning, they would have had some difficulty in finding their way.

Wet and discouraged the poor travelers arrived at the city at ten, and without asking any questions they repaired immediately to their rooms, where they made themselves more comfortable. A short time afterwards they went to the club rooms, where they hoped to see some of their party, but the lamps were unlighted and there was no appearance that the apartments were used since morning. Nothing else was left but to return to their own rooms, and in so doing they chanced to pass by Miss S——'s house, which was brilliantly lighted up, and, on nearing the place, the tired men saw that dancers were merrily gliding over the polished floors.

A closer inspection showed that the gentlemen who started with them early on that morning for the mountains formed the party.

"This is enough!" exclaimed Vilant. "After such an ignominious failure, I will never attempt another joke. Let's retire."

In haste the two men repaired to their rooms, and were soon asleep.

When they awoke the next day the room was full of their companions, and, what added to their discomfiture, Gus stepped forward and handed to Vilant the note that Miss S—— had written him.

It contained an invitation to her dance of the preceding evening. The others also exhibited notes of a like character.

There was profound silence for a moment. Then Vilant, turning to his fellow conspirator, said with a vain attempt to laugh : "How stupid ! We might have known that she wouldn't give him away. They're engaged !" MALC.

PRESIDENT CARTER of Williams College has had a number of circulars printed giving information in a condensed form about the college, and has sent them around to the different preparatory schools of the country.—*Harvard Herald*.

MISTRESS OF THE SITUATION.

IT is true, I refused him, but—pooh!
 I wouldn't feel badly, would you?
 Why he's yet in my net;
 For the snares that I set
 Are fatal to all—but a few.

He's up in the language of flowers,
 He's handkerchief-flirted by hours,
 None the less then, I guess,
 Did he know I meant "Yes,"
 But—sunshine's oft broken by showers.

And you know how in novels and tales,
 A goose of a man often fails.

So he might—and—Sue Haight!
 Well, I will be polite;
 I'll—just ask him—to tea—ere he sails.

H. S. U.

AN INTERVIEW WITH HORACE.

I WAS in Rome—classic Rome! None of your malaria-infested, guide-haunted, modern towns; but the capital of Europe in the Augustan age. How did I know it was the ancient city? No horse-cars or newspaper stands; no pestering officials or St. Jacob's Oil advertisements; but coming down the street were soldiers of the old cohorts, and antique-looking senators with purple-bordered togas,—stained with tobacco, to be sure,—but yet old Romans for all that. Every man I met, toga or no toga, glared at me as though he wanted to say, "Stranger, what art thou doing here without a Roman nose?" Unfortunately I was pugged.

Here was, undoubtedly, the city of the Cæsars, the Ciceros, the Pompeys, open to my investigation! Now I could confirm some of the many conjectures about the classical period, and clear up doubtful points, such as the correct pronunciation of the Latin language and other important subjects which scholars had been working on for centuries. I strolled down the Via, looking in the different atria till I came where four roads met, and then I—I leaned against a lamp-post for a while, and finally crossed the street and went through a door which bore this inscription, "Push," and I called for—

"No! Rome! You're in Rome! Ancient Rome, you know!"

"Who the —" Oh, yes! Rome! and I leaned against one of Mercury's mile stones, and I heard

some one say behind me, "Vale! Horate, ta! ta! Horate!" Could it be himself, the great poet of the college grub? How I should like to get even. Here was luck. I determined to make his acquaintance. Following him slowly down the Via Sacra, I composed a classical sentence with which to begin on. I stepped to his side. "You, descended from your ancestors and son of your parents, down the Via Sacra betaking yourself, during the consulship of Cotta and Toquatus, am I right in calling Horatius Flaccus?"

Horace frowned slightly, and then taking his eyes off me, gazed pensively at the "Push" across the street and said, "Ave hoc?"

"Jubet," said I, with my best Roman pronunciation; for if he was going to get off hog-Latin I did not intend to be behind him; "and," I continued, "I don't care if I have a Jim—Jim—"

"Rome! *Ancient* Rome! ROME!"

He did not seem to notice my interruption, but continued slowly, "hoc est fortunatum."

"Ah! yes, our meeting, very indeed!" returned I, sorry to find he did not mean treat. Then we walked on in silence for a time, till I got ready another sentence to fire at him. He would at one time walk slowly, and at another quicken his pace, as if he wanted to get rid of me. But I stuck to him and began again.

"Horate, what pronunciation do you maintain? Do you say 'wene, wede, wese,' or 'veni, vidi,' or are you an advocate of that wiser class who take it mixed?"

"O dei! dii! di! It was only yesterday I wrote my '*I bam forte Via Sacra*,' and here is another fellow troubling me. Eheu! eheu!" and the old mufti ended his audible soliloquy and turned fiercely on me. "Stop those infernal pronunciations! I never heard of them. And, by the way, sir! don't use that style of speaking to me. That is only found in the school-room and among youthful howlers of rhetoric."

"Quid!" said I, "that is classical Latin. The unattainable form of the Golden Age!"

"Only used in schools, sir. The long, complex sentences with verbs and nouns out of their natural order are merely exercises for praetextati, that they may acquire habits of quickness and versatility."

"Then I am to understand," said I, "that all classical literature, so called, is simply a course of text books for the education of Roman youths, and never intended to be used outside of a Roman school-room?"

"Quite correct, sir," said the old poet, testily.

"By me Knickerbockers," mused I. "Well, then," I continued, "What is your classical literature!"

"Porcum Latinum, Sir! Porcum Latinum. Porcum is the only correct literature of the classic age."

"Ah! I see. All your works are exercises, text-books for the Roman youth, and you yourself are a quilt-driver, getting, say ten asses a day. Perhaps you will tell me," I asked, hoping at last to discover something for posterity, "the rules for some of the subjunctives you have used in your writings? Now, for example, when you have a less vivid future condition contrary to fact with supposition suppressed, what mode would you put in the conclusion?"

"Never heard of such a thing, sir! Never! Subjunctives! Ah! I suppose you refer to mild forms of the indicative? Simply used for variety, sir; to teach the youth quickness, subtlety, perspicacity. They are governed by no arbitrary rules; thrown in you know at the writer's pleasure. Porcum Lat. has nothing of the sort, sir."

"Many scholars say," I went on, "that the style and thought of a great many of your odes and satires are due to the fact that you were bitterly opposed to matrimony. Now will you state your grounds for celibacy? Crossed in love, perhaps?"

"Celibacy! married, sir, 'steen children."

I thought I would get even with him. "Horate," I said, "have you ever heard a pun?" His brow wrinkled and his whole face became contorted. "Why are you like—." Instantly his arm was drawn back and then as quickly came straight for me. Crash! . . . "All right! Feel first rate, don't you? Gentlemen, he has been in the *Ideal Stage*, where everything appeared to him as it really was, and so he has made several discoveries. My next lecture on Psychism will occur to-morrow night, and the tickets will be only twenty-five cents. UNO.

DRINKING SONG.

OH! We care not for love I trow,
Or soft blue eyes with tender glow,
For love may come or love may go.

We sing of yellow wine.
It's color must be of golden straw,
With sunshine hid within to thaw
The frozen heart. Go then, Hurrah!
Hurrah for Bacchus' vine!

Oh! Who would be a loving swain
And taste love's sweets or feel love's pain?
Not we! Now come, let's swell the strain.
Inspire ye gracious Nine!
Come, send the goblet quickly round,
And let our tongues when once unbound,
Sing pæans in harmonious sound.
Oh! Bacchus, thou'rt divine!

JACQUES.

ON BOWING.

THE college student, if he be not excessively dormitorial in his propensities, meets on the street a member of the Faculty on an average of at least three times a day. Consequently—we hope—he will, during his college course, have applied his hand to his hat, with a more or less lingering touch—corresponding to his punctiliousness in observing the conventionalities—nearly three thousand two hundred times. We may well believe that in many cases this number mounts up to four thousand, one thousand for each year.

Is it not natural, then, as I remark the undue tendency to flexibility in the front of my hat-rim, that I should pause to ponder on the nature of cause and effect in general, and on the nature of that cause in particular of which the effect is an unpleasantly frequent disbursement of funds at the hatter's? There is no very satisfactory reason why the hat has been made the special instrument of expressing respect, why we must so often seem to cast a reproach on that very necessary article of dress by hastening to rid our heads of its presence. Why would not the dexterous removal of some other article of attire do as well? It is for the same reason that an arbitrary alphabet is used to express ideas, that the hand-shake is given to denote friendship, and that black is employed to signify mourning. Our modes of communication may be somewhat crude and

arbitrary, but instruments of expression we must have in this world, as our state does not admit of direct communication of soul with soul. Therefore long live the fashion of tipping the hat, and may grace in its execution ever be cultivated! It is in these every-day trifles that consist the amenities of life. If we should omit to remark on the fineness of the weather or of the scenery on every admissible occasion, what would become of us? Neglecting the nod and smile and the few trite but indispensable remarks on our way to chapel, we should soon relax into barbarism of the most forbidding sort.

Is it enough, then, for a student to make a vague and hurried motion in the direction of his hat on meeting a professor, and much more earnestly be the question put, is it enough for the professor, even though he be absorbed in calculating the next eclipse of the moon, to jerk one digit slightly out of its normal position as an apology for not touching his hat? In the bland bow of the elderly professor we have nothing to criticise. That smile of good will is more to us than any other symbol. If he can look his friendliness and interest in his eyes and make the simple nod expressive of sufficient formality, the professor may, if he wishes, avoid the fatigue of the ceremonial in question.

Who was that excellent old Englishman who always touched his hat to his coachman, that the latter might never lose his respect for his master? Whoever he was, he was a wise old gentleman. Can the professor who greets his pupils with an easy, good-natured nod expect profound bows in return? It is to help us maintain the proper, necessary, and pleasant relations between instructor and pupil, between friend and friend, or between lady and gentleman, that we have these safeguards of form. If we slight the letter, we soon fail in the spirit; and the strict observance of the letter unconsciously increases and fortifies that spirit of which it is the symbol.

Without feeling called upon to imitate the suavity of the French and to bow to all whom we meet at the *café*, the railway station, or the public hall, we cannot but regard the nod of acquaintance as a pleasant and amiable institution. And in this very matter we have an opportunity to

train our tact. When accident brings us face to face with the same friend two or three times within a few minutes, it is a nice thing to put the right degree of intensity into each nod and smile, and to avoid all awkwardness and affectation. There is nothing difficult in the first meeting, the second occasions a little mild surprise and self-consciousness, while a third encounter generally witnesses either an awkward attempt at avoidance, as if the parties would pretend not to see each other, or a hasty and nervous repetition of that tiresome bow. I have heard of a clever lady who, when she stumbled upon a guest a second time at her reception, would exclaim with a charming smile: "Oh, have you seen B— this evening?" And the guest would hasten off to find B—. At a third meeting all awkwardness was avoided by sending him away to the refreshment room. And so the ball was kept rolling without any hitch. Thus it is we instinctively feel, when we meet an acquaintance, that some pleasant formula must be gone through with before we go on our way again—whether it be a nod, the shaking of hands, the touch of the hat, or its graceful removal and downward sweep.

AN APRIL NOON.

THE wind is softly blowing
A gentle April breeze,
The buds commencing growing
Upon the apple trees.

The sheep are basking, grazing,
Beside the orchard wall;
In the distance blowing, mazing,
Are rocking the tree tops tall.

A crow is flying, cawing,
Far up in the clear blue sky;
A horse is neighing, pawing,
Annoyed by a big horse-fly.

And I am sitting, dreaming,
And scribbling lazily—
The clouds are flitting, streaming,
And blowing mazily.

I. W. A.

ONE can almost believe any of the current stories told of Mrs. Partington, but when you read of her touching allusions to "Ram's Tails from Snakesteer," set it down as a forgery.

THE DIAMOND.

OUR nine won its second victory, May 12th, from the Stevens Institute of Hoboken, N. J. Many looked upon our successful encounter with Bowdoin as a piece of good luck, but the brilliant playing exhibited in the second game dispelled all such nonsensical reckoning. The game was closely contested through several innings, and the spectators were kept in a state of excited uneasiness. For a time we played an excellent up-hill game. In the sixth inning the interest was intense, and our prospects gloomy enough. Rea led off with a base hit, stole second, and was advanced to third by a hit of Gately, who immediately stole second. Munkwitz obtained first on called balls, with not a man out as yet. Here our battery was specially effective. Kempton was put out on strikes, Johnson fouled out to Crowell, and Herdick's long fly was captured by Yates. After this the dangerous point was passed, and we easily held our opponents in subjection to the close, piling up run after run. The special features of the game were the playing of the Stevens' third baseman, and the left-handed catch of a hot liner by W. Safford. The score was as follows:

STEVENS.	A.B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Herdick, p.,	5	1	0	0	0	3	1
Wright, c.,	4	0	0	0	3	0	5
Bush, 3d b.,	4	0	0	0	1	3	3
McNaughton, 2d b.,	4	2	2	2	1	2	3
Rea, 1st b.,	4	2	2	2	11	1	0
Gately, l. f.,	4	2	1	1	3	0	0
Munkwitz, r. f.,	4	0	2	2	0	0	0
Kempton, c. f.,	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Johnson, s. s.,	4	0	0	0	2	4	2
Total,	47	7	7	7	23	13	14
WILLIAMS.	A.B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Talcott,	5	0	1	1	0	3	0
Yates,	6	1	0	0	2	0	0
Safford, J.,	5	1	3	3	1	0	1
Crowell,	5	0	1	1	5	3	0
Safford, W.,	5	2	2	3	2	1	2
Blackmer, P. W.,	5	3	0	0	13	1	1
Blackmer, E. A.,	4	2	2	3	2	4	0
Carse,	4	2	1	1	0	1	0
Hubbell,	4	1	0	0	1	5	0
Total,	43	12	10	12	26	18	4

Umpire—Mr. Stewart of Stevens Institute.

Scorer—C. B. Penrose, '83.

Time of game, 2.05. Runs earned, Williams, 1. First base on errors, Williams, 9; Stevens, 3. First base on called balls, Williams, 2; Stevens, 2. Left on bases, Williams, 5; Stevens, 3. Wild pitches, Hubbell, 1; Herdick, 2. Passed balls, Wright, 1. Struck out, Williams, 1; Stevens, 1. Strikes called off Herdick, 9; Hubbell, 20. Balls called off Herdick, 74; Hubbell, 63.

The following games have been arranged for the next two weeks: Lafayette, May 22d, at Williamstown; Union, May 26th, at Williamstown; Cornell, May 30th, at Ithaca; Amherst, June 2d, at Amherst.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE Freshmen had their examination in Rhetoric last week.

MILLER, '82, was in town last week.

SQUIRE, '85, and J. H. Burke, '84, have returned to college.

THE Troy Polytechnics played the Freshmen on Tuesday.

SEVERAL tennis courts are being staked out on west college campus.

A CERTAIN Senior has taken and paid for 36 Class-day invitations.

PROF. GRANVILLE S. HALL is now anxiously awaited by the Seniors.

HASH-house Seniors fling defiance at superstition and sit thirteen at one table.

P. W. BLACKMAN, '86, has been added to the Editorial Board of the *Athenaeum*.

THE trees on the East College campus have just had their annual trimming up.

ON Thursday, May 3d, the college nine defeated Bowdoin nine by a score of 11 to 9 in seven innings.

A PICKED nine of Sophomores were defeated by a team in Bennington by a score of 18 to 8 on May 9th.

OUR "Interview" is not a Seymour on the "Cassowary." Let us call it a coincidence, nothing more.

PROF. RICE'S "Art Evenings," every Friday, are said to be very enjoyable affairs. Open only to Seniors.

SEVERAL contributions have been handed in, but an editor has not yet been chosen. He will be announced next time.

THE *Troy Times* of Thursday, the 10th, stated that Harry A. Garfield had been invited to deliver a Decoration Day address in North Adams.

G. C. BRATMAHL and J. R. Garfield were delegates to the A. Δ. Φ. convention held at Cleveland on May 16th and 17th.

THE Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* has recently opened a column of college news, and is supplied with a Williams correspondent.

LET no one fail to see the tramps arrive in Pittsfield on Decoration Day. The wheelbarrow will be adorned with flowers.

GROUND has at last been broken for the new Σ. Φ. house. It will be a very handsome acquisition to Williamstown when finished.

RUMOR has it that the "Exiles" of '85 intend to celebrate the anniversary of their return to college by a supper on Saturday, 19th.

THE delegation from R. P. I. returned home with their keg empty last Saturday. The specific gravity of several pockets likewise diminished.

MRS. GOULD will give a reading in Adams early in June. She also expects to read in the Congregational Church in this town at about the same time.

It is stated on good authority that a certain Senior, walking to So. Williamstown, was followed for two miles under the impression that he was a horse-thief.

THE ground between the Σ. Φ. lot and College Hall has been secured by the Tennis Association. There is room for several courts, which will probably be of turf.

SCENE in rhetoric recitation: Instructor—"Mr. —, what do the best writers do in this case?" Student—"Well, I usually write it in——." Applause by class.

The Sophomores evidently fail to become interested in Botany, judging from the recitations that quite a majority of them make. They may, however, find the study more entertaining when the dread apparition of "Annuals" looms up.

IN the two games played up to date of our writing, we notice that E. R. Crowell '83, catcher, is the only man who has played without an error. As a captain he is doing the best work in training and managing the nine that has been done here for several years at least, if indeed, he has ever been surpassed in this position.

THE Freshman base-ball team May 9th defeated the nine at Greylock Institute by a score of 6 to 3. The work of the pitchers on both sides was very effectual. The Freshmen got 8 base hits, the Greylocks 2. Seven innings were played.

THE college is the recipient of a valuable gift from Mr. Goodrich, the donor of Goodrich Hall. This is nothing less than 360 acres of cranberry marsh in N. J. This delicious berry is destined to supersede the nutritious prune in popularity at Williams.

WE wish to state that the delay of our last issue was owing to no fault of ours or of our printers; but was due to the carelessness of the express company in allowing it to take an extensive New England tour before sending it to its proper destination.

"THE DUDE" is the name of a new comic song; words by J. K. Bangs, '83, and music by H. J. Davidson, Jr. '84, S. of L. The song is bright and has been favorably noticed by the New York and Philadelphia daily press. The air is especially "taking." It is neatly gotten up, and can be obtained of all dealers, or at College from "Harry," in the Arts, and "Felix," in the Law School.—*Spectator*.

THE class statistician of '83 has discovered an error in the calculation of the average age of the class of '82, as given in the statistics of that year. The average as given is 22 years, 5 months, 4 days. Whereas it has been found by careful computations, repeated in two or three different ways, to be 22 years, 9 months, 0 days, and is, therefore, much older than that of '80, '81, or '83. Mr. Pike is anxious to know the method by which an average can be made so much lower.

THE Musical Association gave one of its popular concerts at Greylock Institute on Friday, May 11th, at the invitation of Mr. Aborn, M. D. Owing to want of practice the selections were not rendered with the usual accuracy. But in spite of one or two slight mistakes the entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed by the Greylockers, and after some refreshment and a reception in the parlors of the Institute, the musicians returned well pleased with their host, themselves, and everything in general.

THE brother of Adriance, '83, a Sophomore at Stevens, scored for the visiting nine on Saturday.

THE *University Magazine* of Pennsylvania knows a good thing when he sees it; read what it says in a late issue: "The literary condition of a college is generally determined by the extent of its journalism. If this is true, Williams is at the top of the heap. No other college in the country produces two such papers as the ARGO and *Athenaeum*. Yale may hold the championship in base-ball; Harvard in Lacrosse and walk athletics; Columbia in chess-playing; University of Pennsylvania in cricket and rowing, but Williams issues the two champion papers of the college world."

AN exchange says: "A college without its outdoor sports is like a ship without a promenade-deck. The student, as much or more than anyone else, needs the relaxation of brain in the exercise of body. Until recently the ball-field, the row-boat, and the gymnasium have held the prominence as a means of general exercise. But a new 'exercise' has been born, and although still in its infancy, its permanency has become a settled fact. The bicycle has come to us and we have accepted it as the most delightful of 'strengtheners' and 'brain-resters.' The college-man and the bicycle have become welded together in a bond of friendship as firm and as lasting as the tire to the wheel. Along our shady streets the 'wheeled horse' is a frequent visitor. We would earnestly advise every non-rider to add the art of wheelmanship to his list of 'optional studies.' The Columbia bicycle, made by the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Boston, Mass., still holds the lead as a graceful and reliable roadster."

PERSONALS.

'32. At the last meeting of the Woburn Conference, held at Wilmington, Mass., on April 24th, Rev. S. C. Pixley gave an address on the missionary enterprises of South Africa.

'50. The Franklin street church of Somerville, Mass., in revising its church manual, has adopted the Confession of Faith prepared by its pastor, Rev. W. E. Merriman, D.D.

'52. Rev. Chas. J. Hill's pastorate of eight years over the South church, Middletown, Conn., has been the longest, with one exception, that the church has had for a hundred years. During his connection with this church 181 members have been added, and a debt of \$28,000 paid. Mr. Hill proposes to remain in Middletown for the present.

'54. Rev. A. E. Kittridge, D.D., of Chicago, was called to Roxbury recently by the fatal illness of his mother. He arrived just before her death, and returned immediately after the funeral.

'59. Dr. Gladden opened the Ohio Central Conference April 24th with a sermon. Dr. Gladden is proving himself a worthy successor of Dr. Hutchins by his hearty interest in smaller churches.

'62. Pres. Carter has an article in the *Sunday-School World* for May on the various methods of religious instruction maintained among the students of the college.

'67. Rev. L. D. Calkins preached his farewell sermon at West Springfield, May 6th, and received a handsome present from the young people of his congregation, and of a purse of \$193.

'74. Louis V. Davison is the senior member of the firm of Davison & Davis, which has just been organized in New York for the purpose of importing and jobbing teas and coffees at 144 Front street.

'78. Mr. Bushnell Danforth has gone into partnership with Mr. C. H. Mather of this town.

'79. Richard B. Leake has recently bought out one-third of the Riggs Printing Company of Albany, and will assume a partnership in the future management of the establishment.

'79 and '80. G. H. Lee and W. W. Mead, members of the middle class of the Hartford Theological Seminary, have been approved to preach by the Hartford South Association.

'85. Stearns and Olmstead have graduated from the Union Theological Seminary, New York City.

'82. F. F. Gunn will enter the Hartford Theological Seminary next fall.

'83. G. I. Haner, now preaching at Irvington, N. J., will deliver a Decoration Day address to a G. A. R. post in Newark.

'83. W. J. Taylor has moved his collar factory and laundry from Warrensburgh, N. Y., to Waterford, N. Y.

JASON'S LOG BOOK.

WHY did Jason inadvertently announce his policy of repudiation! If he were not the very soul of honor he could not resist the temptation of paying one little debt, one parting tribute, to the clamoring *Argus*. How he would chuckle with delight as he would dip his finger in dragon's blood and write words of terrible import to the *Wesleyan Me Too!* But he is the soul of honor. He will not satirize those faint echoes from *Wesleyan*, or suggest that the *Courant* bring suit against them for plagiarism. Why bless our bowsprits! he is so engrossed in calculating the extent of the *Princetonian's* wardrobe that he has already forgotten his thirst for blood, and simply wonders what the *Prince* will wear next. Jacques is of the opinion that the last garment was worn at the instigation of the Dramatic Editor, to help him out on a tight pinch by furnishing him with a plot. However that may be, Jacques says he is sure there *was* a plot, although Jason searched for one through three acts in vain. Never mind, *Princy*, we're often hard up for material ourself, and we're not a weekly either.

Do you know, *Spectator*, that we are not half as angry as you might suppose? Jason has often had a sly poke at the "Boarding School" himself, and is led to hope that with your active co-operation Williams will attain a degree of worldliness that will entitle her to sit at the feet of Columbia, and encourage B. to write "Summer Girl" episodes for the *ARGO*. Give us your 'and.

The *Argonaut* contains a very sensible editorial on college journalism; and while Jason cannot say as much for its columns of miscellany, he would advise his fellow-editors to clip that editorial and reconcile their papas with it. Fathers have a different way of looking at things, you know.

The *Crimson*, strong in its editorials and wsn

columns, is always welcome. Jason is glad to see her assert herself in behalf of her alma mater. Harvard has originality, and the *Crimson* is a fitting mouth-piece for proclaiming it. (This kind three for a quarter.)

The *Tech* comes to us with a portrait of Mr. Ralph Huntington, together with a sketch of his life. This is a comparatively new feature of college journalism, and promises to become at once popular and valuable. Although we are not acquainted with the original, the execution and general appearance of the albertype is very creditable, and shows enterprise. But we must wipe our pen on the fleece and go on deck, for the *Dartmouth* is beginning to turn green with envy. —There! Jason has contributed his little quota to the general comment on certain colors, and though it may cost him his life, he cannot be behind the times. Now fire away!

LIFE AT OTHER COLLEGES.

HARVARD:—The new addition to Hilton's Block is rapidly nearing completion. The Faculty disapprove of surrounding the new athletic grounds with a fence. The Boyleston prize speaking occurred May 10th. The overseers are considering three important changes: the abolition of the required work of Freshman year; the substitution of optional studies for Greek in the requirements for a degree; and a new system of honors. Fifty tennis courts have been signed for and two hundred men have joined the association. Fifty thousand dollars has been raised towards an endowment for the annex. Lacrosse elicits considerable interest, and the Freshmen have a team. The new Medical School building in Boston, which cost \$300,000, is about completed, and will be dedicated early in June.

PRINCETON:—The Boating Association has engaged Mr. George Hosmer of Boston as trainer. Sixty thousand dollars have been given to the new Art School. There is a strong desire to recover the privilege of playing with professional nines. Very low rates are offered by the Old Dominion Steamship Co. to students going West during the spring or summer. The Glee Club tour in April was very successful.

YALE:—The Sheff. Faculty requested '85, through their supper committee, to give up their punch, but without result. Complaints are made of the lack of interest taken by '85 in their crew. Work on the new athletic grounds is rapidly progressing, and it is hoped that the quarter-mile track will be finished in June. The Glee Club gave three representations of *Faust* during the week for the benefit of the Navy. Four thousand dollars of the \$25,000 has been raised for a Y. M. C. A. building.

COLUMBIA:—The new Law School building is occupied. Three thousand dollars are needed to send the crew to New London; \$1,100 have been subscribed. Fees are now required for extra examinations. One thousand invitations will be issued for Class Day. Columbia has won twenty-three of the fifty races she has rowed.

BROWN:—The *Liber Brunensis* is unusually good this year. The Glee Club gave a concert in aid of the nine. Rev. E. E. Hale is to deliver the oration before the Φ. B. K. society, June 19th. The President addressed the Seniors recently upon the choice of a profession. The marking system continues to excite general comment and dissatisfaction.

CORNELL:—Battalion drill every pleasant day during the remainder of the term. The class elections were bitterly contested. President White delivered an address to the college in answer to the charges made at the meeting of the N. Y. alumni. The new course in Electrical Engineering is very exacting in its requirements of work.

DARTMOUTH:—The Seniors' Commencement tax is \$14. A number of students intend assuming the rôle of book agents during the summer. The Freshmen have reconsidered their determination to order class suits. The marks of the first two years far outweigh those of the last two in securing Commencement appointments.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN:—Athletics are on the brace. *Fencing*, for a while popular with the under-classmen, has fallen into disfavor. The university has been admitted to the privileges of the Athens school. The library now contains 42,000 volumes.

OLIPPINGS.

WHY is the "funny" bone so cal
Because it borders on the humorou
Record.

SENTIMENT TO SLOW MUSIC.

HE.

Hast thou no feeling
To see me kneeling
My love revealing,
Day after day?

SHE.

Yes, I have a feeling
To see you kneeling,
Your bald head revealing,
Take it away.—*Ex.*

Host (really in agony about his polished in floor). "Hadn't you better come on the ca old fellow? I'm so afraid you might slip, know." Guest—(with a wooden leg).—"O all right, old fellow,—thanks! There's a n: the end you know."—*College Journal.*

No word was spoken when they met
By either—sad or gay;
And yet one badly smitten was,
'Twas mentioned the next day.

They met by chance this autumn eve,
With neither glance nor bow,
They often came together so—
A freight train and a cow.—*Ex.*

"Ocean me not," the lover cried,
"I am your surf—to you I'm tide,
Don't breaker heart, fair one, but wave
Abnegations thine—this sand I crave."
"Oh, billow Bill," she blushed, "I sea
You would beach osten shore by me;
But I'm mermaid not yet in seine,
And shell for years that way remain."—*Ex.*

SYMPATHY.

You little guessed how, like a sudden ray
Of sunlight to a flower under doom
To waste its life within the cloister gloom
Of an old forest deep, and dense, and gray,
Your simple words of faith and sympathy
Came to my heart, grown weary of a dream
Too bright for realization. Did you deem
Them idle words, forgotten ere the day
Had sunk into the silence of the past?
O, never yet in lane, or wood, or dell,
Its downy seed a wild flower vainly cast!
And never yet a kind word idly fell
From lips however careless, for at last
It bloomed in some one's heart an immortelle!

THE ARGO.

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THE ARGO.

Published fortnightly during the college year by the students of Williams College.

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Terms, \$2.00 per year in advance. Single copies 15 cents. Students and graduates of Williams are requested to contribute articles, verses, letters, and Alumni notes.

IT is stated on good authority that the Faculty have appointed for the Episcopal chapel a monitor, having the same duties to perform as those who hold the office in the College chapel. While the system is doubtless an essential one in the latter place, it meets with much disapproval in the former, since students having religious preferences other than those of the College Church should be treated as men of honor and be allowed to act as their own monitors, for better results are obtained than from a rigid course of discipline. Would it not have been better to have left matters as they stood before?

PROPOS of the growling so characteristic of Williams and so discouraging to the success of any of her enterprises, the captain of the nine was heard to say that he had been asked by different persons why he didn't remove every member of the team but two. This despicable habit of fault-finding was indulged in to a marked degree after the game with Lafayette, and with great injustice to certain men on the nine. The two errors which let in our opponents, were made by two of our best fielders and strongest batters, and for the spectators to give way to their dissatisfaction in the manner they did was altogether

unwarrantable. We trust that in time the college will learn that victory is not always possible, and will check their propensity to adverse criticism of the best nine Williams has had for years.

IT is to be hoped that the close of the base-ball season will find the financial condition of the association satisfactory, and we have a suggestion to make, which, if capable of execution, will almost certainly insure that result. The campus belongs strictly to the college, and the courtesy of the base-ball management alone enables so many persons to witness the games without paying for their entertainment. This may be the most practical course to pursue during the term, but if a game with some strong nine could be arranged for the Saturday before Commencement, it seems reasonable and possible that twenty-five cents admission to the field should be charged. At that time the town is filled with strangers, who, as well as the students, would turn out to witness a first-rate contest, large receipts would be assured, and the members of the nine would not probably raise serious objection to a measure so clearly conducive to their best interests.

NOW and then a warning notice is posted in the reading-room by the college librarian in regard to the treatment of the magazines. Now, there can be no doubt that they often receive hard usage, yet, when we consider by how many students they are handled, especially the popular monthlies, it seems only strange that they do not become more dilapidated than is actually the case. It was our good fortune to visit, during the last vacation, what we consider the model reading-room. Though we might speak of many of its advantages, we will but mention one for our present purpose. The popular monthlies, as *Harper's* and the more widely used quarterlies and bi-monthlies, were, immediately on their arrival, placed in strongly bound book-covers or cases and held in place by a strong cord passed

through the middle of the magazine and secured at both ends. By this means the magazines came through a month's constant usage with very little wear. If such a method could be used in connection with many of the magazines of our library we would confidently assure better satisfaction on the part of both librarian and students.

COMPLAINTS, loud and reiterated, by the two papers and the students in general, especially against two chapels a day, are uttered continually during the year, apparently with no result, except for the relief possibly afforded to the grumblers by this expression of their sentiments. If the college is really in earnest on this, and other subjects of reform, such as the introduction of earlier instruction in modern languages, over which the faculty disclaim jurisdiction, they must accomplish their aim by another method. As is well known, the trustees have a meeting here at Commencement and are the source from which any such innovation must emanate; and while they are, of course, anxious to respect the wishes of the students when practicable, it is unreasonable to expect them to learn those wishes by intuition. The easiest way to call their attention to what we consider burdensome or admitting of improvement is by a petition, clearly stating its object, and respectfully presented at the annual meeting of the Board. One such petition would be more effective than years of fault-finding in rooms and about the streets, and would at the same time be more satisfactory to the faculty, who cannot grant many requests, however glad they might be to do so, and to the students, who would not then feel that their opinions were totally disregarded by the management of the college.

HOWEVER æsthetic we may be, we must still be practical, and as accidents will happen in the best regulated communities, we call attention to the following subject to prevent any mishaps. No one will deny that the presence of bicycles on Main street adds not a little to the picturesqueness of the town. Last year nearly all the bicycles had bells, but this spring, for some reason, that article of safety has been neg-

lected. Why, we are at a loss to know. In the average city, and in towns smaller than our own, a law has been passed to the effect that all bicycles must be provided with bells, making it a serious offence for the person breaking the statute. At the present time a pedestrian on the street hears a yell behind him and jumps to one side scarcely in time to avoid being run down. Perhaps it is safe enough for the student who is pursuing a college education which is supposed to keep him from being rattled, but for some of the town people, and particularly for ladies, it is quite dangerous. So far the pedestrian has been fortunate enough to jump in the right direction, but luck turns, and a person run over by a bicycle, especially when coming down one of our high grades, will receive serious injuries. The remedy for this is slight, while the results may be of a different nature, and we hope the owners of machines will take some pains in correcting this evil.

WE take pleasure in announcing the election of Mr. B. H. Smith to the board of editors of the ARGO. Mr. Smith will fill the position of Assistant Business Manager, and we have no doubt will be happy to see any and all of his delinquent subscribers at an early date, either at his own rooms or theirs. We propose to keep up our social standard, and have contracted with the assistant B. M. to call on the aforesaid delinquents.

WHEN one considers the improvements that have been recently made on the campus, his first feeling is one of thankfulness. But he cannot at the same moment fail to notice a strange inconsistency. Our campus is now comparatively level, and is adorned with an almost undreamt of ornament—a grand stand. And yet, when an extra outlay of a mere paltry sum would have completed the good work, the old back-stop remains untouched. And small boys are not as yet deprived of the amusement of "climbing" on the foul tips. An extra foot added to the height of the back-stop would save the spectators, according to the calculations of one of our professors, at least ten hours at each

game. O for a little enterprise! Speaking of the campus naturally leads one to think of the nine. And we think that a word in regard to its training might accomplish some good. It has been generally remarked that our batting and especially our fielding in the games of this season have been very effective. But we notice one or two weak points in the nine, which the present method of training is not calculated to remove. All of our out-fielders have fine long throws. But in throwing to bases there is a noticeable weakness. The same is true of running bases. Both are important features in the game, and have telling weight in deciding the victory. More attention should then be given to these particulars. The men should learn to run their bases by daily practice, either in the gymnasium or on the campus itself. And finally, every man should thoroughly acquaint himself with the science of the game. Dartmouth showed to advantage there. Each individual player seemed to have made a study of it. We are not complaining. The victories of our nine have of late led us to look upon it with ever increasing respect and admiration. It is only because we indulge great hopes that we offer these suggestions.

THERE are many tendencies in the nature of the average college student which result to his injury. An undue desire for study, perhaps; loss of sleep, protracted seclusion from air and sunshine affect some; while others are troubled rather by an undue abhorrence of study, excessive use of tobacco, and a general disregard of the simplest laws of health. But the recital of such offences against one's mind and body would be more appropriate to our first or second term. We have now to deal with a habit which is a concentration and refinement of them all. It reigns supreme during a greater part of the summer term. It embraces a considerable portion of the college within the number of its victims; we refer to simple laziness. Turn in whatever direction and we behold its personification. The frequenter of the campus can be found, Jove permitting, in his favorite position on the fence or sod, at all hours, doing—nothing;

watching some amateur enthusiast in the national game, or, oftener, heavy with sleep, gazing through clouds of smoke at—space—doing a deal of thinking, may be. Again, he is found in the easy chair, by the window, disturbing the neighborhood with the rough, rasping tones of the banjo, wading through a light novel, or vainly opposing the restless seductions of balmy sleep. Everywhere we find different grades and degrees of time-killers,—all more or less zealous in the same pursuit. Many a man who has passed out into the world and can look back intelligently over his college course will affirm that laziness is the greatest drawback to a successful college life—most to be feared and avoided. A calculation of the time which some of us thoughtlessly squander would produce a result simply appalling, and sooner or later remorse will seize us, when we shall come to realize the opportunities which we have allowed to slip by unnoticed. Keep the mind busy. If one line of thought does not suit the taste, change to another. Certainly variety is the spice of study. There is no demand for inveterate grubbing—compelling the mind to travel in one undeviating direction till it is wearied or exhausted. But let us form the habit of educating mind or body incessantly, and not waste precious moments which might be put to some profitable use.

WE are rejoiced to see the accommodations for writing in the Greek and Modern Language rooms, especially the convenient rests in the former. Would it be too much to suggest that like arrangements be made for the poor mathematicians and frequenters of the amphitheater? When we look back to the painfully cramped positions into which we strained ourselves in attempting to solve examples in the former, and when we look forward to similar trials in the latter room, in both of which hats are the only substitute for desks, we feel warranted in harping upon the old chords and petitioning for similar rests in the above-mentioned rooms. And after we graduate we will return at the end of a decade with the weight of years upon us to receive the blessings of the owners of a hundred straight spines.

A TIMELY RESCUE.

WE sat together in a corner at Mrs. Preston's *soiree*—Mabel Preston, our hostess' daughter, my two friends, Dillingham and Blake, who were spending their college vacation with me, and myself. I had taken pains to introduce my friends to Mrs. Preston and her uncle, that they might make the acquaintance of that lady's very superior daughter—an acquaintance that might ripen in the future, as I remarked to Dillingham, since Mabel was a favorite niece of Professor Tiffany's.

The two collegians were sunning themselves in the gracious smiles of Miss Preston, and very willingly, as is too often the case with college boys, letting the conversation drift into college topics. They could not refrain from spicing their chat with now and then a caricature of some high and mighty dignitary of the Faculty, while Miss Mabel and I applauded their ready wit, and we were all in the best of spirits. Blake, after an attack on the President, had just finished a eulogy on his favorite professor, while Dillingham was turning over some music at the piano, when Miss Preston, with what I saw to be an earnest interest in the fame of her uncle, asked Blake :

"How do you like Professor Tiffany? You are acquainted with him, I suppose?"

"Oh, old Tiff, to be sure I am," he responded quickly, and smiled as if in enjoyment of some of the old gentleman's peculiarities.

Miss Preston suppressed an indignant look at the lightness with which Blake seemed inclined to treat "old Tiff," and waited, all attention, while he, as I apprehended with a shudder for the proprieties, was preparing to use his satire, so enjoyable until now, on this last victim. I cursed my folly in not having told Blake as well as Dillingham of the relationship. What should I do? I was determined to make a rude interruption before I would permit the rest of the evening to be worse than spoiled for us four. I looked at Dillingham and saw a reflection of my own embarrassment in his face. Perhaps it was two seconds, perhaps only one, that we sat thus on the very verge of a drawing-room precipice—we all know what they are—a yawning abyss that

was to hurl us into inextricable confusion, embarrassment, constraint, consternation, and various other unpleasant emotions. Blake would be, perhaps, the most to be pitied, because he would not know what he had done. But I didn't pity him then as he sat there, the only cool one of us four, just on the point of opening his mouth to bring dire calamity on our happiness.

But an interruption came, and not from me, either. Dillingham, as though awaking from a state of absorption in the music he had been looking at, stretched his left hand carelessly toward the piano keys, asking Blake at the same time :

"How does that waltz go, Sam, that we admired so much last night? I can't seem to get it." And he drummed tentatively, as though trying to recall the air.

Tum tum tumm ; tumm tum ; tum tum—tum ; tumm ; tum.

What in the world was he thinking of to inflict such a tuneless, timeless drumming on our ears? I could have cut the gordian knot more adroitly without half trying. Miss Preston looked at Dillingham with a shade of mingled surprise, displeasure, and vexation at this singular lapse of politeness in one of her guests, especially at the moment when she was so interested to hear what Blake would say about Professor Tiffany.

But Blake, to my horror, was not diverted from the thread of his discourse. "You are way off the track, Dill," he said to his friend, laughing ; "I'll show you to-morrow.—Yes, yes, old Tiff," he resumed, turning to Miss Preston,—“but perhaps you are surprised at the familiar names we give the profs. That is only a sign of their popularity. I was smiling to think what a poor figure I cut before him at my entrance examination—I was so frightened in the presence of such profound learning, such true dignity. But he was so kind and considerate with me that I liked him immediately. Oh, there's no one we like better or respect more than Professor Tiffany.”

Could I believe my ears? I knew enough of the Professor myself to feel sure that Blake was on the point of saying something quite different before the "piano-act." How in the name of all the known languages had Dillingham warned him,

without exchanging even a glance, and with only a few plain words and plainer notes on the piano?

"Ah, Mr. Blake," exclaimed Mabel with a charming smile at the close of the trying ordeal, "you didn't know you were being catechised on my dear uncle Tom!"

Blake's surprise and then his pleasure at learning of the connection could not, I thought, be anything but genuine. But still—well, I was puzzled.

"I will let you into a very valuable secret," explained the double-faced rogue, as we walked home after the party, which we voted a complete success. To be sure, Dillingham felt a little sore at having been compelled to sacrifice in Miss Preston's eyes his reputation for perfect politeness and good taste. But he had saved their common cause, and the way was opened for a more intimate acquaintance, instead of being forever closed by the rash words we had feared. "Dill and I," Blake continued, "have a telegraph connecting our rooms, his in Felton and mine in in East. We have great sport with it and, of course, have the Morse alphabet at our fingertips. So when I heard him spell out *uncle* on the piano, I saw the point almost before he had drummed out the *c*."

"I have paid you now for that good turn you did me at Mrs. Somerset's dinner-party. I found myself," continued Dillingham to me in explanation, "sitting opposite a lady with whom I was really pretty well acquainted, and she was evidently very well acquainted with me. But, to save my life, I couldn't quite recall her name. She recognized me at the very first, and condescended to devote so much attention to me that my position became very embarrassing. Her conversation took a turn that threatened me with instant exposure, when Blake, who was sitting at my right and saw what was the trouble, put one foot on mine and, by the right combination of long and short pressures, conveyed to my understanding that obstinate name."

"And that isn't the first time I've helped you out of trouble, either," remarked that valuable companion. "You remember how Professor Topham thought I was going into consumption, I coughed so during that last examination. But

it was the right succession of hacks and wheezes that saved you from a condition, old boy."

"Yes, Sam, there are more means of communication than common folks dream of. Long life to the dot and dash!"

B.

THE SIGHING SEDGES.

THE sedges sigh on Bendermere,
The sedges, shriveled, brown, and sere,
While leafless trees upon the shore,
Like ancient harpers, bent and hoar,
All sway and swell, with legends' lore
The sad hymn of the dying year
That sedges sigh on Bendermere.

Naught save the ruined keep is here,
Through which the wind moans, wild and drear,
As if to mock the songs once sung
Here long ago, when Time was young,
And loud with glee the rafters rung—
While for this vanished joy and cheer
The sedges sigh on Bendermere.

This scene, so eerie, dark, severe,
These nooks that breed a nameless fear,
Held once, alas! the peerless fair,
Of grace and mould beyond compare—
The merry foes of carking care—
Most for *their* loss, these folk most dear—
The sedges sigh on Bendermere.

H. S. U.

SHADOWS OF COMING EVENTS.

THE signs of Eighty-three's early departure from the grounds that most of them have haunted for four years are coming thick and fast. Ever since the beginning of the term, they have been deluged with catalogues requesting their benign presence, of almost every prominent law, medical, or theological school in the country. Last week the scheme for their final examinations was announced for the week beginning June 18th. It is as follows: Monday, June 18th, A. M., Flint's Theism, and Dr. Hall's Lectures on Philosophy; P. M., History and French electives. Tuesday, A. M., English Lit. and Latin electives; P. M., Zoölogy, Chemistry, Astronomy, and Calculus electives. Wednesday, A. M., Physiology and Geology. Thursday, A. M., Logic, English Lit. (required), and Aesthetics; P. M., Greek and German electives. Friday, Outline Study of Man and Law of Love,

"We put our students under civil law," said Professor Rood. "The 'paternal theory,' as it is called, is no longer applicable in our American colleges. Harvard has taken the lead in liberality, and Amherst is following close in her footsteps. How is it in Williams, Om Rye?" he added, turning to me. I told him as well as I could, and an animated discussion ensued, which it would hardly do to reproduce in the columns of a college paper. The party broke up at about half-past two, and I could hardly realize that the short, light-haired gentleman who handed me a cigar as we descended the steps, was a college president; or that the tall, thin one, who puffed vigorously before he gave me his weed for a light, was a Columbia professor, both of whom would, on the morrow, be gazed upon with fear and trembling by a whole college of young men who regarded them as the natural enemy of the student. That this is partly the student's fault there is no doubt. But it seems unfortunate that young men are not wise enough, and professors *large* enough to allow a college to be governed through friendship and not fear. Yours,

ROMANY RYE.

MUTTERINGS.

AN excuse, "severe indisposition," is always qualified mentally by the phrase "to work."

College cynicism is too often only skin-deep. A sham cynic is a mean kind of hypocrite.

The man who wastes all his time in loafing or mild dissipation is the first to contemptuously characterize the so-called "grubber" as a mere plodder who does not know how to realize his opportunities.

He who never subscribes a cent in support of a college organization is the worst grumbler at slight failures or mistakes in its work.

Many a Senior could study the speller to advantage.

The college museum does not often contain all the fossils belonging to the institution.

To some persons, not altogether without discrimination, \$100 a week seems a good deal to spend for base-ball at Williams. Shall they be characterized as misers?

Much would-be college wit consists merely in telling disagreeable truths.

It is daily growing less true that college graduates imagine themselves fully fitted to take immediate charge of an important business. Yet many still doubt this.

How many instructors can recognize the unscrupulous cheater and the hard-working fizzer?

Undergraduate life may round off some intellectual sharp corners and rough edges; it mars not a few social and moral proportions.

A just numerical marking system is the most impossible, inconceivable thing in the whole universe.

The man who neglects to pay his ARGO subscription, like the man who stole the tripod, does a "mean thing."

INDOLENCE.

I SING the sweet, the fleeting joy
Of indolence;
When only pleasant dreams employ
Our drowsy sense.
When lying by some shady stream
We think, we hope, we muse, we dream
Of future deeds;
And while we dream, the dells grow dim,
And Nature sings her vesper hymn.
Ah! how time speeds!

I. W. A.

WILLIAMS VS. LAFAYETTE.

TO the disappointment of all, the frequent showers of Wednesday, May 23d, prevented the game from being played on the afternoon of that day. On Thursday morning the game was called. The ground was slippery and the grass wet. In the first inning, Crowell brought in Yates by a sacrifice hit. His example was followed by W. Safford who brought in J. Safford. There was great interest felt as Lafayette came to the bat, and there was as great satisfaction when the big pitcher struck out to Hubbell and the third man went out to Crowell on a foul tip finely secured. In the fourth inning, P. Blackmer secured the last run for Williams by touching home, while the first and second basemen of Lafayette were

playing tag with Carse. In this inning J. Safford and Hubbell each made fine fly catches. Five runs were gained by Lafayette in the fifth inning before the third men could be secured. At this point P. Blackmer distinguished himself by making a one-hand catch, which can be best explained by a remark of a Rip Van Winkle standing by, who said that he did not "see how he got it without a ladder."

The feature of the game was a one-hand catch by the left-fielder of the visiting team. The ball hot from P. Blackmer's bat, seemed surely a "two-bagger," when it was secured with surprising *dexterity*.

The score is as follows:

LAFAYETTE.	A.B.	R.	1st.B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Martin, p.,	4	1	1	1	0	5	1
Updegrove, 3d b.,	4	0	0	0	2	3	1
Maurer, 1st b.,	4	1	0	0	4	1	1
Drissel, c.,	4	0	1	1	4	3	0
Swift, c. f.,	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
McDowell, 2d b.,	3	0	0	0	9	1	3
Douthelt, s.s.,	3	1	1	1	0	0	1
Whitmer, r. f.,	3	1	1	1	0	0	0
Campbell, l. f.,	3	1	1	1	6	0	1
Totals,	32	5	5	5	27	13	8
WILLIAMS.	A.B.	R.	1st.B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Talcott, s.s.,	3	1	0	0	0	5	2
Yates, c. f.,	4	1	0	0	0	0	0
Safford, J., l. f.,	4	1	0	0	2	0	1
Crowell, c.,	4	0	0	0	6	3	1
Safford, W., 3d b.,	4	0	0	0	0	2	0
Blackmer, P., 1st b.,	4	1	0	0	13	0	0
Blackmer, E., 2d b.,	3	0	0	0	1	2	0
Carse, r. f.,	3	0	2	2	1	0	0
Hubbell, p.,	3	0	0	0	1	7	0
Totals,	32	4	2	2	24	19	4

Umpire—Mr. A. S. Holt.

Scorer—J. W. Bott, '83.

Time of game, 1.40. First base on called balls, Williams, 1. Left on bases, Williams, 2; Lafayette, 3. Wild pitches, Martin, 1. Struck out, Williams, 4; Lafayette, 6. Strikes called off Hubbell, 9; Martin, 18. Balls called off Hubbell, 31; Martin, 63.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Williams,	3	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0-4
Lafayette,	0	0	0	0	5	0	0	0	0-5

The following are the scores of the games with Tufts and Dartmouth:

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Dartmouth,	0	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	1=5
Williams,	0	3	3	0	0	0	0	3	0-9
Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Tufts,	3	0	2	0	0	2	0	0	1=8
Williams,	1	7	0	1	1	0	2	1	3=16

EQUESTRIANISM EXTRAORDINARY.

At a chilly stage of the brazen age
There existed an Alpine guide,
Who, in a rage at some badinage,
And seeing an avalanche slide,
Took a pilgrimage on its narrow gauge,—
A terrible glacial ride.

On his alpenstock he sat like a rock,
As if on a stone-blind mule,
Till he ran into dock, nigh four o'clock,
Quite spry and chipper, and cool,
When he called for Bock to lessen the shock
According to Pole's last rule.

Inside of a week he repeated the freak,
For his snow-white steed he seemed daft;
And with Amherst cheek continued his streak
On each peak about, fore and aft.
"Oh, the sides so sleek of my nag ne'er reek,"
He would cry, as his Bock he quaffed.

Regardless of fate, at his lunatic gait,
He galloped each day some new nag;
At steeple-chase gait crevasses he'd skate
In a way that May would call "mag"—
Till one time in July a glazier quite shy
Kicked up and his head hit a crag.

— SHAPE.

ELECTIONS.

THE two literary societies held their elections on Wednesday, May 23d, and elected the following officers:

PHILOLOGIAN.

President.—Chas. W. Wood.

Vice-President.—C. E. Burke.

Critic.—C. M. Clark.

Secretary.—G. S. Duncan.

Treasurer.—C. E. Baxter.

Historian.—P. F. Bicknell.

Librarians.—'84, G. W. Titcomb; '85, G. S. Duncan; '86, C. V. A. Smith.

PHILOTECHNIAN.

President.—J. H. Burke.

Vice-President.—E. P. Hill.

Critic.—F. T. Ranney.

Secretary.—H. B. Ward.

Treasurer.—N. F. Gordon.

Librarians.—W. J. Foster, E. P. Hill, R. A. Clark, and H. H. Gregg, Jr.

COLLEGE NOTES.

OLD Necessity means business. He has issued a writ for the arrest of any persons caught playing ball in the park at the head of Main street.

Is there to be any gymnasium exhibition at Commencement?

A LARGE number of the students spent Decoration Day in Pittsfield.

CLASS-DAY invitations, four for one dollar. Cheaper than last year.

Two new tennis courts have been laid out on the West College campus.

THE changes being made in front of the Congo. will be a great improvement.

THE Professor of Botany considers the Sophomores very poor Greek sight-readers.

THE Juniors are having practical work with the equatorial in the old observatory.

MESSRS. C. H. CUTTING & Co. have introduced a new style of bands for College hats.

THE programmes for the eighty-eighth Commencement have already been printed.

AN Ex-editor of the ARGO is writing the life of Lillian Russell, the rising young actress.

THE Faculty were represented in chapel one morning recently by *three* of their number.

LAST week's rain created quite a wash-out in the terrace at the east entrance to Morgan.

THE Philologian Society contemplate refurbishing their rooms before Commencement.

OWING to the weather, the game between Lafayette and Williams was postponed a day.

THE Juniors who have taken the elective in mineralogy commenced work in Clarke last Saturday.

THE favorite song of the Sophomore Jockeys at present is, "Wait till the Clouds roll by, Jenny."

OUR respected Ephraim is spending a few weeks in town, recovering strength after a long illness.

THE singing on the campus after chapel last Sunday was much enjoyed by both students and visitors.

PACH is to be congratulated. The picture which were not promised until June arrived last Saturday.

W. S. DODD, '86, will leave college at the end of the year to enter the same class at Princeton in the fall.

'85 is anxiously inquiring whether they are studying the History of the United States or a Williamstown.

A LARGER number of students than usual are confining their affection for the weed to the single feature of pipes.

PAY your subscriptions to the ARGO, or you may expect a speedy call from the Assistant Business Manager.

SEVERAL alterations have been made in the rear of the Mansion House lately, greatly improving its appearance.

'84 AGREES with Professor Safford in thinking that "that animal more than compensates for the loss of Flapps."

DURING the past week the Sophomores have been enjoying two recitations a day on Monday and Friday, under Prof. Perry.

DR. HOPKINS has been quite unwell up to date of going to press. We hope that by the time of our issue he will have recovered.

THE Freeman Memorial Window has just been placed in the Kappa Alpha House. The Field Memorial Window is expected soon.

THE receipts from the new grand stand in the game with Lafayette were but six dollars. This was due to the absurdly small price for seats.

Two Sophomores, some days ago, played ball on Main street from eleven o'clock till two in the morning. '85 still keeps the lead in athletics.

POWERS' bust of Sumner has been purchased by the Class of '84 at Williams college, at a cost of \$1,000, and presented to the college.—*Cornell Sun*.

SINCE our last issue we have learned that the cranberry patch so generously donated by Mr Goodrich is estimated to be worth \$25,000. Our special statistician has calculated the number of berries in the annual revenue accruing therefrom "But let us not anticipate."

THE town constable made enough money during the "Fall Campaign" to pay for enlarging and renovating his establishment on Spring street.

A MONITOR has been appointed to be present at the Episcopal church and report all college attendants upon that service who are either late or absent.

THE Avengers defeated the Jass nine last week, with a score of 18 to 8. The Morgan nine has found a champion at last, and Jass is not invincible.

A GAME was planned with Union for last Saturday, but owing to failure on the part of that nine to keep the engagement there was no game on that date.

MR. H. L. HASTINGS of Boston, Editor of *The Christian*, recently delivered a lecture at the Congregational church on the subject of "The Inspiration of the Bible."

THE Classical Division of '85 defeated the Mathematical Grubs by the score of 23 to 14. The cavaliers adopted the war-cry "Rah! Rah! Rah! Mos-tell-a-ri-a! Oscah!"

THE Dartmouth ball-player who remarked before the game that the Williams pitcher was "not out of his swaddling-clothes yet," found that appearances are often deceptive.

MONDAY of Commencement week has been secured by the Orchestra and Dramatic Committee. The concert will be given in the morning, and Fouchè in the afternoon.

THE Faculty have decided upon having Mountain Day in the week after Decoration Day. This will doubtless interfere with the projected trips to New York and elsewhere.

EIGHT Lafayette men and a catcher beat our nine on the twenty-fourth. The latter said he was a Freshman, but was uncertain whether the present Freshman Class was '83 or '86.

LAST week Prof. Perry and his class in history were annoyed by reflected rays of the sun, which were thrown into the room by a mirror in the hands of some person. A number of the class were sent out for the purpose of discovering the guilty one, but in vain.

THE game that was arranged with Cornell for May 30th, was not played for reasons best known to that nine. At the eleventh hour they sent word that they could not keep their engagement.

OUR Free Trade Professor is armed with the latest statistics from Wall street. '85 has already heard the startling proofs of the evils of protection on the street, as gleaned from an interview with a real bona fide Gould.

THE good old Professor was so pleased with the full-page cartoon in the last *Life*, showing the terrors of the cigarette, that we have no doubt that artist will be made an honorary member of the Williams Historical Society.

ACCORDING to the *Bowdoin Orient*, we decidedly verge on the æsthetic; for it observes that "the Faculty of Williams College have laid out a flower-garden in the rear of Morgan to supply the students with *boutonnières* every morning." We will have to explain our jokes after this.

In the June number of the *Atlantic* a paper on "Mr. Emerson in the Lecture-Room," made up of notes on his lectures, quotes these words of his concerning one of the Williams Faculty: "To immediately produce the thing wanted,—that is the point. It is no marvel to see anybody produce the feats of Safford with pen and paper. But at the age of ten, with a multiplier of fifteen figures and a multiplicand of fifteen figures,—to give the result at once,—was indeed a marvel—and this ten years before he came to our university."

MR. SUMNER SOUTHWORTH of Williamstown, has been presented with a very curious cane by Mr. Dean of Oswego. It is of American box-wood, the handle being formed of the root of the tree. Advantage has been taken of the natural curve by carving it into a symmetrical and artistic ornament. Just below the curve is a figure of a lion destroying a serpent, the latter in its death-struggle coiling about the body of the lion. Further down are carved the name of the recipient of the gift, the date, appropriate maxims, scripture texts, and sacred and mythological emblems. The whole is most elaborate and elegant, and the extraordinary part of it is that the only implement used was the common jack-knife.—*Troy Times*.

MENTION should be made of the efficient manner in which the manager of the nine has arranged the schedule of games. Through his efforts many colleges have agreed to play on our grounds that have hitherto declined.

PERSONALS.

'50. O. B. C. Bidwell has recently severed his connection with the bank he has so long been associated with, and is now interested in another bank, though he still remains at Freeport, Ill.

'70. R. G. Fitch is managing editor of the *Boston Post*, the leading Democratic newspaper in Boston.

'71. Rev. Allan F. DeCamp, the new pastor of the Washington Heights Presbyterian Church, New York City, was recently received from the Berkshire South Congregational Association as a member of the Presbytery.

'71. Francis Foxcroft is managing editor of the *Boston Journal*.

'72. Dr. L. D. Woodbridge was in town recently.

'75. J. S. Kingsley is at present employed in editing a comprehensive work on Natural History. The work will engage Mr. Kingsley for about two years.

'77. Rev. H. W. Gleason at last accounts was intending to go to Nebraska to preach the gospel. Whether his good intentions have been carried out we are unable to say.

'77. E. W. Judd is an editor on the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

'77. Rev. M. P. Welcker is preaching at Pleasantville Station, N. Y.

'77. Rev. S. G. Wood is preaching at New Ipswich, N. H.

'79. C. W. Field, Jr., and wife recently spent a few days in North Adams. Mrs. Field gave a large reception to her friends with whom she was acquainted when living at North Adams.

'81. E. S. Judd is dramatic editor of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. He does not expect to follow the profession of journalism, but will soon begin the study of law.

'81. J. W. Bullock has recently been admitted to the firm of A. D. Bullock & Co. of Cincinnati. This is an enviable position, as the house has for forty years stood at the head of the western wool trade. The senior members of the firm have retired.

'81. Gates has extensive wood and coal yards at Chicago, Ill. His address is Western avenue and Van Buren street.

'82. J. M. Culliton is studying theology at Andover, Mass.

'82. J. B. Squire, who is general secretary of the Buffalo Y. M. C. A., and F. J. Demond, who holds a similar position at Peoria, Ill., were sent as delegates to the International Convention, held at Milwaukee, May 16-20. We quote the following from the *Peoria Freeman*: "A very large audience gathered in the public hall last evening to listen to a lecture by Mr. Demond of Peoria, on the subject of "Weather Vanes," which was treated in an original and very humorous manner."

'82. L. M. Thompson has resigned his position in connection with the Y. M. C. A. of New York City, and has commenced the study of law.

'82. N. F. Wilcox visited the college recently.

JASON'S LOG-BOOK.

NOT at all! Don't think for a moment, dear *Orient*, that Jason is at all angry. Why there are a dozen papers that still keep harping on the old tune of Williams "steam-ship for biological investigation," and because you should not happen to see the point to his flower-garden joke you must not feel badly. All these little things add spice to his long voyage. Why, do you know, he actually made a college note of it.

Now there is the *Courant*. Whenever Jason walks out on the hurricane deck and whistles—there's sure to be a storm from New Haven. Yet you do not think that he is disturbed on that account, do you? What is more delightful than a spanking breeze? And Jason always goes below feeling that the *Courant* is a pretty good fellow after all. He would like to meet the author of "Belgrade's Folly." Such articles are rarely seen in a college journal, and this in particular is several degrees above the charge of being "mash-

mushy." Blessings on the man whose genius is directed in other channels than the sluggish college story.—What's that, *Acta*? Pardon Jason; thought you spoke. What! blushes? Ho! ho! *Acta* actually blushing! Mustn't be so self-conscious, *Acta*. He didn't refer to the "Odd Introduction." He was just saying that he wished the *Astrum Alberti* would be a more regular guest in his cabin; he likes it so much, you know.

Jason has just been experimenting in gulls. Did you ever try it? The result is very satisfactory. Just put a little cock-sparrow on the poop deck and wait. Pretty soon one great bird will begin to wheel in ever-narrowing circles about the pert little skipper, and the first thing you know he comes down with a swoop, and sadly ruffles little cock-sparrow's feathers. Then the other gulls gather round, and one after another take a whack in imitation of the daring leader, until the air is filled with feathers and the poor victim is in a state of disintegration. Yes, it's rare sport to experiment with gulls. Jason placed a little sparrow on the poop-deck, the other day,—a bird noted for its repartee. Presently the *Courant* flapped its great wings, and made at the cunning bird, who hopped lightly aside and allowed the hard deck the honor of receiving the charge. Then he patiently awaited the sport. He did not wait long. When the *Argus* and *Dartmouth* swooped in imitation of their great leader, and the rigging was a moving mass of white wings, the cunning little bird darted away with the speed of lightning, shrieking in mockery "*Seymore!*" The little sprite flew into the cabin and fairly laughed with glee as it cried, "gulled—all gulled!"

But, as I was saying—All right, Medea! Just keep the biscuits warm, and I'll be there in a jiffy! Jason must go to dinner, friends. He'll speak of this another time.

LIFE AT OTHER COLLEGES.

TRINITY. A Bicycling Club has been organized. A cricket crease is to be laid out on the new athletic grounds. Rev. Geo. W. Smith, D.D., of Brooklyn, has been elected president of the college; and three alumni representatives to

the trustees will be chosen at Commencement. Northam Hall is completed; it will accommodate forty students, each to have his own parlor and bed-room, and is finished throughout in hard wood. Examinations for admission are to be held in Pittsburg, Chicago, and San Francisco. An alumni association has been formed in Baltimore.

VASSAR. The privilege of enjoying walks outside the grounds is desired. The Philharmonic Club's concert of April 18th was not so satisfactory as usual, but its presentations of *The Rivals* and *Young Mrs. Winthrop* was very successful. Founder's Day passed off pleasantly with an address by the Rev. Brooke Herford, of Boston, vocal selections by Mr. Jones and the Glee Club, a collation in the dining-hall, and two square dances.

PRINCETON. The *Princetonian* says: The penalty for reading a newspaper in chapel, throwing a ball in recitation, or making a screechy noise with the hand on a desk, is about as severe as that for "shenanny-gagging" [cheating] or drunkenness. '83's Memorial committee has already collected \$300. Written mathematical recitations during the term have been substituted for oral examinations in the Sophomore class. Some of the Freshmen have been "shipped" for coughing in chapel. "David Garrick" was presented with great success May 11th. The nine have at last obtained permission to play with professionals.

HARVARD. Dissatisfaction is expressed with the lack of uniformity in marking examinations. '83 won the races in their Freshman year, held their own the succeeding two years, and have now closed their record by again winning the inter-class race. The Freshman crew have appeared in straw hats, with their class colors. "The custom of taking soda on the Holworthy steps is becoming quite popular." Prof. Sophocles, who has been ill all winter, will not probably be able to teach again. Muckers, perched in the trees back of the seats on Jarvis, cause much annoyance during the games. Board at Memorial during April was \$4.47 a week.

YALE. The performance of Faust was a complete success. '86 gave a very enjoyable supper to the Harvard Freshmen after their ball game.

Bonfires have probably killed a large elm on the campus. A scarcity of courts detracts from tennis enthusiasm. Some Freshmen talk of holding a billiard tournament. The faculty object to the disturbances usually indulged in on the campus after games with Harvard.

COLUMBIA. In its account of the report of the Trustees' committee for higher education for women, the *Spectator* says: The course of study proposed extends over a period of four years, a strict preparatory examination being held prior to admission. This last will resemble in its requirements the examinations for entrance to the Freshman class of the college. The college will not provide lecture rooms, so candidates for the promised certificate must pursue their studies at home or at school, and present themselves before the officers of the college for examination at stated times.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA. Five games of cricket were arranged to be played between the 25th ult. and July 7th. '85 won ten of the fifteen events in the spring contests. '84 won the championship at the meeting of the Gun Club; the best run was twenty-nine broken balls straight. There is a lack of interest taken in the literary societies. Of eight leading colleges heard from, this is the only one of strongly protective tendencies.

CLIPPINGS:

IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

With drooping head and eye downcast,
No word she spoke; but sweet and low
She heard his whispered words that made
On her soft cheek the color glow.
He lower stoops, until his lips
Touch hers, and coyly, then, the lass
Over his shoulder peeped to see,
The picture in the looking-glass.

* * * * *

No gem of Matteau or of Frère,
No picture of Millais Gween—
No artful canvas ere could vie,
In beauty with that mirrored scene.
And even to paint its loveliness,
My words are all too faint, alas,
Good night, sweet, look! see, there's the same
Fair picture in your looking-glass.

Exonian.

FRESHMAN reading a letter of advice from giddy sister, who goes to a Massachusetts chewing establishment: "'P. S.—Keep off the night air, and don't let the spring we beguile you into leaving off your clothing, sitting out in it.' Hm! That's a trifle amusing, but I guess she don't mean anything wrong."
—*Tiger.*

"UMBRELLA FLIRTATIONS."

To leave your umbrella in the hall means "I don't want it any more."

To purchase an umbrella indicates "I am smart but honest."

To trail your umbrella on the sidewalk means "that the man behind you thirsts for your blood."

To lend an umbrella indicates "I am a fool."

To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a silk one means "exchange is no robbery."

To urge a friend to take an umbrella, saying "Oh! do take it. I'd much rather you have it than not," signifies that you are lying.

To return an umbrella means—never what it means. No one ever does that.—*Con.*

AN eastern college man who had been expected to address his father: "Dear Pa:—Fatted for one. I come home to-morrow. Your obedient son."—*Ex.*

The old proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way," has been revised to meet the situation. It now reads, "When there's a bill we're at it."—*Ex.*

SYMPATHY.

When, through the quiet spaces of the sky
The stars trace o'er their ancient paths of light
Dim visions rise, and with their mystery
Perplex the simple loveliness of night.

There is a face that ever follows mine,
And eyes from whose sad glance I may not
A voice there is whose melody divine
Awakes to vain regret my longing heart.

Soft are its breathings, gentle as the sigh
That rises from the heart of hopeless love;
And sad as Autumn winds, whose smothered cry
Wanders disconsolate through field and grove.

I look and listen: distant moon and star
Attune their rhythms to this low threnody;
The furthest worlds my soul's strong passion stir
And mourn the past in awful harmony.

—*Rec.*

THE ARGO.

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THE ARGO.

Published fortnightly during the college year by the students of Williams College.

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Terms, \$2.00 per year in advance. Single copies 15 cents. Students and graduates of Williams are requested to contribute articles, verses, letters, and Alumni notes.

DOES it not seem strange that such beautiful lawns as we boast of, extending from one end of the main avenue to the other, should be allowed to grow until nothing but a scythe or an equally clumsy machine for harvesting grain is able to cut them? Why not invest in a pony lawn-mower, a machine that will do its work more rapidly and more satisfactorily than scythe or reaper? The campuses, of course, are always kept in excellent order. But such extensive and beautiful lawns as line the main avenue are certainly deserving of better treatment than ordinary meadows; and instead of being devoted to the growing of hay should be kept in constant repair. The town would thus present the appearance of a park to the summer visitor.

WE would like to call the attention of the Faculty to the danger resulting from the condition of the drive between South and East. The turn is very sharp, and almost in the center stands a large tree-stump, which it is difficult to avoid even in the day time, while at night, when the darkness is unrelieved by the glimmer of a single lamp, a serious accident is liable always to occur. Such an accident did occur last week, when a party of students return-

ing late at night endeavored to drive around the turn, most carefully trying to escape striking the above-mentioned obstruction. The night was cloudy, and one could scarcely see the horses' heads. Though driving at a walk and giving, as they thought, a wide berth to the stump, nevertheless the hind wheel of the carriage struck, breaking the felloe and seriously damaging the whole vehicle. The horses were at once stopped, so that no personal injury followed, though for several moments there was great danger of a runaway. This matter ought to be attended to *at once*, and not only ought the dangerous obstacle to be removed, but compensation should be made for the loss incurred on account of the negligence in not placing a light at the dark corner.

THE events in the line of athletics during the past few weeks have brought both pleasant and disagreeable facts to light. For many years the home-like propensities of Williams men in general have prevented a proper understanding of the manners and actions of sister colleges in their dealings with each other, and especially their visiting delegations. Stray items gleaned at times from warring sheets of the college press, or still more untrustworthy hearsay, had already convinced some of the unfairness which has characterized certain colleges in their actions one toward another. But now, through our nine, we have had the opportunity of being eye and ear witnesses of the grossest incivility and unfairness. It is scarcely conceivable and yet it is undeniable that there are institutions of learning in this country whose members lack common decency and refinement, and we would suggest them that the study of the latter be made a part of the curriculum. Only a short time ago our nine was literally hooted from a college campus, and even stoned. No one was injured; so far, so good. But when such an occurrence is permitted by the college-at-large, it is no more than proper that we should in charity

believe it to be composed of the unwashed and unterrified. No other hypothesis can account for such disgraceful proceedings. Certain members of the Schenectady institution offer as an excuse that the field was filled with muckers and hoodlums; that it was impossible to restrain them; very strange indeed, for we can assure our Mohawk Valley friends that if such an incipient riot should break out on the Williams College campus, it would be summarily squelched. We are rather inclined to believe that the will rather than the power was lacking. Nor would hissing and hooting be allowed all the way to the depot. We do not quarrel about trifles, but the treatment our nine received at the hands of Union College was totally unsatisfactory. We turn with pleasure to our pleasant reception and treatment by Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and Dartmouth College. Both did their best to make our stay agreeable in every way, and we can assure them that they succeeded. No hard feeling was exhibited, though their nines had the misfortune of being defeated. Good will and courtesy marked their every action from first to last, which we take pleasure in assuring them were highly appreciated by every member of our college. Therefore, let us cherish and strengthen the liberal spirit which we have hitherto exercised toward our visitors. Let no nine leave Williams-town dissatisfied with our conduct. The common rights of hospitality should restrain us from any exhibition of rowdyism. Let Williams men maintain in victory or defeat the character of gentlemen.

IN the Junior Dramatics of each year it is satisfactorily shown that there is first-rate dramatic ability in the college, but there are two features of the entertainments which seem to us open to criticism and improvement: the style of the play represented and the practice of confining the choice of participants to one class. As regards the first objection, it is almost impossible to find men capable of successfully assuming the female parts in a sensational or society drama, and their attempts usually result in arousing mirth inconsistent with the part. This might be easily remedied by choosing farce or light comedy; but the

radical defect in our system is the lack of organization essential to complete success: there is an opportunity for '85's committee to profit by past experience here, and, taking the Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard as a model, to form a similar society at Williams, of all which will be able to give representations at regular periods, and, with a discreet choice of places, to appear elsewhere for their own benefit and that of the various athletic interests of the college. If this committee is unwilling to assume the responsibility of taking the initiative, or if it refuses to invest them with the necessary authority, we hope to see others embrace the project, and give it a thorough trial, feeling assured that the labor and expense will be fully repaid both materially and by the increased reputation of the college.

THE course that the Faculty have taken this year with regard to dropping men is manifestly better than the old régime. Formerly students of low stand were obliged to cease their relations with the college at the end of the first or second terms, as the case might be. Thus students were not tested to their full capacity, and the faculty were dismissed not only disheartened but also lessened their possibility of enrolling students at another college. Now a man is given a fair chance, and even if his work during the year has not been good, by the system of warnings he may make up for lost time and pass annuals in the next year. Lastly it only remains to add a word of encouragement to the warned. Apply yourselves vigorously for the remainder of the term and you will be rewarded at its close, keeping in mind the words of the poet: "The future hides in its bosom both joy and sorrow."

"HARVARD is in Cambridge, Amherst is in Amherst, but Williams is in Williams-town," says the *Harvard Herald*, and the college proceeds to devote a column to the subject, showing how, in our seclusion, we at Williams fall upon our own resources for our enjoyment. The article speaks of the fraternities, and the opportunities there offered for social enjoyment shows how, from the very fact of our iso-

from the world, our ingenuity is therefore more fertile in contriving means of entertainment. This feature of life at Williams, though regarded differently by many people, has always seemed to us to be one of its chief attractions. It brings the students in closer contact, and in consequence of the absence of all outside influences they derive all that is to be gained by four years of college life. Their minds are not diverted from the one object they had in view as sub-Freshmen—that is, of going to college. And at the end of the course they will have experienced a benefit from their peculiar relations with fellow-students and college that those whose time has been divided between society and the college cannot appreciate. It should be the aim of the undergraduate to be for four years essentially a college man. There will be time enough afterward to devote to the world. And while the Williams student does this of necessity rather than from inclination, he should rejoice in it as a fortunate circumstance that his college is in the heart of the Berkshire Hills. The associations that cluster round these walls are all the dearer because they are exclusive.

THE dreaded approach of annuals suggests to our mind a custom which hardly seems fair. The two lower classes have been divided during the year according to scholarship, the first division taking longer lessons than the second, and the second longer than the third. The theory is that the men who can get in the first division are capable of doing more work in the same time than those who are put in lower divisions. This is undoubtedly true; still every one knows that a good portion of the past year those of the first division have had to study much harder than their more lucky classmates, and to go to recitations generally at a less convenient hour. But setting that point pass, it does not appear right to say that now the time has come for the whole class to review the work of the year the first division should be compelled to study up so much more than the other divisions, especially as it takes a man of the highest standing in his class the same time to review an equal amount of work as one who is low in his class. We believe that those

who have "borne the burden and heat" of the year should receive the same in the end as those who have done less work. It seems only just that annuals should be the same for all. But if the existing powers should not think this way, could not all the divisions be excused from an equal portion of the Greek and Latin studied, especially during the Fall and Winter terms? As it is now there is so much of the classics to be gone over, which at the best can only be done hurriedly, that many men get discouraged and reason that if they do study again all the work of the year they can only get a smattering, and so resolve to risk passing. Much more work would undoubtedly be done in preparing for annuals if a part of the required text should be taken off.

TO KATE.

WHAT shall I call my sweetheart? Phyllis,
Doris, Chloris, Amaryllis?
None of these; I'll call her Kate.
Like a vision straight from heaven
Seemed she to me at eleven
December twentieth; that's the date.

Where did I meet my sweetheart estraying?
Along some country road a-maying?
No, that's not where I first met Kate.
Did I meet her walking slow
Along some beach all pebbly? No!
In a street car; such is Fate.

ALMOST A ROMANCE.

"I CONFESS you did take me by surprise," said Jack, as he took a pull on his meerschaum, and then looked curiously at me. "I thought you would hardly return before November."

"I did not intend coming back till then. But something turned up which rather disgusted me with traveling on the Continent, and having a longing to get back, I left Charlie and George sooner than I expected, and sailed on the Bothnia."

"What changed your plans so?" asked Jack absent-mindedly, now wholly absorbed in examining the color of his pipe.

"Well, you will learn it sooner or later, so I may as well tell you now, only keep it dark. It happened in this way. About the middle of

August we reached Geneva, where Charlie ran across one of his old friends. Through him we made the acquaintance of several English tourists who were staying at the hotel, among whom was a Miss Marsh, who was traveling with her aunt and uncle. I need not describe her. It is enough to say that I soon was over my neck in love."

"Gad," said Jack, now beginning to be interested. "After a good deal of arguing I persuaded George and Charlie to go on without me, promising to overtake them at Lucerne. For the next two or three days I saw Miss Marsh constantly, and also her aunt. We went rowing and walking, and were getting on famously, when one morning, as I came down later than usual, Charlie's friend sauntered up and told me that Miss Marsh's party had left unexpectedly that morning, and that they had left their adieux with him. I was frantic, and inquired of every one their destination, but no one seemed to know. So I gave it up at last and joined my friends. They complained I was melancholy, and I believe I was. After remaining at Lucerne till the end of the week we started out again, and reached Altorf toward evening. As I had an hour before supper I wandered through the square, passed the statue of Tell, and strolled out beyond the town. Hearing the bell of the convent chapel ringing for vespers, out of curiosity I went in to hear the service. As I sat there in the dusk, listening to the soft playing of the organ, my thoughts wandered back to my fair acquaintance of Geneva. A slight rustling aroused me from my reverie, and I was aware that the nuns were walking past me. I gazed curiously at them, and the fifth of those nuns was Miss Marsh!"

"What, a nun?" cried Jack.

"You can imagine how I started and tried to draw her attention. But she went past with downcast eyes, looking more beautiful than ever in her hideous garb. I sat and fidgeted through the service, waiting till the nuns should go by again. This time she saw me, started slightly, and gave me a beseeching look and an almost imperceptible nod of recognition. Jack, you could hardly have appreciated my feelings. I

was furious. Her sudden departure explained. Her uncle had compelled her to take the veil. Knowing that the headmistress had examined everything sent to the convent, I gave up hope of communicating with her in any quarter. After vespers the next evening I crept under a dark arch in the transept, and as the nuns filed past I leaned toward Miss Marsh with a note I had written. I shall never forget the supplicating look she gave me, and before she could give her my letter she had passed the chapel. As a last chance I took Charlie and George into confidence. They at first shook my mediæval idea, as they called it, of rescuing a pretty girl from a convent, but when they were in dead earnest they promised to help. We learned, through the porter, in what part of the convent Miss Marsh's room was, and as everything was ready, even to procuring a boring sexton's wife as chaperon. As I scrambled over the wall and silently placed a ladder against the building it seemed to me a regular old-time elopement. I noisily climbed up to the open window and peered into the dark room. There in the darkness I could just discern my young nun standing at the window and looking out at the sky. She had just approached, and could not have seen me climbing up. I begged her not to be alarmed. She did not seem at all frightened, but was surprised. I openly denounced the cruelty of her uncle, told her how we had arranged to escape, had a carriage below which would take us to her friends, and begged her to make haste and get ready. Instead of crying with pleasure she burst out laughing, and then immediately she was sorry for it.

"'You have been very, very kind,' she said slowly, 'but there has been some great mistake. I do not want to escape from the convent.'

"Then I tried to reason with her, and told her how Jack, how I had loved her from the first, and how I saw her.

"'But I do not wish to escape,' she persisted. 'Then why that look in the chapel?'" I asked.

"'I only wanted to prevent your giving me that note, which would have brought us both into trouble,' she said.

"But what are you doing here in a convent, and in a nun's dress?" I faltered.

"To please me they let me wear Sister Catharine's dress, who is sick," she said, "and I am in this convent because my aunt and uncle were suddenly obliged to go to my cousin, who is ill at Rome, and, not wishing to take me to Italy at this unhealthy season, they put me in charge of the sisters for a month."

"And then," said Jack, "you found, of course, that she was engaged or married."

"No, she begged me to go, and I did."

"And did not go on with your wooing," shouted Jack.

"No, I was so rattled at what she told me that I did not think of it till too late, and that is what I am broken up about now."

"What class have you entered?" demanded my listener.

"Freshman."

"Umph," said Jack, and he slowly relighted his meerschaum.

HARROWING.

A CATASTROPHE ON LAKE GEORGE.

SHE was a Vassar maiden gay,
And he was,—well,—a trifle soft
On her, that night, as many a day
He'd been,—I, somewhat in his way,
Yet stayed, although he hemmed and coughed.

For, after all, I rather think
She did not mind it *very* much,
Since, once I caught a wicked wink,
With just that faintest tinge of pink
One finds in rare sea-shells, and such.

About her wealth of hair raved he,—
She smiled; he gained of hope a spark;
When I, as if to aid his plea:

"A lock he wants, Fan, don't you see?"

"Why, no, I can't, 'tis quite too dark."

SHAPE.

A LARGE delegation of Williams men were present at the game on June 2d, between Troy Polytechnic and Williams. In the evening all were handsomely entertained at the Δ. K. E. rooms, where a general conversation was enjoyed for some time. Everyone esteemed it as a great kindness on the part of the Polytechnics, and one that will not soon be forgotten.

A DEAD COLLEGE

THE thought of a deserted college is a pathetic one. The crumbling walls, the empty rooms, the campus silent and desolate, all speak a dead language which every student can understand. The decay of one of our oldest and most historic colleges is a spectacle which must attract the attention and enlist the sympathy of even the most thoughtless collegian.

The college of William and Mary, by its venerable age and romantic connection with the life of our republic, must ever have strong claims upon our interest. That interest must inevitably be strengthened by the memory of the crushing misfortunes against which she has always struggled, and which appear now to have overcome her. No college ever suffered so deeply, none ever fought so bravely as she.

The thought of her present leads naturally to the thought of her past. In the light of present calamities all her past is glorious. No page in American college history is so rich in romantic interest, so well adorned with great names as hers. * In the fragmentary history which remains to us we catch many a curious glimpse of the old college life.

It is not long after the time of John Smith at Jamestown that we see a body of men boldly setting forth "to fownd a colledge in Virginia." But the neighboring Indians do not appreciate the advantages of such a movement. They promptly and unceremoniously scalp the brave founders of colleges. After sixty years we see another beginning made. Large sums of money are given by the reigning sovereigns. Also 10,000 acres of land in Blackwater Swamp, for which the only return asked is the presentation to the governor of two copies of Latin verses yearly, a document which some college officers of to-day might not find it so easy to satisfy. Never was an American college so fortunate in the architecture of its buildings as this. They were designed by no less a personage than Sir Christopher Wren, the greatest architect of England. A surprising contrast it was which they presented to other college buildings of the time. In 1700 we may see the first Commencement, and a striking one it is. Planters from all the country

for miles around came in state in their coaches, curious spectators from Maryland, Pennsylvania, and even from New York came in all manner of craft to see the unwonted sight. Even the dusky features of savages are to be seen mingling with the crowd. But such glory may not last. The next we see of the college is a smoking ruin, round which are gathered the colonial governor and his people in despair. The life of the college seems to be dying out with the smoking embers. It is not so. Fifteen years sees a new hope and a new life. The college begins its golden age. In the capital city of Virginia, in the center of political life, amidst the most courtly and refined society of the new world, its success was sure. It became rapidly the richest of the American colleges. Her sons became the recognized leaders of the new republic, and after many years Washington himself came back to be her chancellor.

Let us look in for a day upon the quiet life of the college and the bustling activity of the little colonial capital. If we go early enough in the morning, we shall find a tall young man in cap and gown hastily bolting his breakfast at the college commons. His name is Mr. Tom Jefferson. He is an obedient student, and regards the college law which says, "Spirituuous liquors are to be used only in that moderation which becomes *the prudent and industrious student.*" He contents himself with a glass of spirits and water. Rising, we go to the college chapel, where the Church of England service is read. Then to the recitation rooms, where woe to any degraded youth who should be caught "cribbing," after the modern fashion. Student honor is high here. After dinner we may stroll with our new-found friend up the broad avenue. We may stand with uncovered head as Governor Fauquier goes rolling by in his gorgeous chariot drawn by its six white horses. In another hour we shall see him in great state presiding over his council in the "old capitol." But we must not linger with him. The House of Burgesses is sitting in the hall below, and we must look in upon them. As we enter the lobby we become aware of a great commotion; the air is filled with cries of "treason." A gaunt, stooping young man, with a piercing

eye, is addressing the assembly. He is speaking of the king of England and his oppression. Hear what he says: "Cæsar had his I Charles First his Cromwell, and George may profit by their example. If this be to make the most of it." It is young Henry, making his maiden speech. In the evening we go with our gay young friend to the governor's "palace." It is a "gala night" all the gallantry and beauty of the so capital will be there. We were received by the stately governor, standing under the portico of the king and queen. We must leave Jefferson dancing with his "Belinda," as much as such bliss can make him. A quiet, meditative walk under the fine old Scottish linden is more attraction for us. But the day is not complete. We must join our young friends Jefferson and Henry in a quiet midnight at the old Raleigh Tavern. This is the heart centre of the town. Here have been "assemblies," state dinners, and great spectacles innumerable. Here were assembled the meetings of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of the Revolutionary patriots. "The Raleigh" was the center of the brilliant festivity and political ferment of the time. Here we will leave the young patriots chatting the evening of the day, accompanied by the notes of Jefferson's violin.

Times of trial are not yet past for the college. The Revolution and Rebellion come, and metamorphose the quiet college into soldiers' barracks. Twice again the buildings must be burned to the ground and laboriously rebuilt. Misfortune after misfortune will come upon the suffering institution, until at last she is forced to yield. Other colleges had their fierce struggles and times of trial, but surely this may be pronounced the tragedy of American college history.

OWING to wide-spread gossip the evening of Decoration day—the walk to Pittsfield between two gentlemen of the Σ. Φ. society—did not occur. The residents of that place were unfortunately deprived of a novel sight.

BALLADE OF REVERIE.

I.

I N the pine forests deep and dim and wide,
Where balmy odors blow from every tree,
Where "dowery dells" arbutus blossoms hide,
And Nature seems in sweet repose to be,
And naught disturbs my silent reverie;
There lying, lazy, rhyming line to line,
I watch the swift clouds floating, dreamily,
I dream sweet dreams in reverie divine.

II.

When all the west with rich red pigment dyed
The sun sets glorious in a golden sea,
And comes the gentle twilight to divide
The day from night; when o'er the silent lea
There buzzing comes a big belated bee,
Weighted with honey of the eglantine,
Who flies toward home and passes near to me—
I dream sweet dreams in reverie divine.

III.

When by clear streams that gently downward slide
And murmur softly in their quiet glee;
When Dian rises and begins to glide
Between the stars e'en as she still would flee
Orion and his importunity;
When nightingales sing from the swaying vine,
Then with my soul from cares and troubles free,
I dream sweet dreams in reverie divine.

ENVOY.

Yes, when I lie in wildwood greenery,
And watch the morn, the noon, the night decline,
My soul is thrilled with silent sympathy—
I dream sweet dreams in reverie divine.

I. W. A.

MADEMOISELLE LEOZINSKI.

EUSTACE WIMBLETON had left the college grounds far behind him, and was rambling, as was his wont, in the old historic part of the city. At one time his head was bent forward on his breast, and so profound were the student's meditations that if he escaped collision with the other passengers it was only through their indulgence in giving him the middle of the walk. Again, with hands behind him and head in the air, he would watch the streaks of golden light sent across the sky by the setting sun.

Eustace was of an exceedingly visionary temperament; his fellows gave him all sorts of descriptive epithets,—transcendentalist, dreamer, super-æsthetical somnambulist, ultra-poetical

idealist. But young Wimbleton was a fine fellow, notwithstanding, having nothing in his nature but the open, the free, the generous, and the warm-hearted. Perhaps he was impulsive and not of the steadiest mental balance; still, as long as he held to the path of rectitude and had not an enemy in the world, one could not but like even his peculiarities.

It was while he was pursuing his star-gazing course through Cromwell street, between lines of old stone mansions set close to the sidewalk and with steep steps and iron railings, that his attention was suddenly arrested by something seen in a window two stories above him. He remained gazing fixedly at this object long enough to take in every detail. The ordinary passer-by would have remarked on the window-sill simply a woman's hand—a very pretty hand, in fact—together with part of a delicate white arm from which the sleeve was drawn, that the fair owner might feel the cool evening breeze. Yes, the ordinary observer, as he passed on, would have instinctively connected this hand and arm with a pretty girl; he would have hoped, and believed, too, that the invisible girl was as charmingly fair as the visible arm.

As Eustace passed on with the picture of that delicately-veined white hand in his imagination, he could not refrain from portraying to himself the unrevealed loveliness of its owner. "Anatomists claim," he pondered, "to reconstruct the entire animal when any part, even though it be inconsiderable, is given them as a key to the organism to which it belonged. Methinks as I look at that hand that my mind goes through the process of reconstruction with the vividness of startling reality and truth which is the more unerring that I cannot trace its intuitive workings. That hand instantly brings before me the only type of womanhood to which it could belong,—

"A woman of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."

"But, leaving the purely calculative and practical conclusions of the mind on that which is simply mundane and of clay, the highly organized sensibilities assert their superior acuteness in the yearnings of the spiritistic nature, the reaching

out, as it were, of the psychic affinities toward that which is ultimately to complete the harmony of our being. Now a single action or movement, a turn of the head, a pose of the figure, is a key to—yes, a revelation of—the whole nature, were not our minds so encumbered with earthly grossness that we fail to catch the significance of what is written before our eyes.

"Whether it be in the delicate veining of that hand, the contour of that arm, or the grace of movement with which she placed it lightly on the sill, my spiritual being, by an action that defies metaphysical analysis, recognizes and leaps out towards a kindred spirit. As surely as the two mountain streams flow together, and with united current run onward to the sea, so certainly is the life-stream of that woman to meet mine, and our blended beings are to glide on to that final dissolution in the prime essence from which we came, the great unknown and unknowable."

On entering his room that evening, Eustace found Tom Sprague stretched on his back on the grass reading a yellow-covered novel. Did Sprague know anything about 47 Cromwell street, was Wimbleton's question. Oh, to be sure, Sprague had often remarked the house and knew wonderful stories about its occupants: And, without removing his eyes from between the yellow covers, Tom told how Bernard Leczinski, a Polish nobleman, had, after many startling adventures, been obliged to flee to this country, and how he had taken up his abode in Cromwell street with an only daughter.

"An only daughter!" exclaimed Wimbleton, with evident eagerness.

"Yes, old fellow," resumed Sprague, regarding the other a moment; "but I've never seen the daughter," he hastened to add. "They say she's mighty pretty, but she never comes out, for the old man is a savage customer, and keeps her shut up, trying to force her to marry an avaricious old French lord whom she, on her part, hates like fury and will never marry. So you see it remains to be seen which has the most spunk, the old Leczinski or the true-hearted daughter."

Eustace Wimbleton with difficulty maintained an outward calm, while Sprague continued his novel with as much interest as though he were

pursuing the fortunes of the fair Miss Leczinski. Our hero felt a soulful conviction that he was destined to release the unfortunate prisoner. Poor girl? how long had she been waiting for her Heaven-appointed man, the being who, in spite of her confinement, should recognize her as the complement of his own nature and hasten to the consummation of their mutual happiness?

In his state of ecstatic rapture, Eustace rushed into his classmate, Harringford, who seemed to be on his way down town.

"Want to go down to Cromwell street with me?" asked the latter.

"Cromwell street?"

"Yes, 47," explained the other; "to see a convalescent I am trying to amuse. Perhaps you know him. It's Dick Plimpton, a fine young fellow of sixteen; we used to admire the way he rode his bicycle round here. Well, he came to grief and took a header and broke his leg. He's been confined now for three weeks, and it's pretty good for him sitting at the window in that sombre street; so I go to read to him and cheer him up."

"Which room is his?" gasped Eustace, clinging to the door-knob.

"Which room? Second story front. Come on, won't you go?"

"No, I believe not to-night."

NATURE'S LESSON.

"I'll never let my genius grow,"

Cried little Tommie D—,
As he peeped in the nest
Of a robin-redbreast
In the top of a sycamore tree.

"I'll never let my genius grow,"

Cried little Tom; "for see!
The bird's hatched, and—well—
Here's the broken shell.
So my genius, once hatched, would leave me."

"So I'll never let my ge"—just then,

By a strange fatality,
An unhatched egg
Played "mumble-the-peg"
In that nest on the sycamore tree.

"— | — | — | — | — !"

Quoth little Tommy D—,
"That repartee
Is too many for me!"
And he slid down the sycamore tree.

WILLIAMS VS. DARTMOUTH.

THE game with Dartmouth, on the morning of the 7th, was closely contested, from the open- the close; and till the last man of the Dart- nine was relieved at first the result was tain. At many critical points a single error l have changed the final score. Our men by hard playing and bunching their hits. beautiful and almost perfect campus on : possession Dartmouth College may well herself, seemed to inspire our men with lence. Applause was meted out liberally to siting club, and our treatment at the hands : college was in every respect satisfactory. most noticeable among the many noticeable es of the game were a fly-catch by Fellows one-handed line-catch by Talcott.

inning both sides retired in one, two, three

2d. Dartmouth same as before; for Wil- J. Safford led off with a base hit, advanced ond by W. Safford's base hit, stole third, n out at plate. P. Blackmer's advanced fford to third by base hit, and stole second. ickmer drove a long fly to left which was ed, but W. Safford scored and on an over- to home, P. Blackmer also. Carse thrown first. 3d. Dartmouth did not reach first.

Williams, Hubbell led off with base hit, to d on passed ball. Next three strikers re-

4th. Hale fouled to third. G. Nettleton for three bags. Springfield followed with hit, but was left on third by next two strik- Williams retired in one, two, three order. Dartmouth "tired." E. Blackmer base hit,

ed third on passed ball, and brought home rse's base hit, who was thrown out in an pt to steal second. Hubbell followed

hit, but retired at second on Crowell's sa- Talcott out to centre, leaving Crowell on

6th. Thomas retired at first. Hale struck o bags and was brought home on G. Nettle-

single, giving Dartmouth her second earned Next two thrown out at first, and Nettleton

third. Yates and J. Safford failed to reach Base hit by W. Safford, who was thrown

second. 7th. Gay reached first on wild stole second, but left by next three, who

" P. Blackmer thrown out at first. E.

Blackmer flyed out to center. Carse made a base hit, advanced to second on Hubbell's base hit, and was brought in by Crowell's two-bagger. Second earned run for Williams. Hubbell left on third, and Crowell on second, by Talcott's retirement at first. 8th. Thomas led off with a two-bagger; to third on wild pitch Hale's fly captured by left. G. Nettleton, three strikes. Crowell dropped ball, threw to first, who returned it, putting Thomas out at plate. Yates to first on fumble by Short. J. Safford out on strikes. W. Safford's fly to second was dropped, but Yates put out on second. P. Blackmer fouled out and left W. Safford on second. 9th. Springfield and Cushman thrown out to first. Gay followed with three-bagger, left on third by Chellis, who was retired at first.

Appended is the score :

WILLIAMS.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Crowell, c.,	4	0	1	2	4	1	0
Talcott, s.s.,	4	0	0	0	2	3	0
Yates, c. f.,	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Safford, J., l. f.,	4	0	1	1	1	0	0
Safford, W., 3d b.,	4	1	2	2	1	4	1
Blackmer, P., 2d b.,	4	1	1	1	16	1	0
Blackmer, E., 1st b.,	3	1	1	1	1	4	0
Carse, r. f.,	3	1	2	2	0	0	0
Hubbell, p.,	3	0	3	3	0	3	0
Totals,	33	4	11	12	27	16	1
DARTMOUTHS.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hale, 1st b.,	4	1	1	2	6	0	0
Nettleton, G. O., 3d b.,	4	1	2	4	1	2	0
Springfield, l. f.,	4	0	1	3	3	0	1
Cushman, s.s.,	4	0	0	0	2	1	1
Gay, r. f.,	4	0	1	3	0	0	0
Chellis, 2d b.,	4	0	0	0	4	1	0
Fellows, c. f.,	3	0	0	0	3	0	0
Nettleton, F., p.,	3	0	0	0	1	5	0
Thomas, c.,	3	0	1	2	4	4	0
Totals,	33	2	6	14	24	13	2

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Williams,	0	2	0	0	1	0	1	0	0=4
Dartmouths,	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0=2

Earned runs—Dartmouths, 2; Williams, 2. Two-base hits—Hale, Crowell, Thomas. Three-base hits—Nettleton, Springfield, Gay. First base on errors—Dartmouths, 1; Williams, 1. Struck out—Dartmouths, 2; Williams, 3. Double plays—Crowell, P. Blackmer. Passed balls—Thomas, 2. Wild pitches—Hubbell, 1. Time—1 hour, 30 minutes. Umpire—William C. Hall.

THE following are the scores of the Union and Polytechnic games, played June 1st and 2d respectively :

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Williams,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0=0
Union,	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	1=4
Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Williams,	3	1	1	4	0	2	3	2	0=16
Polytechnic,	0	1	0	2	0	1	0	2	1=7

CONJECTURES

ON A SENTENCE WRITTEN IN A FEMALE HAND.

"DEAR Harry, *please* come down to-night."
 And pray! what may the meaning be?
 Was loving Harry, at some slight,
 Intent on going over sea?

In this short note did her fond heart
 Outpour itself in loving words,
 Affecting him with sudden start,
 Like some swift passage played in thirds?

Or was the maiden bright and fair,
 A-writing to her fiance?
 Telling her heart, "I do not care,
 I haven't seen him this whole day!"

How was it written? in a pout?
 Or was it writ in pleading strain?
 Well—it has served to think about—
 The hour has not been passed in vain.

JACQUES.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE next *Argo* will be issued together with the *Athenaeum* on June 30th.

SEVERAL of our younger alumni are in town.

THE Norfolk jacket is in great demand among the students.

DIANA'S BATH is largely frequented by the students this term.

IT is the new gas-house this time that is disfiguring the campus near Goodrich.

CARSE, '84, threw a ball 378 feet a few days ago, thus beating the best amateur record by ten feet.

PROF. SAFFORD gave the Juniors a lecture on comets on Friday, June 8th, in place of the usual mineralogy.

A GRADUATE of the class of '60 says that men in those days lived at Williams very comfortably for \$350 a year.

THE Sophomore nine defeated the Greylockers at South Williamstown, last Saturday, by a score of 13 to 11.

IN the Greek recitation a few days ago '85's poet translated a part of the text into English verse. The class wooded.

THE Junior electives in mineralogy have finished the preliminary work, and are now engaged in the determination of minerals.

E. F. COURT left college, Saturday, May 1, for the Catskills, where he spends the summer, returning the 1st of next October.

NORRIS BULL, '84, was slightly injured by being tipped out of a buggy, while making the tour of Bald Mountain on Mountain Day.

OWING to a change in the express, the paper hereafter will be issued on Saturday evening instead of the afternoon as heretofore.

THE Sophomores had their first examination in chemistry on Wednesday, June 6th. They were waked up then to the fact of chemical reactions.

PROF. PERRY has read to the Sophomores three of his lectures on the four great battles of the world, the last being the Battle of Waterloo.

PROF. RICE was absent from college last week, owing to the illness of his little daughter. Juniors had no German recitations during that time.

QUITE a commotion was made in the chemistry recitation room, last week, by the abrupt departure of one of the class hotly pursued by the professor.

THE rest of the Sophomore course in English will be taken up with lectures by Dr. C. While ample opportunity for extra work is afforded.

1ST Soph. to chum slightly exhilarated: "What is that problem?"

2d. Ditto: "No, S'humming s' matter with *lagerisms*."

WILL the college-carpenter not remove the graceful markings on the walls of South East? Such things should be attended to without delay.

A NUMBER of Freshmen took the walk to Hoosac on Mountain Day. Another party of the beauties of the surrounding country were at Greylock.

"WHERE does this nine come from?" a by-stander at the Williams-Polytechnic game.

"I don't know; some school nine, I suppose," was the reply, which was spoken loud enough for the captain of the visiting club to hear. The score at the end of the game, however, showed that the "school" nine could hold its own.

THE Freshman nine was defeated last week by Greylockers, by a score of 9 to 6. Four of regular Freshman players were absent with college nine.

THE room at the right of the entrance to Grif has been fitted up for the college treasurer's ce, whither "students who have not paid, etc., -st go at once."

THE leveling work of the Sophomore mathematical division is progressing rapidly. They re already completed the greater portion of -ir undertaking.

THE frequent heavy rains have so washed out a seed on the Morgan lawn that the green is -ly seen in patches. Would it not be well to e a second sowing?

WE heartily sympathize with our sister journal the provoking misfortune of having her best sm so altered by an obliging printer that the t verse is placed last.

OUR poet is busily engaged on an ode to W. s coupe; but will not be able to finish it in e for the press. The paradoxical "steam- -zer" is not forgotten either.

HERE is a great scarcity of hymn-books in the Pel. If the college would supply this deficiency, we could with safety guarantee better -ing, or at least more volume.

THE singing at the monument formed a delightful feature of one evening last week. We trust Glee Club will continue to favor us during remaining weeks of the term.

THE Freshmen have not yet finished discussing whether those iron frames at West were intended protect the chimneys of that building or the -cted cartoons of their class artist.

AT last there has been a class sing. '84 began season nobly the other night, much to the asure of the bystanders. Let her worthy -mple be followed by the other classes.

ON June 8th the Freshmen challenged the -homores for the "Horn" game. The chal- -ge was accepted, though the date was not set. -the meantime let '85 and '86 keep close watch -r each others' horns and similar warlike para- -rnalia.

ONE of the amusing incidents connected with the game on Mountain Day was when the Dartmouth man noticed the absence of "swaddling clothes" on our pitcher, and dubbed him "Little Devil."

PACH has been selected photographer to the Seventh Regiment during the summer encampment. He says that the Williams studio is to be fitted up with all the most modern improvements next fall.

THE nine was pleasantly surprised last week by Mr. Belden's very generous gift of fifty dollars. The results of liberal support have already been felt in the enthusiasm and brilliant successes of the nine.

CLASS OFFICER: "Mr. B——, you have been exceedingly careless of late with regard to punctual attendance at recitations and chapel." Mr. B——: "I have only been late three—'er—'er"—"Terms," adds the Professor.

PROBABLY the greatest feat accomplished on Mountain Day (with the exception of the victory at Dartmouth) was that performed by two members of '84, who claim to have walked to Northampton at an average four-mile pace.

DAY by day doth the poverty of the Wilder collection become apparent to the mind of the Junior mineralogist, when he is told that such and such a group of crystals is probably worth twenty cents. Some suitable adornment for the fair interior of Clark Hall is earnestly looked for.

IN answer to our call for a contribution, Mr. Seymore Cooper presented the following, and desired that the Glee Club might substitute it for "Jingle Bells" at their next "sing":

These days so sultry hot
Make knickerbockers thick.
We care for lectures not,
At monkish rites we kick.
The classic metres tough
We deign not long to scan,
The sleepy Profs. we bluff
As slyly as we can.

CHORUS.

Chapel bells, chapel bells,
Ringing twice a day.
Oh! what fun it is to cut
In a cheeky, careless way!

"THE hardest thing in the world to do, is to do nothing," said a Junior to '85 the other day, on finding him engaged in that difficult task. "Not," replied '85, "when you've got something to do."

CROWELL so disabled his arm in the Dartmouth game that it is feared he will have to give up his position on the nine. We sincerely hope that the injury may not prove serious, both on Mr. Crowell's account, and for the sake of the nine, who would in that event sustain an irreparable loss.

THE *Christian Union* has the following pleasant reference to the accomplished president of Williams College: "Two gifts to Williams College last week aggregated \$75,000. Dr. Carter has signalized each year of his presidency by a considerable increase in the endowment of the college, and is working with tireless zeal to enlarge its usefulness, strengthen its position, and raise its standards of scholarship. Never in the history of the college has it done such good work as it is doing at present. Never before has it offered such advantages to students. The alumni have always been notably loyal, but they have by no means discharged their obligations to the institution. A gift of \$500,000 ought to be forthcoming from a body of men who represent a large capital, and who owe so much to their *alma mater*. President Carter is in a position which enables him to ask for gifts to the college with the best possible grace: he has made it worthy of the largest liberality."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

PERSONALS.

'36. Rev. Chauncey Giles, of Philadelphia, at a recent convention of the New Jerusalem churches held in Boston, was re-elected president of the association.

'53. Mr. H. A. Miner visited the college recently.

'63. Rev. Daniel Merryman, of Worcester, Mass., preached at the chapel last Sunday morning.

'63. Dr. J. S. Mitchell is president of the College of Homeopathy, Chicago, Ill. His address is Michigan avenue.

'65. The Rev. Thos. L. Gulick, who for years has been a missionary in Spain, delivered an address at the Congregational church last Sunday evening.

'67. Rev. A. C. Sewall was present at the annual meeting of the American Home Missionary Society, held at Saratoga, during the week ending June 9th.

'77. H. W. Carter is teaching in Rye, N. Y. in the Institute.

'77. Chas. H. Ford is teaching in the Normal training school, Normalville, Missouri.

'77. Rev. H. W. Gleason was in town recently.

'77. Josiah Kidder has been preaching under the auspices of the Home Missionary Society, Minneapolis.

'77. W. H. Sanders is at Bihe in Africa, engaged in missionary work.

'78. E. A. King is practicing law in Troy, N. Y.

'78. E. M. Shepard, Professor of Natural History in Drury College, Springfield, Missouri, was recently married.

'79. Geo. H. Lee graduated from Hartford Theological Sem. in May, and is engaged in missionary work in Dakota.

'79. H. P. Perkins has gone to China, as a missionary.

'80. Herman Matz is in business at Hooters Falls, N. Y., in connection with the Wood Manufacturing Machine Co.

'80. Raymond H. Stearns graduated from Union Theological Sem. in May.

'81. Homer V. Halbert is manager of the Northwestern Life Insurance Co., for the State of Minnesota. Address Sawyer House, Stillwater, Minn.

'81. Vanderpoel is in town.

'82. E. H. Botsford is teaching at Port Jervis, N. Y.

'82. Gurley is in business with his father, Troy.

'82. M. J. Nelligan was in town recently.

'83. Rennels expects to enter with '84 in the fall.

JASON'S LOG-BOOK.

AS I was saying, friends, it is pleasant to have the monotony of a long voyage enlivened by an occasional bit of spicy news. And I cannot forbear clipping the following as the most refreshing bit that it has been my good fortune to meet with:

"The last legular SUN of the term and the year."—*Cornell Sun*. Just take that with iced sherbet, friends. Isn't it refreshing? The "last Sun" incloses what seems to be a table of contents for Vol. III. It is very thoroughly compiled, and indexes the sum and substance of the paper for the past year.

It seems paradoxical that the solid and serious style of a lit. should be more agreeable in the present excessively warm weather than the light, airy style of the aforesaid daily. Yet, it is nevertheless true that Jason dispensed with a fan while reading the May *Yale Lit.* in the shadow of the port gunwale. The secret of making the essay attractive, he thinks, is in the possession of the author of the "Study of Norse Fiction." Read the closing lines, friends; and the man who does not agree with Jason will be condemned to read two columns of the *Oberlin Review*: "If some summer day, when mind and body are alike enervated by the heat, you take up one of those 'prose idyls,' you will soon be carried over the sea to old Norway and her everlasting snows; you will breathe air cooled by icebergs and fragrant with balsams; you will meet real people, simple and quaint and delightful; and you will never regret having read Björnstjerne Björnson, the 'Burns of the North.'" Jason means to invest in a pocket edition of "Björnstjerne Björnson" at once,—if he does not forget the name.

But of all cooling processes, Jason thinks the *Tiger* has adopted the most unique. The man who had the ingenuity to devise the little verse to the *Vassar Misc.* is in no need of a refrigerator—he has a "cold nerve." Therefore is he dear to the heart of Jason.

But, dear me! the state of the thermometer has been so enticing a subject of conversation that the log has been entirely forgotten. Let's see. There's the *Spectator*: decided improve-

ment in the illustrations of last issue, and pleasant tale in two chapters.

There's the *Princetonian*: adopting the style of the *Crimson* and discarding lit. for the sake of news—the right step for a weekly.

The *Vassar Misc.* contains fewer articles than usual, but compensates for the lack by a very interesting article on "A Forgotten People." The *Misc.* is more successful in this style than in the tale, which, as a rule, either borders on the sentimental or sensational. But sensational or sentimental, tale or sketch, Jason loves the *Vassar Misc.* for the same reason that his worthy friend of the *Tiger* expresses.

Then there's the—the—Steward, quick!—that clipping from the *Sun*! Confound the heat!

LIFE AT OTHER COLLEGES.

PRINCETON.—Prof. Raymond delivered the Memorial Day address. Mr. E. C. Pease, '83, offered a two hundred and fifty dollar cup to the most successful class in the Caledonian games. Of Dr. McCosh's books, none have had a circulation under 2,000 volumes. Eighteen hundred invitations have been issued for class day. One hundred and twelve men of the hundred and fifty-nine who entered will graduate in '83. Mass meetings to transact business relative to the Athletic Association are very slimly attended.

HARVARD.—The exterior of the new Law School is finished, and the building will be ready for occupancy October 1st. The *Crimson* considers the graduates' class punches as the real cause of the disorder attending Commencement Day. Freshman recitations ceased June 9th. The degree of LL.D will not be conferred upon Gov. Butler. The Faculty has appointed a committee to hear representations of the students. But 543 of the 928 students catalogued room in college dormitories, and the average price of rooms is two or three times greater than at Oxford.

YALE.—Owing to complaints made by New Haven people against the Junior societies, it is probable, if they are not altogether abolished, that they will lose many of their present privileges. Great dissatisfaction prevails with the

new method of announcing room choices one at a time. Prof. Packard sails this month to assume charge of the American school in Athens during the next year. Yale holds two of the best inter-collegiate records to Harvard's seven.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.—The nine will not go east this summer; but the foot-ball team contemplate an eastern tour in the fall. The Philological Association is an interesting feature of the university. The A. D. Φ. has begun the erection of a new chapter house. Circulars stating the institution's superiority for post-graduate, literary, and professional work have been published. It has been decided not to hold a June field day. The Law course has been lengthened. Complaints are made against the practice of turning the surplus athletic receipts into the gymnasium fund. Two thousand five hundred dollars was subscribed for the gymnasium in one visit of the solicitors to Detroit. The new library building is approaching completion.

AMHERST.—No delegates were sent to the intercollegiate sports at New Haven, owing, chiefly, to a lack of training. The Junior class expressed their disapproval of not observing Memorial Day by cutting chapel *en masse*. Fears are entertained that the prevalence of betting will influence the Faculty against revoking their decision against athletics. The *Student* desires an "Amherst Lit."

COLUMBIA.—85's Triumph over Legendre was celebrated June 4th. The Freshman race with Harvard will be rowed at New London about the time of the University races. '86 did not win a single event in the spring games. The Glee Club cleared nearly a thousand dollars in their Chickering Hall concert in aid of the Boat Club. The Freshmen will not have a dinner or class picture this year.

OLIPPINGS.

YOUNGER SISTER: "Miss Jones told us to-day in school that young people who read Byron lose all their freshness. Have we a copy in the house, Mary?"

Mary (doubtfully): "Yes, Clara, why?"

Clara: "I want to read some to Tom before he goes back to college."—*Chaff*.

SENIOR recitation in Moral Philosophy. Professor: "What is an act of will called?" Senior: "A volition, from *volo*, I will." Professor: "Exactly. Cicero says: '*Voluntas est, quæ quid a ratione desiderat.*' What is that?" Senior (triumphantly): "That is Latin, sir."—*Cynic*.

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense,*" remarked a thirsty traveler, as he took a swig from a bottle labeled "Stomach Bitters."—*Lampy*.

ARTHUR Archibald is in a brown study. He wants to marry, but his income is only \$2,000 and Angelina's papa says Angelina shall have a husband whose income is less than \$5,000. When Angelina marries her "dot" will be \$3,000 a year and a house. "Now," says Arthur, "it costs \$5,000 to support a wife. I cannot have the 'dot' until I do not need it, and now that I need it I cannot have it. Why, demmit, I cannot marry any way you fix it!"—*Ex*.

DIVISION of labor—1st swell: "Deuced hot, Frank. Call a cab." 2d swell: "Tell you what, old fellow, you sh—sh—shout, and I'll hold the umbrellah. Get through it that way." (Plan adopted).—*Ex*.

"Now, my little boys and girls," said a teacher, "I want you to be very still—so still that you can hear a pin drop." In a minute all was still when a little boy shrieked out, "Let her drop!"—*Ex*.

GONE-NESS.

'Tis only a maiden's lips,
Yet a maiden's lips are sweet;
And my throbbing breast will not let me rest
Till our lips together meet.

'Tis only a maiden's eyes,
Yet a maiden's eyes are bright,
And I scarcely know, they are flashing so,
How to read their tale aright.

'Tis only a maiden's voice,
Yet a maiden's voice is clear;
And my heart stands still, and my eyelids fill
At the words I've longed to hear.

'Tis only a maiden's heart,
Yet a maiden's heart is true;
And I clasp her tight, while my heart is light,
For she's mine, the whole world through.

—*Brunonian*.

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THE ARGO.

Published fortnightly during the college year by the students of Williams College.

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Terms, \$2.00 per year in advance. Single copies 15 cents. Students and graduates of Williams are requested to contribute articles, verses, letters, and Alumni notes.

WE regret to announce the resignation of Mr. Bicknell from the board of editors of the ARGO. His successor has not yet been selected. It is hoped that during the summer vacation some one will develop such talents as will warrant us in electing him at the opening of the fall term, to fill the vacancy.

WITH the rest of the college we rejoice in the removal of the Treasurer's office to Griffin. The college, of late years ever on the alert to make improvements in defiance of the conservative spirit that held her in thrall for many years, has at last found a means by which it will be unnecessary to burden class officers further with lists of tardy debtors, and by which the tone of morality will be greatly raised—there being now no further incentive to profanity. We rejoice with the College that Consumption Hill has no further terrors for us, and tender our congratulations all 'round.

AT this time any suggestions of improvement or change desired by the students are peculiarly appropriate, as the authorities will have ample time to consider and act upon them, if advisable. All Williams' men rejoice in those distinctive features of their *alma mater* which

reflect credit upon the college, but she possesses some isolated characteristics which might well be abolished, and of these we would especially call the attention of the Faculty to the use of Loomis' text-books. Is it not about time, if we are to retain our position among leading colleges, that we should acquire our information from recent publications, compiled with a special view to presenting their subject-matter in as comprehensible and pleasing a manner as possible? The fact that nearly all the large preparatory schools have long since adopted the works of other authors renders it most discouraging and unsatisfactory for men entering here to be obliged to study Loomis' involved and often unnecessarily difficult demonstrations,—particularly under a system of instruction which admits literally nothing not found "in the book." The Faculty could not more completely secure our gratitude than by the announcement next September of the selection of a new series of mathematical text-books.

IT is most earnestly hoped by a large number of the Juniors that some arrangement will be made by the trustees so that the elective in Modern History will not be crowded out of the list of electives offered to '84. The elective during the past year has been a most interesting and profitable one, notwithstanding the fact that it is considered one of the most difficult. Without this elective the course in history is left in a most unsatisfactory condition. American history is not entirely completed, but perhaps carried far enough under the circumstances. English history is dropped just at the point where the relations of Great Britain with the Continent are becoming of the most interest, and a course in continental history would give the wished-for opportunity to finish a short course of satisfactory reading in English history as well as give a much needed knowledge of European history and politics. In these days of close connection with Great Britain and the continent, a good acquaint-

ance with the history, customs, and thought of these countries is almost imperative for the student, the teacher, the business man, and above all the citizen and statesman. And nowhere can a beginning be so well made as just at the point when the student is best fitted to study thoughtfully and to advantage, the comparative merits of the social, moral, and political phases of government of different countries.

THE *Nation* for June 14th remarks in a carefully written and valuable editorial, that "General Butler is receiving some consolation for the rebuff administered to him by Harvard;" that "the presidents of Williams and some other smaller colleges have invited him to their commencements;" and further asserts that he (Butler) would have appeared officially at Harvard, and therefore his presence would have meant nothing in particular except the continuance of a custom; but at Williams he will appear as an example for the young men, specially selected for that purpose by the President." The valuable editorial wishes to know whether any professors of ethics teach the systems of morality as illustrated in the "example selected by the President" of Williams. We will not question the source of the editor's information. His article was well answered by an alumnus of this College. Neither is it for the purpose of enlightening him, but for benefit of our readers who may have seen the editorial, that we take the trouble to state that it is in accordance with a long established custom that the Governor of Massachusetts will be present at the exercises of next week. We cannot but pity that prejudice which could so distort a man's views as to laud Harvard for sacrificing ancient custom to public opinion. Williams is not selecting Benjamin Butler as an example to young men. She is doing what it seems Harvard did not—acting consistently in spite of the fact that it involves the presence of an obnoxious and unpopular man.

OUR gymnasium is undeniably a wretched one, but it is all we are likely to have, and at present is the only available place for the winter practice of the nine. Would it not then

be advisable to make the most of a poor position and to fit it up as conveniently and commodiously as possible? By far the greater portion of the cellar is above ground and would make a very good cage if the walls were pierced with more windows, the floor cleaned of the rubbish which at present encumbers it, and graded, proper provision made for warmth. These improvements might be effected at a very small expense now, while artisans are at work on other college buildings, and would be of great advantage to the nine in their preparation next year. And now a word in reference to the nine's finances. After its splendid record of the past season, it certainly deserves cordial support—not at present from the students, whose conduct has been all that could be asked—but from the alumni. The undergraduates are able and willing to bear the financial burden of each year, but there are other expenses too great for so small a number to meet. Hitherto we have done little about a new ball-field, deeming it prudent that the nine should first establish a reputation before advancing any claims to superior advantages; but the time has now come for the graduates of the college to contribute their share toward our future success. The objections to the present campus are too apparent and numerous to need exposition here, and we shall be able to reap the benefits of the Faculty's generous offer toward a new one if the alumni are properly approached for the remainder of the purchase money. Unfortunately we have not yet elected a business-manager for next year, and it therefore behooves the class directors and every member of the college to do his utmost during the next few days to secure funds sufficient for the purchase of the proposed field. We are confident that success will attend a thorough canvass of the alumni, many of whom will give gladly and freely to the athletic interests of Williams when apprised of our urgent need of assistance.

ANOTHER horn game is over. The most attractive part of the Sophomore-Freshman contest last Saturday was that there was less noise than last year. But what we were especially favored with this time were the frequent

side shows. Every few minutes the horns, rattles, and gongs would cease their music, and everybody, nines and all, would rush to separate two angry combatants. After a few minutes of delay the game would continue, only to be interrupted in the same manner. It seemed hardly justifiable in some of the members of the lower classes to act in the way they did. It was far from being gentlemanly. "A horn game is an horn game," was frequently argued Saturday to the wrothful pugilists, and if our ears did not deceive us, this is undoubtedly true. This being the case then, everybody is supposed to be excited to a certain extent, but is expected to keep his temper at least. Both nines were about equally "rattled," one or two men on the Freshman nine not playing perhaps as well as they usually did. For this reason the game might just as well have been played without horns, as far as the result was concerned. And next year we hope that the horn may be buried for good, or left hanging in the study room, and that we may witness a regular game between the lower classes.

A FLEETING PURPOSE.

I could, I would not love her ;
 I would not be controlled.
 The cold moon shone above her,
 And I was just as cold.
 And as we slow were straying,
 A soft, warm breeze uprose ;
 And from a branchlet swaying,
 She plucked and gave me a rose.
 Alas ! my purpose fleeting,
 My soul expands and grows ;
 My heart is wildly beating
 With the passionate blood of the rose.

ACADEMIC ACUTENESS.

PERHAPS there is no place better calculated to develop intellectual acuteness than the college. Students that are daily whetting their wits in study, in the class-room, and on one another, must needs put a pretty fine edge on the same ; indeed, the trouble is their wit tends to become all edge. The collegian too easily acquires the habit of looking at everything from every conceivable standpoint to see if he cannot,

by some contortion of gaze, discover therein a ludicrous or humorous aspect.

If the professor is giving a perfectly sober lecture to the Juniors on the life of Voltaire, and concludes by saying that he died in 1778 at the age of eighty-four, the dull stranger might fail to discover any great joke. Not so with the wide-awake youth of '84 ; they recognize in the Frenchman's age the numerical designation of their own class. A murmur of surprise and muffled applause goes round the room in admiration of the coincidence. Or if, by some remarkable conjunction of circumstances, a class happen to have among its members a Smith, or a Jones, and said class have occasion to recite on the career of Captain John Smith or the brave deeds of Paul Jones, each and every mention of the name Smith or Jones elicits from the class a hearty tribute to the witticism involved in the fact that the name of Smith or Jones has been permitted to have more than one representative,—that it was granted to the first Smith or the first Jones to have his seed greatly multiplied in the land. Probably the applause is in honor of the first Smith or the first Jones, congratulating him on the fecundity of his race and the imperishableness of his name. A very pretty idea, to be sure !

Now we know that the essence of wit lies in the sudden discovery of a similitude where nothing but dissimilitude was expected, or in the sudden revelation of an incongruity where the strictest congruity was to be looked for. The similitude between Voltaire's age and the graduating year of the Juniors was unexpected, and so we have, it is true, one of the attributes of a witticism. But we must go further ; we must consider the *criterion risible*. Not every accidental similitude is worthy of laughter. I may employ a wretched tailor to make me a pair of pantaloons, and, on trying them on, I may discover a happy similitude between the two legs, which I had not dared to expect. I am delighted, but not excited to laughter. It is this hunting for witticisms in every innocent sentence or action that is to be censured as an unworthy and profitless exercise of the mental faculties.

It has been alleged that college students have

not the true appreciation of humor. This is an unjust accusation. They have too much appreciation of the humorous; they develop a morbid appetite for it, and in their cravings imagine everything funny that is not absolutely sepulchral. But is not the excruciatingly funny man really to be pitied? Those that persist in seeing only the humorous side must fail to fully enjoy the other excellences. How can one help sighing at the too prevalent inclination to acuteness manifested in our current literature? Everywhere we meet cutting paragraphs, sharp criticisms, slashing editorials, biting satire; a continual dissecting, slicing, rasping, and chiseling. One longs for a little of the good, old-fashioned, honest *dulness*. He feels weary and sick at heart—like the Vermont traveler, with whom you are probably acquainted, who, in all good nature, stopped to exchange a friendly word with a boy whom he found hoeing in an unpromising corn-field.

"Your corn looks very yellow," began the traveler.

"Ya-a-s," replied the boy, "it was the yaller kind we planted."

"But it is very small, too," continued the former.

"In course," said the boy; "we planted the small kind of corn."

"Yes, yes, but you won't have more than half a crop there."

"Why no, of course not," was the ready rejoinder; "we planted this here lot to halves."

The traveler passed on.

We need not dwell on the execrable tendency among college men, as everywhere else, to wear every joke or sharp phrase to the last stage of threadbareness. They cling to it with a despairing clutch, as though fearing they will not soon have a new one to harp on. Who is not tired of this constant invitation to "descend from the house-top?" Let us consider that we have a standing invitation to seek *terra firma*, and there let the matter rest. Much more is to be censured the unguardedness that allows poor jokes to clothe themselves in print. If a pitiable wretch will persist in lading his every breath with nauseating attempts at something funny, we can endure it; the atmosphere is extensive. But let

us have college journals that stand on some foundation firmer than the putrefying remains of stale jokes, or—which is often worse—the tottering support of weak ones. B.

BRIO-À-BRAO.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

IN courtship's days, 'mid love's young dreams,
He spent his time in carving neat
Quaint monograms on trees,—but deems
It now too much to carve their meat.

"FACILIS DESCENSUS."

"You're my ideal," quoth the Fair,—
And then a happy look shone out
From deep brown eyes—soon put to rout,—
When she:—"of laziness. Ah! sair!"

HER STORE (OF) HAIR.

I swear her locks are purest gold,
A priceless web her wealth of hair;
But if the solemn truth be told,
I guess its only plaited wear.

SHAPE.

A VISIT TO ATHENS.

THE sun was slowly hiding itself behind the western hills, throwing the lower part of the town in the shadow, while the ruins of the Parthenon and the remnants of the old sculptures on the citadel were for the moment brilliantly lighted up, and then they too gradually became indistinct and began to fade out of sight. Athens was on the eve of night. The lengthening shadows cast from the hills seemed to command silence over the town, as they gloomily crept from house-top to house-top, encroaching greedily on the little daylight that remained. Still nature was not successful in closing her day in solemn silence, for now and then could be heard the toot of a fish-horn blown by a vender of stale salmon from Phalerum, and now would be wafted by the evening breeze the hoarse shouting of enthusiastic ball-players finishing their game in some vacant lot.

A little to the south of the Acropolis where the Elissus crossed the wall leading to the Piræus, was a small public house. Seated at a table were two young men, evidently travelers, and unmistakably strangers to the town.

"Well, Tom," said Windall, rising, "if you are

too tired to look over the town to-night, I will take a stroll myself. I suppose I shall find you here?"

"Yes," returned his companion, "I will wait for you here." Windall sauntered down the narrow streets, now stumbling on a crowd of boys pitching copper quoits, and now entangling himself in a group of jabbering women. Every block or two he would drop in one of the antique-looking buildings and in a minute emerge with a half-eaten cracker in his hand. Our friend took the road to the right and slowly ascended the Cecropia. At length he reached the top and stood gazing at the place where the great statue of Athena had been. As he stood surrounded by the aged temples which had witnessed so many events, an irresistible enthusiasm crept over him. The old town lay below him, dimly marked out by the twinkling lights which grew fewer and fewer as his eyes wandered to the suburbs, and finally disappeared altogether except toward the westward, where could just be seen the lights on the vessels anchored in Salamis. He gazed at the Parthenon and then again at the strange sight below him, and seemed to be carried back two thousand years to Athens in her prime. The lights seemed to sway back and forth, and the very citadel itself with its old buildings appeared to roll from side to side. He stretched out his hands and addressed the flickering city:

"Oh, thou astu of astues! What effect has centuries on thee? Thou art the same!"

"Official catalogue, thirty obols. Catalogue, sir? Complete account of all the statues on the Crop., including engravings of Theue, Jupp., Melpom., and others. Only five drachmas, sir!"

"Oh, astu!" continued Windall, "what a stew thou wert in during the ancient times."

"Oh, come off," said the boy. Windall did not appear to notice the interruption, but looking pensively at the catalogue-boy, went on with his audible reverie and his gesticulating, and seemed to include both boy and city as he said:

"Oh, thou as —"

"You're an ass, too!" interrupted the boy, turning away.

At this juncture, a curious-looking old man, dressed in garments which might belong to any

century, came from the ruins of the Parthenon, advanced a little distance, and then stood regarding the speaker with a satisfied air. As soon as Windall had finished, he ran up and exclaimed:

"Ah! my friend, I am delighted to hear one prophesy as you are doing. You are surely inspired, and can see what our grand town is going to be two thousand years from now. Long, long have I looked for such a person, one who could tell the future of Athens. Come, let us descend," he continued, taking Windall by the arm, "let us away to the philosophers', where you can tell them of their astu."

"I tell you, you are a fool!" said Windall, shaking his head; "you are a pesky old idiot! This is not ancient Athens, but—modern Athens! Hear that rumbling, that's the 'L' railroad. That bell is on an ice-cream wagon, and that—that little thunder you hear over there is a board of aldermen coming down stairs. Ancient Athens! you be hanged!"

"Wait, wait; don't tell any more," said the old man excitedly; "wait till we get to the philosophers'. Hold on, I say, till Plat. and Eurip. and Soc. and Aristoph. can hear you. Ripy will write another play, and Stophy. another cloud, and Soc. and Plat. a course of reason lectures, Hold on!" and the curious old man hurried him on down the narrow streets till they came to a place brilliantly lighted. Here the old man stopped and ushered Windall in.

"Here, Rip.!" cried Windall's escort; "here's a friend of mine, knows all about Athens of the future. Hallo! Cid.! my friend of the inspiration." Thucidides, rather younger than the rest, was sitting at a table talking to a companion over a suspicious brown jug; but being addressed, he looked up, nodded, and then returned to the interesting contest of seeing which of the two had the most chemical affinity for the liquid contents of the brown vessel. After a general introduction to the company present, the old man explained how he had found his friend prophesying about future Athens. "In fact he was so inspired," he said, "that he fully thought he was in the modern Athens. Now, O, audres! listen to the ancient possession of a future age."

"The whole crowd of you are off," said Win-

dall. "That isn't Socrates! Why, Soc. had a beard! That man Plato! ha! ha! he doesn't look as—as though he would ever write his—his own epitaph." At this the men laughed and crowded around.

"You don't understand English, hey! Well, here's Greek. Now, then, indeed! at length, you old, long-haired sons of the red-headed daughter of the morning! you see me, how I look. I am full—fully in my senses. You—you laugh, do you? You are all frauds, every Jove-nurtured son of you! I say you are imposters! you *sket-liai, oteroi otatoi!*" At this there was a general uproar, and the old philosophers gathered around Windall. After a good deal of shouting the old man obtained silence, and said:

"Are the philosophers present agreed that this man has insulted us and is a scamp?"

"Yes! yes!" shouted the philosophers, and with a good deal of help he was thrust into the street. The old man came out, too, and joined Windall, when the latter stumbled on Tom.

"What the dickens are you doing here?" said Tom.

"Tom," said Windall, "I told that old man he was a fool,—hic, but he wouldn't believe me, old cuss! He says this is ancient Athens. Tom, let duce you to mfren, Mr.—Mr. Old Fool. Say, Tom, say; this is modern Athens, isn't it?"

"Here! what's the row? Come along with me!" said a man, collaring Windall.

"Wa-wait hafsecond. Who's that old man running down the street there? That old man, hic, going roun' corner? Isn't he cra—crazy?"

"Not very much," observed the man. "He is one of the cleverest thieves in Athens."

"By the way, your watch is gone, Windall," observed Tom, "pocket-book, too. You've had too much oinon, man."

"Its-its-slie."

H.

It is to be regretted that the Chemical Laboratory is so limited that members of '85 who have been interested in chemistry will be unable to prosecute the study during Junior year. Here is a chance for some benevolent alumnus to make an endowment, that the work begun in Sophomore year may not be abandoned till Senior year.

AN IDYL OF HUSKING TIME.

SCENE: *Farmer Podunk's.* PERSONS: *Two City Visitors.*

He.

S SHALL you attend the husking bee to-night,
Or stand aloof to watch the rustic rite?

She.

Since, when in Rome you do as Romans do,
Why not apply the principle here too?

He.

So you intend to join the gaping crowd
With clumsy, uncouth ways and voices loud!

She.

Again, why be so rude as thus to sneer
Politely at their simple sports, and jeer—

He.

But, why—the forfeit of the frolic is well known—
The red ear and the finder make me groan.

She.

What! fear to match yourself against "these hulks,"
These "clumsy brutes"—well, there indulge your sulks!

He.

But, Kate—I care not for myself—but you.

Chance you to find the ear, the great, coarse—pshaw!

She.

Since at such prospect you so kindly hint,

Come—and sit near me. Here's an ear—I'll tint.

[It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that at the old-time husking bee the lass who found the red ear was to pay the forfeit of a kiss to the lucky wight who could catch her.—END.]

AN INCIDENT IN PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S CAREER.

IT was my good fortune to have known President Garfield very well, and I have taken this occasion to recount the following little incident in his Presidential career, which may prove interesting to some:

One beautiful spring afternoon I had the pleasure of taking a horseback ride with the President and one of his sons. Crossing the Long Bridge, we rode leisurely up on the Virgin bank of the Potomac to Fort Myer, which is a signal station near Washington. A company was then drilling, and the President, desiring some information, called to a soldier who was on duty, and told him to say to the commandant that he wished to see him. The soldier, not recognizing the gentleman on horseback, carelessly answered that the commandant was not in. "Then say to the next officer in charge that I

President wants to see him." Giving the military salute, the soldier marched away, and soon returned with the officer. The latter was in full uniform and was walking at a rather fast pace. When he had nearly reached us he unluckily stumbled and fell almost at the feet of the President's horse, which wheeled violently about. Of course the officer was exceedingly embarrassed, but picking up his helmet and arranging his uniform as best he could, he introduced himself to the President.

"I hope, Mr. President," he said, "that you will excuse my fall; but you remember the proverb: 'there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip.'"

"You certainly are pardonable, Lieutenant," was the reply; "but I trust you are not hurt?"

Being assured that no harm was received, the President asked a few questions with regard to the signaling, and then we rode off. When out of sight and hearing of the fort we could not restrain from a good laugh at the manner in which an officer in the U. S. army met his commander-in-chief.

R.

THE STORY OF A FAN.

A H, Nan, as you fan,
And whisper so soft in my ear,
I think of—a man,—
Just see that there's nobody near
And I'll tell you a secret, my dear.

It began with my fan—
He broke it that time you drove here
With Dick's chestnut span,—
And we danced out the old dying year,
While now we—and don't it seem queer?

But, Nan, the new fan
He brought to replace it! See here!
He smiled, as *he* can,
He whispered behind it some mere
Pretty speeches at first,—then—sincere.

Now *he* has a Fan—
In return,—please don't be severe,—
And say 'twas my plan—
If you won't,—in this locket just peer,—
You see he—you're stupid, I fear!

For his—joke—under ban:—
"Catch a Fan with a fan." H. S. U.

PROF. PERRY'S new edition of Political Economy will soon be out.

BASE BALL.

WILLIAMS vs. UNION.

THE severe defeat which our nine suffered on Decoration Day, at the hands of Union College, was retrieved by a complete overthrow of the Mohawk Champions, June 14th, on our campus.

The game was sharply contested; the base hits and errors of both sides being about equal, though we were rather more fortunate in bunching our hits. For Williams no man reached first for two innings.

Union assisted by errors of short and second, scored in the second half of the 1st inning. In the third inning, Williams covered 2d and 3d, but next three strikers were retired by catcher. In fourth, Yates led off with a two-bagger. P. Blackmer reached 1st on a muffed third strike by catcher, which allowed Yates to score, and reached plate by errors of Union. Inning closed with men on 2d and 3d. In seventh, Carse flied out to 3d. Hubbell reached 1st on an error by 2d, but retired at 2d by Ketchum, who struck a base hit and scored on errors by 1st and 2d.

Union did not score again till eighth inning; Stanton led off with base hit; McCauley followed with a base hit; Fletcher flied out, and a fumbled grounder allowed Scranton to score. Next two strikers retired, leaving McCauley on 3d. In the ninth, Hubbell reached 1st on 2d's error and scored on Ketchum's hit and a wild throw. For Union, Naylor reached second on a hit and passed ball, and was brought home by Neagle's hit. Jervis' grounder through 1st was "tossed" by Carse, cutting off Neagle at plate. Stanton flied out. McCauley's base hit was "tossed" by Carse, cutting off Jervis at plate.

Following is the score:

WILLIAMS.	A.B.	R.	1st.B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Safford, W.,	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Talcott,	4	0	0	0	1	1	2
Yates,	4	1	1	2	1	0	0
Safford, J.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Blackmer, P.,	4	1	0	0	8	1	2
Blackmer, E.,	4	0	0	0	2	1	1
Carse,	4	0	1	1	1	2	0
Hubbell,	4	1	1	1	2	11	0
Ketchum,	4	1	1	1	12	2	2
Totals,	36	4	5	6	27	18	7

UNION.	A.B.	R.	1st.B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McCauley,	5	0	2	2	11	5	1
Fletcher,	4	1	1	1	0	0	0
Porcher,	4	0	0	0	2	0	4
McElwain,	4	0	0	0	3	1	1
Pendergrass,	4	0	0	0	1	12	0
Naylon,	4	1	1	1	8	0	1
Neagle,	4	0	1	1	0	1	1
Jervis,	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Stanton,	4	1	1	1	1	2	1

Totals, 37 3 6 6 27 21 9

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Williams,	0	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	1	=4
Union,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	=3

WILLIAMS VS. AMHERST.

Our postponed game with Amherst took place on their grounds, Saturday, June 16th. It was, all things considered, the most exciting and best of the many victories of our nine this season. It was marked from beginning to end by rapid, vigorous playing, and formed a fitting close to the spring series of games. A liberal delegation of Williams "heelers" was present, which vied with all Amherst College, in sustaining the Williams yell vs. the Amherst, and unprejudiced authorities say that we were successful.

The game opened gloomy enough. Taylor led off with a base hit. Hunt followed with a terrific drive to right. Taylor scored and Hunt reached third; Carse's extraordinary throw alone preventing a home run. On a sacrifice hit by Kimball, Hunt scored. For Williams, a few scattering hits at intervals, and now and then a man on 1st or 2d, comprised the playing till the 7th inning. In the 5th inning, Amherst, by two hits and a fumble by short, filled the bases with but one man out. Harris however was forced at the plate, Hunt went out on three strikes, and Buffum fouled to 1st. In the 7th, Amherst did not reach first. For Williams, Yates opened with a base hit, and was advanced to second by a passed ball. J. Safford went out on a long fly to centre. W. Safford followed with a base hit, which allowed Gates to score. P. Blackmer drove a hard base hit to centre, which, with a poor throw by the fielder, allowed W. Safford and himself to reach home. E. Blackmer made a base hit and reached second. Carse struck to short, was retired at first, and by double play, E. Blackmer at third. In the ninth for Amherst, one man reached second, but

was put out at third, and the game closed 3 to 1 in favor of Williams.

Following is the score :

WILLIAMS.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Crowell, c.,	0	0	5	1	1
Talcott, s. s.,	0	0	0	4	1
Yates, c. f.,	1	3	1	0	1
J. Safford, l. f.,	0	0	1	0	1
W. Safford, 3d b.,	1	2	3	1	1
P. Blackmer, 1st b.,	1	1	13	1	1
E. Blackmer, 2d b.,	0	1	2	3	1
Carse, r. f.,	0	2	1	0	1
Hubbell, p.,	0	0	1	5	1

Totals, 3 9 27 15 1

AMHERST.

	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Taylor, s. s.,	1	2	0	1	1
Hunt, c.,	1	2	6	2	1
Gardner, 1st b.,	0	1	7	1	1
Kimball, c. f.,	0	0	2	0	1
Buffum, 2d b.,	0	0	1	3	1
Hamlin, 3d b.,	0	1	2	1	1
Stuart, l. f.,	0	0	2	1	1
Warren, r. f.,	0	0	2	0	1
Harris, p.,	0	0	2	7	1

Totals, 2 6 24 16 1

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Williams,	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	=3
Amherst,	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	=2

Earned runs, Williams 2, Amherst 2. Total bases Williams 9, Amherst 8. Three base hit, Hunt. First base on errors, Williams 1, Amherst 3. Left on bases, Williams 3, Amherst 6. Struck out, Williams 7, Amherst 2. Balls called, on Hubbell 64, on Harris 55. Strikes called off Hubbell 12, off Harris 15. Strikes missed, off Hubbell 7, off Harris 19. Double plays, Taylor, Gardner, and Hamlin. Passed balls, Hunt 3. Time 1h, 40 m. Umpire Mr. Stearns.

SOPHOMORES VS. FRESHMEN.

This peculiar, antiquated institution, was again produced last Saturday. The usual scene was presented on the campus: horns, gongs, buzz saws, crickets, rattles, etc. The rival parties were clad in raiment of many different colors, and exhibited the most intense excitement. The fielding was marked by frequent errors of every description. The batting was heavy. Eleven innings were necessary to decide the game.

Following is the score by innings :

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Sophomores,	0	0	7	2	1	0	0	1	2	0	1=1
Freshmen,	2	1	1	6	1	0	1	1	0	0	0=1

But one objectionable feature of the whole proceeding, was the disgraceful treatment which the room of the Blackmer boys in West College received at the hands of reckless and destructive Sophomores in the search for horns.

We give below a summary of games played this season :

1883.			
May 3d,	Williams vs. Bowdoin,	11 to 9	
May 12th,	" " Stevens Institute,	12 to 7	
May 16th,	" " Dartmouth,	9 to 5	
May 19th,	" " Tufts,	16 to 8	
May 24th,	" " Lafayette,	4 to 5	
June 1st,	" " Union,	0 to 4	
June 2d,	" " Rens. Pol. Inst.,	16 to 7	
June 7th,	" " Dartmouth,	4 to 2	
June 14th,	" " Union,	4 to 3	
June 16th,	" " Amherst,	3 to 2	

In the games that have been played this season, the nine has made the following record :

	BATTING.			FIELDING.		
	GAMES.	B.H.	T.B.H.	F.	P.O.	A.
Crowell, c.,	9	317	365	959	71	23
P. Blackmer, 1st b.,	10	263	263	926	108	5
E.A. Blackmer, 2d b.,	10	297	324	734	18	18
Hubbell, p.,	10	216	216	894	8	85
Talcott, s. s.,	10	150	150	743	4	25
J. Safford, l. f.,	10	180	180	647	11	0
W. Safford, 3d b.,	10	272	340	619	14	12
Carse, r. f.,	8	379	379	857	3	3
Yates, c. f.,	10	173	195	916	11	0
Ketchum, c.,	3	153	153	823	12	2

WHICH SIDE?

AN OLD JOKE IN A NEW DRESS.

HIS breath was very beery and his eyes were very bleary, And his look was rather leery as he staggered down the street.

His gait—well—it was rocking, and what was very shocking. He didn't have a stocking on either of his feet.

He was calling and was bawling some crazy threats of "mauling,"

When falling he went sprawling; a ragged wreck complete. Then swearing "Howly Mother" he said, "Me long los' brother,

An' sure is this the t'other side of this ——— sthreet?"

I then said quickly, "No, sir, but I will gladly show, sir, The place where you must go, sir, to find the other side."

He said: "Some fule or other over there said this was t'other, An' bedad I'll go an' smother him if I can catch the snide!"

NIBS.

CLASS SUPPERS.

THE three classes gave their annual suppers last night; the Juniors at the Delavan, Albany; the Sophomores at the United States Hotel, Saratoga; and the Freshmen at Greylock Hall, Sand Springs. We give below the interesting programmes :

JUNIORS.—W. E. Collins, Toastmaster.

Toasts:—"The College: 'Is she not passing fair?'" E. F. Baldwin; "Williamstown Board: 'Fall on, and try thy appetite, to eat,'" C. E.

Greenman; "College Fiends: 'A cloven hoof,'" E. P. Hill; "The Dramatics: 'There's nothing so successful as success,'" William Mercer; "Raw Recruits: 'Have is have, however men may catch,'" F. T. Ranney; "The Switzerland of America: 'Proudly rise the monarchs of our mountain land,'" W. W. Seymore; "The Fair Sex: '*Varium et mutabile semper femina*,'" T. D. Knight.

Poet, A. W. Underwood; Historian, P. F. Bicknell; Prophet, R. Ramsey.

SOPHOMORES.—H. A. Garfield, Toastmaster.

President's Address—H. D. Bailey.

Toasts:—"The Class: 'As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather,'" H. J. Brown; "The Poetry of Motion: 'He was a form of life and light, that seeing, became a part of sight,'" N. F. Gordon; "Hic! Hic! Hic! Mathematic! 'For he by geometric scale could take the size of pots of ale,'" H. B. Ward; "Rah! Rah! Mastellaria: 'Was ever book containing such vile matter so fairly bound?'" E. Bonfils; "Athletics: 'Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war,'" H. B. Holmes; "X's and Flunks: 'What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,'" F. B. Harlow; "The Three Sophs must go: 'Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,'" E. E. Bradley.

Poet, J. A. Holden; Historian, B. W. Warren, Prophet, J. T. Hill.

FRESHMEN.—H. W. Phelps, Toastmaster.

President's Address, S. G. Tenney.

Toasts:—"Class: 'Come gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren 'a,'" P. W. Blackmer; "Ladies: 'Here might I pause and bend in reverence,'" E. C. Leonard; "Other Classes: 'I pray you, flog them upon all occasions; it mends their morals,'" H. L. Draper; "Bangor: 'They fought like brave men, long and well,'" W. D. Field; "Faculty: 'I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused,'" W. W. Tracy; "Athletics: 'Hence the limbs knit into forces,'" D. Hewitt; "Election Returns: 'Agreeable surprises,'" J. B. Carse.

Poet, C. H. Perry; Historian, E. C. Coulter.

Much credit is due to the able management of the several committees. The Freshmen especially may congratulate themselves upon having had the most tastefully arranged menus.

COLLEGE NOTES.

R. S. NICHOLS, '85, has left college to spend the summer at the Neptune House, Ocean Beach, N. J.

YES, he carried the rattle last Saturday.

NOW is the harvest time for scrap-books.

PARSONS, '85, did not catch at the horn game.

EIGHTY-SEVEN has begun to make its appearance.

AGAIN annuals are over, and now nothing till September!

THE themes for Senior orations have been announced.

WEST College wailleth for a drinking-cup at their hydrant.

WE have not yet been able to find the Calculus Elective for '84.

PEDDLING ice-cream is a new feature of our domestic industries.

WILL "the three Sophs" have to go, after the annuals are examined?

DR. CARTER delivered the address to the graduating class at Greylock.

THE mathematical division of '85 had their term examination on the 22d inst.

THE Sophomores think that chemistry has made this term the most difficult of the year.

CERTAIN visitors agree with the visiting committee, that the horn game is a "relic of barbarism."

FIVE innings with the Sophomores so demoralized the Jass nine that they have not since been heard from.

PROF. FERNALD was out of town last week and the Freshmen in consequence enjoyed two Latin recitations daily.

E. F. NORTON, formerly of '85 at Williams, has received a \$175.00 scholarship at Yale, where he is now a student.

THE Faculty's argument in favor of annuals: "Why do you complain? they are not half as bad as biennials." Fact.

W. W. RANNEY, '85, has gone to Lake Mohouk in the Catskills where he spends the summer together with E. E. Count.

WHEN a Sophomore speaks of the new "regime" (*régime*), it seems evident that French should be taught earlier in the course.

THE reception at the depot after the Amherst game, and the President's speech were a fitting finale to the base-ball season.

THE ARGO will receive subscriptions for new ball-field from any alumni who cannot attend the officers of the association.

THE Faculty's attendance at chapel during the president's recent absence exemplifies the adage, "when the cat's away, etc."

PROF. PERRY is having his house repainted in anticipation, it is supposed, of the flush resulting from prospective free-trade.

MESSEURS J. A. Holden, C. C. Sibley, and H. Wentworth have been elected members of the Williams Historical Society from the class of '85.

THREE Seniors attended *voluntary* chapel exercises last week. A quiet but forcible expression of Eighty-three's feelings on the present system.

ONE of the Juniors was very much taken aback to find on the way up from Amherst that a German professor was aboard the train with them.

THE following are the Phi Beta Kappa members from '83: S. V. V. Holmes, F. V. Pike, F. Rice, L. G. Rogers, F. De L. Smith, and H. Underwood.

IT is to be regretted that the stone steps at the east end of Morgan have not arrived. The present approach does not look well for Commencement time.

THE Carri Brothers gave a concert in Greylock on Wednesday evening last. The programme was well selected, and the performance elicited much applause.

KETCHUM, '86, injured one of his thumbs quite badly on last Wednesday, in the game with the South Williamstown boys. The score was 7 in favor of the Greylocks.

A LARGE and we hope satisfactory gas machine has been put into operation, for the purpose of lighting Goodrich, and finally the whole College. The gas is made from gasoline by a simple ingenious process, and is sufficient for five hundred lights for six months.

THE ARGO-SUPPLEMENT.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMME.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30.

GRAVES' prize speaking in the Congregational church, at 8 P.M. The following are the contestants and their subjects: George Henry Badger, "Howells as a Critic of American Life;" Frederick Geller, "The American Judiciary and its Dangers;" Samuel Van Vranken Holmes, "The University of Oxford;" John Parkman Hubbard, Jr., "The Unrest of the Age as expressed in its Poetry;" Lewis Whipple Pratt and Herbert Shapleigh Underwood, both on the subject, "The Author of 'Rab and his Friends.'"

SUNDAY, JULY 1.

Address to the Mills Young Men's Christian Association at half-past ten A.M., by the Rev. William J. Tucker, D.D., of Andover.

Baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class, by President Carter, at 3 P.M.

Prayer-meeting in Mission Park at 4.30 P.M., with Dr. Mark Hopkins presiding.

Alumni prayer-meeting in the College Chapel at 8 P.M., with Prof. Perry presiding.

MONDAY, JULY 2.

Concert in the Congregational church at 10.30 A.M., with the following programme:

PART I.

1. Concert Overture, Bach.
Orchestra.
2. College Songs, *a.* The Mountains.
b. Solomon Levi.
3. Banjo and Guitar Selections, Dobson.
Troubadour Club.
4. Because of Thee (Solo), Ardité.
R. S. Smith.
5. College Songs, *a.* The Fairest Maid.
b. Rip! Slap! Bang!
6. Violin Solo—Larghetto, Mozart.
W. W. Wilcox, Jr.
7. College Songs, *a.* Spanish Guitar.
b. Golden Rule.

PART II.

1. College Songs, *a.* Brooklyn City.
b. Medley.
2. Banjo and Guitar Selections, Converse.
Troubadour Club.
3. College Songs, *a.* Mermaid.
b. Jingle Bells.
4. Violoncello Solo—Three Fishers,
F. C. Squier.
5. College Songs, *a.* Omaha.
b. Sleep, Freshman, Sleep.
6. La Berceuse (Waltz), Waldtenfel.
Orchestra.

The Junior Dramatics in Goodrich, at 2.30 P.M., at which "Fouchè" will be presented, with the following cast:

Fouchè,	W F. Hawkins.
Desmarets,	W. Mercer.
The Marquis DeCevennes,	C. E. Greenman.
Berthier,	H. J. Rogers.
De Neuville,	J. W. Allen, Jr.
Jabot,	W. H. Martin.
Grisboulle,	F. T. Ranney.
Madame De Fontanges,	F. C. Squier.
Cecile,	W. E. Collins.

Address before the Adelphic Union Society at 7.30 P.M., by ex-Governor Henry M. Hoyt, LL.D., class of '49, of Philadelphia.

Receptions of the Alpha Delta Phi and Kappa Alpha fraternities immediately after the address.

TUESDAY, JULY 3.

Meeting of the Society of Alumni in College Chapel at 9 A.M., with Charles Marsh, Esq., of the class of '55, President. The nomination for Trustee and Report of the Examining Committee will then be made. Ladies are respectfully invited.

There will be a Memorial Meeting of the Trustees in the Congregational Church at twelve,

THE ARGO-SUPPLEMENT.

for the purpose of honoring the distinguished dead of the past year.

Class-day exercises by the graduating class, in the Congregational Church at 2 P. M., Henry Lefavour, President.

Class Oration, . . . S. V. V. Holmes.
Class Poem, . . . G. N. Makely.

At

Ivy Oration, . . . J. P. Hubbard, Jr.
Library Oration, . . . F. De L. Smith.

On the Campus.

Address to the Lower Classes, . . H. Ketchum.
Pipe Oration, . . . R. S. Smith.

There will be Reunions of the classes of '33, '43, '53, '58, '63, '68, '73, '78, and '80.

The President will give a reception to the Trustees and Faculty at 6 P. M. The Prize Rhetorical Exhibition at the Congregational Church at 7.30 P. M., the orators being chosen from the two lower classes. The orators and their subjects are as follows: Sophomores: F. S. Talcott, subject, "Mount Tabor"; J. S. Wheeler, (excused); H. A. Garfield, "Humanitarianism"; R. M. Kemp, "The Siege of Saragossa"; F. B. Faitoute, (subject not selected at time of going to press.) Juniors: Norris Bull, subject, "Courage"; W. F. Livingston, "The Mission of Savonarola"; H. P. Dewey, "The Child of a Mistake"; C. E. Greenman, "The Birth-place of English Liberty"; E. P. Hill, "Fanaticism."

Promenade concert in Goodrich Hall, at 9 P. M.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4.

Commencement exercises at the Congregational Church at 10 A. M., with the following programme:

Valedictory, . . . Fred'k Geller.
Salutatory, . . . Henry Lefavour.
Philosophical Oration, The Influence of Intellect on Character. Fred'k M. Herrick.

Oration, . . . Noblesse Oblige
S. V. V. Holmes.

Dissertation, . . . The Irreverence of the Age
W. N. Hubbard.

Dissertation, . . . Scioliæ
J. P. Hubbard.

Oration, Provençal Influence on English Literature. J. E. Peirson.

Philosophical Oration, Premature Generalization in History. D. B. Pratt.

Philosophical Oration, Originality and Knowledge. F. M. Rice.

Oration, . . . False Modes of Thinking
L. G. Rogers.

Philosophical Oration, The Position and Duty of Scholarship. F. De L. Smith.

Oration, . . . The Bohemian Element in Genius
H. S. Underwood.

IVY SONG.

G. N. MAKELY.

WITH voices joined in harmony
And hearts in unity,
Dear Ivy, in thy growth we see
What human life should be.
The symbols of our life before
Thy living forces show.
Then teach us, Ivy, ere we go,
In unity to grow.

Springing from earth so dark and drear,
In thee from year to year,
Most beauteous forms and hues appear,
The weary heart to cheer.
Thus upward through our lives may flow
A balm for human woe.
Then teach us, Ivy, ere we go,
Still nobler yet to grow.

And upward climbing, clinging there,
To deck this wall so bare,
With living verdure, rich and rare,
Support shall be thy share.
Strong shall we stand if we bestow
On earth the cheer we owe.
Then teach us, Ivy, ere we go,
To ever upward grow.

THERE is a rumor somewhat generally current, to the effect that a collection of poems written by Williams men will be edited and published next year by a member of '84.

EIGHTY-THREE'S statistics shows quite plainly the feeling of the class with regard to the two daily chapel services. It is hoped that the long-wished-for change will occur soon.

THE town again puts on its commencement garb. The lawns are mown and the new crossings finished, and nothing remains but the appearance of the street-sprinkler.

A VERY pleasant musical was given at the Alpha Delta Phi House on Friday of last week, to which were invited the ladies at the hotels, and a few members from the other societies.

OUR quiet little town was somewhat disturbed last Saturday by the presence of a real, live Baron, who dashed through in a four-horse wagon, in defiance of the Faculty's Sunday laws.

THE conduct of certain upper-classmen last Saturday at the game, was decidedly childish. Upper-classmen are not expected to interfere with this contest between Sophomores and Freshmen.

WHILE Hi Juvenes is "gone, but not forgotten," and the Treasurer's office moved to Griffin, we hope the good old sheriff and his yellow vest will not be banished from the Commencement stage.

A LARGE package came to our post-office a few days since, addressed to the librarian of Williams 'University.' Our fame must certainly be spreading, or there is blissful ignorance somewhere.

A GERMAN was given at the Mansion House last Tuesday, under the management of some of the lady visitors. Many of the students were present, and the evening passed off very pleasantly to all.

THE *Troy Budget* rather mixed up the account of our game with Amherst. It seems rather a shame that of the eight victories out of the ten games we have played this summer, only three were mentioned in the New York papers, and two of those the games we lost.

THE marks of two men in the graduating class are said to be higher than those of any during the past forty years. It is generally conceded that the class of '83 is an exceptionally good one in scholarship.

WE congratulate the Sophomores, that is '86, upon having paid all its subscriptions to the ARGO. We regard this as something phenomenal, and would fain point therefrom a moral to the other classes.

Look up the nine's record for the past four years, in the statistics of '83, and compare it with the brilliant career of this season. Dr. Carter says that its position this year could have been third in the league.

ONE of the features of the coming week is to be the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Kappa Alpha Fraternity. There will be about one hundred and fifty alumni of the fraternity present.

LAST week the Sophomores gazed at the Junior seats and wondered how their large class could be seated. But the Faculty smiled knowingly, made out the examination papers and said to themselves, "lots of room."

THE L. N. H. elections are as follows: President, F. C. Squier; Vice-Pres., W. E. Collins; Corresponding Secretary, H. M. Clapp; Recording Secretary, F. T. Ranney; Curator, M. H. Clark; Treasurer, E. Bonfils.

PROFESSOR FERNALD received an informal offer from the trustees of Phillips Exeter Academy last week of a professorship in that institute, if he would accept it. The terms were extremely liberal, but we are happy to state that Professor Fernald declined the offer, preferring to remain with the college to which he has long been attached.

VERY aggravating and petty thefts have from time to time disturbed the students. But last week one of the inmates of Morgan had a visitation that was rather more than petty, as the thieves escaped with forty dollars. The students cannot be too careful in keeping valuables under lock and key; neither could the miscreants be too severely dealt with if caught.

ECHOES FROM THE CONGO.—"The squadron moved on like a single man, clad in glittering uniforms, keeping step to the inspiring strains of the fifes and drums, the glorious and soon-to-be-victorious host kept steadily gazing into the disdainful faces of the foe, when all at once—etc."

FROM ALUMNI HALL.—"As we pass down the grand multitudinous and eternally varying cycles of history, we see standing out in bold relief from the inferior and incongruous mass of minor facts and personages, various prominent figures. Look at George Washington! Look at Martha Washington! Look at—look at—at—"

Y. M. C. A. ELECTIONS, on Friday evening, June 15th, resulted in the choice of E. P. Hill and E. T. Baldwin for Senior directors, W. J. Squires and W. W. Ranney for Junior directors, and of H. H. Gregg and C. B. F. Pease for Sophomore directors. The other directors are to be elected by the board of directors.

It sounds very tame to hear the students apologizing to the summer visitors day after day in the same formula for the absence of the granite steps at Morgan Terrace, the tentlike derrick over the gas-machine near Goodrich, and the dusty roads. "Yes, ladies, you see the steps—cost \$600—are not quite ready. Didn't finish the gas-machine as soon as expected. Intended to have both done before Commencement. Watering-cart in repair—used to work beautifully—be all right in a few days," etc.

PERSONALS.

'68. F. E. Cook, who has been principal of Douglas School, St. Louis, for a number of years, has received a flattering proposal from the Madison Square Theatre Company, and may join one of their companies in New York this summer. He is a good actor, particularly in comedy parts.

'71. W. Mynderse was in town recently.

'72. G. B. Abbott, a noted warbler in his college days, visited his Alma Mater recently.

'75. J. A. Cherry is a mining expert at Denver, Colorado.

'75. F. Johnston is preaching at St. Paul, Nebraska.

'75. J. H. Corwin is at 21 Park Row, New York city, practicing law. He is doing well, and is the happy father of a boy and girl.

'75. M. D. Field is one of the examiners in lunacy in New York city. He has an office with Dr. Stephen Smith on West 42d street.

'75. H. S. Hitchcock is still at the Deaf and Dumb Institution, and in his spare moments studies psychology.

'75. J. S. Kingsley is at 41 Arch street, Boston. He is class secretary.

'75. A. Pleasants wants to sell a "herd." Address him at Rock Island, Ill.

'75. I. H. Polhemus has been compelled to retire from the missionary field on account of ill health.

'75. H. R. Stafford is at Canajoharie.

'75. J. Tomlinson is at 45 West 30th street, New York city.

'76. E. Cohen is practicing law on South Third street, Philadelphia. He has decided between a wife and a pipe—he smokes.

'77. J. D. Eggleston is practicing medicine and surgery at Meriden, Conn.

'77. H. W. Gleason is still "going west." He has gone as far as Malden, Massachusetts.

'80. J. G. Campbell is experimenting the delights of country newspaper work, being the editor of a thriving weekly newspaper at Litchfield, Ill.

'80. Rogers has an important position on the Chicago *Daily News*.

'81. W. S. Cutting will teach German in summer school at Martha's Vineyard this season and will probably resume the principalship of the academy at Deerfield, Mass., in the fall.

'81. Driscoll is practicing law at Syracuse, N. Y. He has won his first case and thinks putting out his shingle in some western town.

'81. Frank Pierce has a position at an Indian agency, Utah, and has improved in health while civilizing the Ute braves. He expects to practice law at some future day, either in Lake City or Denver.

'81. Stoddard is in a wholesale fruit and produce house in Clark street, Chicago.

81. Fred Van Tuyl is in the auditing department of the Burlington & Missouri River railroad at Omaha, Neb., but thinks of engaging in stock farming.

82. Geer has resigned his position in the High School, Pottstown, Pa., and will go to Chicago this month to commence the study of law.

83 and '85. Gillette and Galt are both in the Columbia School of Mines. The former has greatly improved in health since his graduation.

84. C. L. Johnson has gone into the railroad business. His address is Herne, Texas.

85. Rudolph Matz will attend Commencement.

86. James is taking a special course in chemistry at the Chicago University.

87. Baldwin has so improved in health as to be able to engage with his father in the commission business on La Salle street, Chicago.

JASON'S LOG-BOOK.

EPHRAIM, whom some may remember as an exchange writer of two years ago, awakes from a Rip Van Winkle sleep, and comes back to take a glance at college journalism. Amidst the change that is new and strange he finds a few of the old familiar faces. These are the *Crimson*, *Acta*, the *Yale* and *Nassau Lits*, and a few others. All else is changed. Ephraim can look back to the time when throughout the college there ran the same endless feature of bad and worse paper; when careless editors and shiftless printers in making college papers hideous and unreadable. Those were the days of prize essays. Every issue of the *Berlin Review* had at least three of them. The editors furnished the news and the editorials. Everybody of the paper took care of itself. Now that is changed, and on the whole for the better. The years '81 and '82 saw a reformation in college journalism. But this, like another reformation we know of, could not be kept within bounds. It overshot itself, and ended by doing out as much of harm as of good. The intention was to make college journalism readable by bringing it down to the level of everyday college

life. The result has been in many cases to make it simply silly and contemptible. The light literature which has come upon us in a deluge has brought us many an entertaining and graceful article, and it is to be praised therefor. But in far too many cases it has usurped the space which fairly belongs to better forms of writing. Often it has degenerated into slang and buffoonery. It seems time now to stop, and collect our ideas, and make a new adjustment of things. Light literature is all very well, and must be retained in its proper proportion. The "story" is exhausted, and plots by frequent use have become antiquated. It may be doubted if more than one "story" can be successfully put into an issue. Sketches after the style of Irving, Hawthorne, and Thackeray will be always in order, and will furnish valuable training for their writers. After all, the true vigor and life of a paper lies in its news and editorials, and the best training can be got in the writing of those parts of the paper. The lesson which it seems to Ephraim may be learned from the course of journalism in the past two years is that the true secret of successful editorship lies in the harmonious balancing of all the legitimate departments. Let light literature live, but keep it within proper bounds. Put new and vigorous life into editorial discussions. Edit the news columns carefully and systematically. Keep the college Pegasus out of the clouds and out of the ditch. Whosoever shall most perfectly do these things will be the most successful of college editors, and may some day become President of the Inter-Collegiate Press Association.

LIFE AT OTHER COLLEGES.

YALE:—Chicago defeated the college champions 7 to 1. The crew left for New London the 19th inst. The Law School graduated about forty men. The officers of the Base Ball Association were elected June 14th. Wiliston cheered for Yale in the second game with Amherst. A departure from the regular order of exercises in "giving away the fence" somewhat marred the success of the occasion. Commencement occurred last Wednesday.

HARVARD defeated Columbia in both the University and Freshman races at New London. The Freshmen were condemned for a noisy celebration in the evening after their victory over Yale, '86. Three thousand three hundred and thirty dollars and fifty cents of the necessary \$10,000 have been subscribed for the new athletic grounds. The *Herald* received subscriptions for the crew during the absence of its treasurer at New London. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., was the orator, and Richard Grant White the poet, before the Phi Beta Kappa society. Claret punch is too mild for the participants in the class reunions at Commencement, and they will use the time-honored article unless forbidden by the trustees.

COLUMBIA:—"Ninety-five men came up in the arts this spring." The University of Pennsylvania's eight were defeated by a quarter of a length. Only three Freshmen competed for the scholarship in English. Twenty-two '85 men obtained 97 per cent. in Greek, and only one man was conditioned. The original grant for founding the college was \$17,000; at present the total assets are \$6,500,000.

PRINCETON:—All but two or three of the fellowships offered each year are mere "walk-overs." The *Princetonian* prints a long encomium upon the change for the better in the manners of the students. Small thefts occurred to an unprecedented degree during Commencement. The new Lawrenceville school, which will prepare chiefly for Princeton, will pay the largest professors' salaries of any institution of learning in the country except Columbia.

IN GENERAL:—The UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA defeated Harvard in cricket. The ROCHESTER nine, which defeated Cornell and Hobart, hope soon to be able to purchase shirts. President Chamberlain of BOWDOIN has sufficiently recovered from the effects of a severe surgical operation in Boston to return home. The old AMHERST gym. will probably be used for college commons. OBERLIN is to have a new conservatory of music to cost \$50,000. BROWN attributes its defeat in base ball to lack of systematic practice.

OLIPPINGS.

"HERE is my table of contents," said Gaton, holding up the bill of fare after he had discussed the items separately.—*Ex.*

VIVACIOUS Stranger: "Who is that gay youth who can't manage his crush hat?"

Student: "Well, I rather think that's my brother."

V. S.: "O! I beg your pardon, I might have known it—I mean, O! 'Take me to mamma!'"—*Ex.*

A freshman who came from the Hub
Was addressed by a mucker as "bub,"
While returning from lunch;
But he gave a "Hub Punch,"
Which "went to the head" of the cub.

—*Lampoon.*

STERN Parent: "Sir, how can you deny that you are a hard drinker? The spots upon your clothing alone are enough to convince the most unworldly to believe so."

Prodigal: "I assure you, sir, that those insignificant markings do not come from what I drink."

Stern Parent: "How, sir, and may I then see from what they do come?" Prodigal: "From what I spill." (Exit Prodigal, closely followed by the movable contents of the room.)—*Ex.*

HARD LUCK.

SCENE—THE HOP.

The gym. is all ablaze with light,
A waltz floats out upon the night.
In nooks secluded, hid from sight,
Sit Peggoty and Barkis.

He is a brave of eighty-three
Who sought the valedictorian;
And she a nymph of exactness
Eight and thirty summers.

But now, bereft of audience,—
He missed it only by some tenths—
He thinks it would be "just immense,"
To speak it off before her.

Thus ran the speech: "'Tis sad to be
Compelled to part, to go from thee,
And far away." "Not yet," says she,
"Pa's lawyer has those letters."

L'ENVOI.

A month from then—so runs the story,
Beneath the orange blossoms' glory
He gave the kiss salutatory
At Hymen's own Commencement.

—*Lehigh Echo.*

THE ARGO.

Vol. III.

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No. 6.

THE ARGO.

Published fortnightly during the college year by the students of Williams College.

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Terms, \$2.00 per year in advance. Single copies 15 cents. Students and graduates of Williams are requested to contribute articles, verses, letters, and Alumni notes.

WE regret the necessity of beginning a new year with the announcement of the resignation from the editorial board of Mr. Robert Ramsey, of '84. He has long been identified with the best interests of the ARGO, and its present position is due in no small degree to his efforts while at its head. His loss is one that it will be difficult to make good, and he retires with the best wishes of his former associates. We are also obliged to announce the withdrawal of Mr. G. N. Southwick, from the board of editors.

WE take pleasure in announcing the election of Mr. Paul C. Ransom, '86, to the board of editors, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. P. F. Bicknell. The remaining vacancy will be thrown open to competitors from the three lower classes. Articles, either prose or verse, should be contributed before Saturday, Sept. 29th, and should be of a character similar to those which appear from time to time in the College papers. Editorials, College Notes, and News Items will be accorded careful consideration, and the choice of an editor made entirely upon the merits of his contribution. We trust that the aspirants for fame from the under classes will not be diffident in entering the lists, as another representative from '86 or '87 is desired on the board.

THE tennis enthusiasm at Williams seems suddenly to have collapsed, but we trust only temporarily, as all the societies have courts and there are some others besides. If a tournament for the College championship could be arranged for this fall, and it is not yet too late to take action in the matter, the game would receive a fresh start, and we should be in a position to make a fair record next spring at the Intercollegiate tournament. There is a number of good players now in College, and all that is necessary to insure success is a meeting of the association, and the election of a few men thoroughly interested in the maintenance of this delightful and healthful sport. Let us see some step in this direction taken immediately.

ONE of the pleasantest bits of news that greeted the students, on their return this year, was that evening chapel had been abolished. The subject had been for some time under the consideration of the Trustees and Faculty, and by taking this step, we are certain that the attitude of the College to those in authority will be a more agreeable one. That one chapel service a day is not only right but essential, no one can deny; but when another is added, the objections become too numerous to mention. Another noteworthy thing in connection with this change is, that Williams is throwing off the charge of conservatism which has clung to her so long, and assuming more modern ideas. Though she was the last of her sister Colleges to abandon the double chapel system it may be well to remember the old adage, "better late than never."

ANOTHER year has rolled by, and we have all taken a step higher on our four-rounded ladder of college life, and as we settle ourselves in our new spheres, we instinctively and curiously turn to look at the first round with its eighty-four Freshmen precariously balanced on it. Our glance is one of interest and hope. Interest, in

trying to fathom what are the class's special strong points; hope, that she will contribute largely to base ball, athletics, and to college interests in general. We welcome '87 among us with the wish that she will turn out as successfully as she gives promise of doing. The appearance of the class is very gratifying, and she numbers next to the largest class that has entered college. We will leave any good advice we might give to '87's respective class officers, and with such sound counsel as they will give to steer by, we take leave of her, as she starts out on her course, hoping that she will successfully pass annuals and reach in safety the end of her first year.

THE Seniors are justly complaining of the severity with which they as a class were treated on account of the shortcoming of one of their number. We refer to the little episode of the skeleton. While there is nothing criminal in the action of placing a lighted cigarette between the fleshless jaws of that emblem of mortality—there being nothing in the Ironclad, or Constitution of the United States prohibiting it, and while there is nothing in the practice injurious to the skeleton itself—there being no lungs at stake, yet we cannot blame the professor for taking offence at the "horrid mimicry." It was insulting, and the professor felt justly indignant. But because one member of a class is foolish enough to indulge in that kind of amusement, should the entire class be deprived of the benefit of those models in pursuance of their study? Should a little injured pride stand in the way of the education of fifty-six students? We trust the professor will reflect and relent; and that he will continue the practical illustration of his subject as though the "emblem" had never acquired the pernicious habit of smoking at recitations.

WE have heard a rumor to the effect that the chapel may be enlarged in the near future, by the addition of a transept upon the Sophomore side of the nave to correspond with that on the other which is so fully occupied every Sunday. How much truth there is in the report we cannot say, but every one must hope that it is not entirely without foundation. The improve-

ment is a much needed one, and would great utility in relieving the present condition of the building. By seating a the Faculty in this proposed addition, more could be devoted to the upper classmen, future classes are to increase in the same proportion as those of the past few years, better accommodations will soon be absolutely necessary, indeed, it is intended that Seniors and Juniors in one another's laps. If the rumor is true, we heartily commend the wisdom of the author making provision for the future in season, if it is not, we suggest that some such action outlines ought soon to be taken for the interests of the college.

WE are glad to see the interest taken in ball this autumn. The Freshmen already felt the eyes of the College on them, have organized their nine, and are practicing daily. We congratulate '87 on her promptness and the prospect of having a good nine. The material she has to begin on is good, especially on first base and behind the bat. All she is constant practice this fall and faithful training next winter in the "Gym." We are pleased to see the series of class games already begun. Games between the classes should always be played in the fall, so that the whole of spring may be devoted to the college nine. By the graduation of '83 we lost one of our best players, and in Yates, '85, the nine suffers the loss of one of the surest out-fielders ever in College. But that is better than the average year. Only four Freshmen are gone from the nine, and there are eight to pick from. In fact, the feature of the nine is that most of her members are from the Junior and Sophomore classes, and are accustomed to play together, and, better still, will play in College some time yet. With such a prospect, we ought to be very hopeful for next spring. All that is needed is practice, practice!

NOW that we have a new class with us, every possible exertion should be made to draw their attention to athletics, and, at the same time, to excite a livelier interest in the subject among the older members of college. The surest prom-

of successful athletics is a well-equipped and carefully conducted gymnasium. While we would not cast a doubt upon the sincerity and earnestness of the present Gym instruction, any one who has observed its results in the past must be convinced that it fails in securing regular attendance from more than twenty or thirty individuals. Men, Freshmen especially, enter the Gym, examine it, receive no attention from the instructors, whom they do not know, and withdraw in disgust; this is the experience of half of the men in college. What we need, and would suggest to the Faculty, is the employment of some efficient person, like Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, able to make an intelligent physical examination of every man who presents himself, and to tell him in what respects his body needs development, and to point out the proper appliances to secure it. No two or three seniors are capable of this discrimination, and very few students possess the judgment necessary to make a right selection for themselves. The expense of securing the services of such a person as we have mentioned, for one or two weeks at the beginning of each year, would be trifling in comparison with the advantage it would bring to the students, and we earnestly hope that the Faculty will give the suggestion their favorable consideration.

NOW that we begin to settle down to the three recitations a day and are gradually getting accustomed not to hurry to evening chapel, we should turn our attention to the most important feature of the fall term, the athletic sports. A College meeting should be held at once, if it has not already been done, and officers elected to take charge of the games which will occur now in about a month. And care should be taken to elect men that have had experience and who have an interest in athletics, so that they will make the arrangements necessary in ample time, and make some innovations in the events. Attention should especially be given to have the hammer and shot of the regulation weights. Before there was some difficulty about this, and the weights were different from what is generally used by other Colleges. Also in the standing long jump and running high jump weights should not be allowed. For if this

were permitted we would not be able to compare our records with other Colleges. And then about making changes in the events. When we read the accounts of other College athletic sports, we notice generally a larger programme, with some events which have never been put into practice at Williams. Some have complained that the athletics are quite long enough, as it takes up a good deal of time to get through with all the events. So if new events should be added, not to make the games too long, why not omit the tedious five mile go-as-you-please, and put in its stead some short contests, such as pole-vaulting, and several other things which would be far more interesting than seeing half-clothed individuals panting wearily around the course. But there is one we should like to see in preference to any other change, and that is in regard to the tug of war. There is hardly a College, we might almost say not one, that allows nearly a dozen men to pull on a side. In a regular athletic meeting the thing is unheard of. What we should do is to have the two lower classes pick out five men each and train them to pull. The usual method is to have the ground spaded and smoothed, the anchor-men only being allowed to dig holes beforehand. This is the only proper way and is far more interesting. Last year Williams made some very good records indeed, and we hope all athletic men in College, especially Freshmen, will begin to train, so that the games may be a success next month and we may send several men to the Intercollegiate contest in the spring.

A MEXICAN SEÑORITA.

A LARGE portion of last summer was consumed by me in traveling in New Mexico and Arizona with a friend.

We had seen various places of interest, met with many a queer specimen of humanity in both sexes, and were now en route for the civilized East, as we were wont to call it.

As we were leaving Albuquerque one day, my friend, whom I will call Bob to avoid personality, noticed that a pretty Mexican woman, accompanied by a stern-looking duenna, was seated directly behind us. We spent almost a half hour

in studying her features by the aid of a reflecting panel before us. Bob could hardly restrain himself, and each of the many times he caught her eye he would burst forth in admiration of some newly discovered charm.

Later on, while the fair Mexican's companion was apparently dozing, I saw that my susceptible friend was lost in the gaze of his charmer behind. She had evidently encouraged him in some way, as I saw a faint smile stealing over Bob's face. At that moment an idea occurred that I might play a joke on my companion by taking his hat off in such a manner that the young lady might construe it as a bow. The thought was no sooner conceived than put into execution, and the effect on the señorita was electrical. She blushed deeply, appeared to be very ill at ease, and soon began reading. Bob, on the other hand, was feeling exceedingly uncomfortable, and quickly turned to me and said in a voice I never shall forget:

"That was a low trick, Sam. Did you not see that we were enjoying ourselves in a quiet way?"

"Yes, in a questionable quiet way, old man," I laughingly replied.

Nothing more was spoken, nor was the flirtation, which I had unintentionally broken up, resumed.

About two we approached Lamy, where there is a branch road to Santa Fé; and then it struck me that as we had not visited that ancient city it might be well to do so now. On mentioning it to my friend, he readily assented, and, shortly afterwards, we had changed cars. We had not been on the train long before Bob exclaimed:

"By George! There's the pretty Mexican again."

As she passed us she dropped a note, which Bob immediately picked up. Judging from his beaming face, I supposed it contained good news. However, I was not doomed to suspense, as I was longing to see what the communication contained, for Bob handed me the note, saying:

"This looks like the beginning of a romance, does it not?"

"Indeed it does," said I, after reading the *billet-doux*, which ran thus:

"SEÑOR —?:"

"Señorita Julia Hernandez desires the honor of presence to night at 9 o'clock.

"No. 19, SON OF GOD STREET."

By the time we had finished talking about adventure, we found ourselves in the curious city of Santa Fé, with adobe houses, interesting buildings, and its odd mixture of people. In afternoon we went to places of note, purchased a few articles, and after making a call, repaired our hotel. After tea we strolled out to the Plaza in front of the Governor's "Palace," as styled; and a short time later we were on Son of God street. Passing on farther we reached a large adobe house with a flourishing garden on its side. Bob touched me on the arm, pointed to the door, over which was the number 19.

"Señorita lives in a comfortable house," remarked. "You will doubtless enjoy your evening,—at least, I hope so."

"You are very kind," was the quick rejoinder. "but I only wish you might be with me."

Bob left at a quarter of nine, saying, in a nervous voice, that he would return at twelve and later.

I amused myself as best I could that night, and soon I heard the bell of San Miguel strike midnight. I waited a half hour with no success. One o'clock did not bring my friend; and, finally becoming alarmed, I started out to find him. One room of the house where my friend had gone was brilliantly lighted up. Trying to peep in, I was prevented by a thick curtain. I could hear no sounds in the house, and, after fifteen minutes patient sentinel duty, I went to bed and fell into an anxious sleep. About four I was aroused by some one endeavoring to get in. Hastily springing up, I discovered it was Bob, a mere wreck of his former self.

"For heaven's sake! tell me what has happened to you, old man."

Bob flung himself on a bed, and spoke as follows:

"On arriving at No. 19 last night I met with a cordial reception from the young Mexican, as I was ushered into a parlor handsomely furnished. After a very enjoyable conversation of two hours

length, she asked me if I would like to play a game of cards. I replied in the affirmative; and in a short time we were engaged in that peculiar Mexican gambling game, and drinking a wine I had never tasted before, which had an odd effect on me; I now think it was drugged. Well! we played a long time, and I staked and lost everything of value I had with me. Then, thinking I had remained long enough, I said good night and started for the hotel, but I was so dazed I could not find my way for some time."

"I had an idea all along that she was an adventuress," I said.

"Well! it's a good lesson for me," responded Bob. "Suppose we turn in now and try to get a little sleep. You may rest assured that this has been my last escapade of this kind."

"You talk sensibly," was my laconic reply.

The next day we tried to find the dark beauty, but she was nowhere to be found; so that night we left Santa Fé, with my friend Bob "a wiser and a sadder man."

COL.

TO MISS G——.

WHEN I am feeling very blue,
And all things to my gloomy view
Seem full of doubt and care,
I love to turn my mental gaze
To you, past happy summer days,
And you whose chains I wear.

I like to think of that still eve—
Your hand upon my right coat-sleeve
You daintily had laid—
It got so late I turned to go;
You said "Good-bye," but *looked*—and so
I turned to go—and staid.

Why is it that a moonlit night
Will so improve a fellow's sight
To sense of beautiful,
That he will give his homage free
Which previously seemed to be
To him half-dutiful?

I laugh to think of your sweet way;
How I was wholly in your sway,
Instead of teaching, taught.
Oh! ye past happy summer days,
Through her ye were beyond all praise—
Without her, ye were naught!

PROFESSOR QUICKLEIGH.

WHAT a terror he used to be to the luckless Junior who failed to come in to his astronomy recitation just on the second of a mean time! At our first recitation the seats were filled with commendable promptness, for we already knew something of our man. But there was mischief in our Professor's eye as he still delayed calling the roll after the five minutes of grace had expired. Was it his scheme to give the demon of tardiness one paralyzing rebuke, and did he now lie in wait for the hoped-for delinquent who should serve as the vessel for his wrath?

While Professor Quickleigh stood, all alert, one eye on the second hand of his watch, the other on the door, and both on every man in front of him, the door opened as composedly and unsuspectingly as it might have opened on any other occasion, and Tom Maxwell entered with the placidity, the innocence, the happy unconsciousness of a lamb before the slaughter. Accordingly he was dumbfounded when the quick accents of the Professor struck his ear:

"Mr. Maxwell, you have caused us the loss of three hours."

Tom stopped, quickly passed from the state of incipient surprise to that of superlative bewilderment and mystification, instinctively looked out of the window to observe the height of the sun, drew out his watch with puzzled abstraction, looked at it, and assured himself that it was going, looked at the class with a helpless petition for enlightenment, and then bent his wandering gaze on the Professor. There he was held with bated breath, as his eyes met his instructor's, and he felt the awful fascination of that gimlet sharpness, that acute penetration, that unparalleled twinkle that belonged only to Professor Quickleigh's eyes.

"I beg your pardon, Professor," he stammered, "I don't exactly understand."

"I will explain," said the other. "You were just one minute late; there are sixty men in the class and sixty minutes in one hour; aggregate loss for the class, one hour. Two minutes more are lost in enlightening your dullness, causing the class a further loss of two hours. Total loss, three hours. Now you are not to come to this

excitation by sidereal time or apparent solar time; or are you to scrutinize the shadow of the moon made on the sun-dial at night, and regulate your watches by moon time. I require every man to keep the mean solar time, which we obtain by applying the equation of time, given for each day in the Nautical Almanac, to the apparent solar time obtained by astronomical observations. You may be seated, Mr. Maxwell."

Mr. Maxwell sat down.

WINDY WEATHER.

WHY is it that I fear this maid
Who scorns me so emphatically,
Although not usually afraid
When maidens smile sarcastically?

The reason why I do not know.
I really don't care much about them;
And then most girls are all for show.
It isn't worth one's while to doubt them.

I wonder why she's always so.
She's bred of such a bitter leaven.
Perhaps she means to give me h—woe,
And then a little taste of heaven.

Well, sharp or not, I only know
I like her more, yes, altogether,
Than girls who're only made for show.
I rather like cool, windy weather.

JAQUES.

THE COLLEGE STORY.

I SAT in my room with my feet stretched across the chair opposite me, broodily gazing, not in the smoldering ashes, for I did not boast of an open fire, not yet in the red coals, for it was June and the fire had been out for a month, but at my stove. I say I sat gazing at the stove, wondering whether it would be safe to take it down to-morrow. I was aroused from this warm argument with myself by hearing some persons coming up the stairs. They seemed to come up slowly and not much like college students, in fact more like seniors, but still Seniors could be lively when no one was looking. I waited a moment for the regular ash-barrel to roll down stairs, and not hearing it, concluded that the persons in question were strangers. The door opened and my roommate ushered in two elderly gentlemen. After the introductions Charlie said in explanation:

"Mr. Doueguy and Mr. Rollings were in my father's class in college, Jack, and they have returned to spend a few days here." He told me afterward he knew Mr. Doueguy, and our politeness had asked him up to spend the evening.

"The paper has come," said Charlie, in a pause in the conversation. "By the way, Mr. Doueguy and I were discussing college papers when we came in."

"Yes," replied the latter, "I was saying that there is a great difference, a very great difference between the college paper of to-day and that of thirty-five years ago, when we were in college, Joe," turning to that gentleman. "In our day," he continued, "in our day the college paper was a paper, sir, yes, sir, a typical paper. We only got it out once a month, but when it did come, sir, it came, sir."

"Naturally," said I.

"There was something to them, some substantial reading. We generally had two or three literary articles; one, for example, on the 'Moral Tendencies of the Middle Ages,' or some such topic, which would serve to relieve the mind of the student and be an agreeable change from the studies of the course. Not like the trash found here," he said, taking up the paper Charlie had brought in, and turning over the pages; "not to be compared with this motley collection of—now just listen to this, 'How Jonas Was Not Married,' 'The Trial and Escape of Piccadalliodod.' Men come to college, sir, to—to cultivate their minds, to—to acquire knowledge which will be of use to them in after years. They don't come here to learn the reason why Jonas was not joined in holy matrimony. How will it help them, sir, in their profession if they are perfectly assured of the escape of Piccadalliodod?"

"There is a good deal of truth in that," said Joe, keeping me in suspense lest he should ruin my meerschaum by handling it while hot, or smoking it too vigorously.

"Then," resumed Mr. Doueguy, "we had a few columns of criticisms on the literature of the day, and the two years I was on the paper old Jones was on too—you remember Jones, Joe? Well, he used to take notes on the sermon Sunday mornings, and the best two in the month he

would condense and comment on for the paper, three columns always being reserved for him."

"You did not have then any poetry or short stories?" I inquired.

"Once in a while, to fill up, we would put in a few verses, but not generally. Yes, sir, the taste of the people is being demoralized; the high standard of literary merit is not appreciated nowadays. Now don't you think so, Joe? You remember the issues we used to get out?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Joe, who had been perusing the paper, "that's a pretty good story. Not much to it, but it makes a man laugh. What did you ask? Oh, comparison! Well, I hardly think I am competent to judge. Ye-es, I did subscribe, I believe, but come to think of it, I only did so because you were on the board. I used to read the headings, but don't remember getting farther. It was too dry and deep for me. The fact is, I prefer a paper like this. It is bright, and has a clever story in it with a ridiculous ending. If I wanted something heavy to read I'd go to the library."

"You've been reading 'How Jonas Didn't get Married,' I suppose?" retorted the old gentleman, slightly nettled. "Well," he continued, veering around a little, "I suppose the present age requires some light literature. But your stories," he continued, turning to me again, "are all of the same kind. I have reasons for saying so, for I was invited into the sanctum of one of your papers this afternoon, and out of courtesy I read the different exchanges. All the tales have the same drift and all end in the same way, a very unnatural way: the principal character gets in a fix, or does just the wrong thing, or gets the laugh on him; in short, gets 'left,' I think you call it; at any rate, it all amounts to the same thing. If you must have your comic stories, why not vary them a little; change this 'left' business and end the stories in a way more true to nature. It is not natural at all, sir, not at all."

I looked at Charlie, smiled, and observed:

"That story you were reading a moment ago about 'How Jonas Did Not Get Married,' reminds me of an experience I had last summer vacation at the end of my Junior year. I was

stopping at a hotel at the seashore and became deeply interested in a young lady I met there; to be honest, I was never so much attracted by a girl before. We were together a good deal, and at last, one evening as we walked up and down the piazzas, I noticed that several people looked at us attentively, and by their actions I came to the conclusion that they were talking about us. It troubled me a little, and the next day as I was strolling with her on the beach I—"

There was an awkward silence in the room for a minute, and then Mr. Doueguy resumed the conversation by asking, not without a little curiosity in his voice as well as sympathy:

"I am sorry you should have begun a story that is so distressing to you. I presume you found the young lady married or engaged?"

"No."

"Oh, well, I suppose she was only flirting with you, or perhaps refused you outright?"

"No," I repeated. "What I was going to say when I stopped so abruptly was that as I was walking with her on the beach I determined that I was altogether too young to propose, and resolved upon waiting a year till I graduated before speaking to her. I stopped in my story, for I thought you would inquire whether she was not married, engaged, or something of the sort, as you have. So you see you have proved that this monotonous finale to the present college story is natural if not sometimes actual. I should like to put your views on this subject in a college paper. But then you see it would not be consistent to finish the account in the regular way, for example, by supposing that I got into you. And so I should have to beg the reader's pardon for disappointing him by omitting the customary ending, and should have to ask him to finish the story for himself, which would be rather awkward, to say the least."

H.

An exciting, but poorly organized rush took place at the monument last week, in which both classes were, as usual, victorious. It has been rumored that there was a cane in the ranks of eighty-seven, but of that nothing definite is known.

A COLLEGE INEVITABLE.

YOU are just sitting down, in slippers and gown,
To read or to study or write;
Your great easy chair has a most winning air,
And your fire burns cheerful and bright.

The last magazine, lying uncut and clean,
Perhaps bids you its treasures explore,
Or a novel bewitching to read you are itching,
Persuaded that study's a bore.

But hark! the full tread of the monster you dread
Is heard ascending the stair;
He follows his knock ere your hand gains the lock:
Too late! he is in your arm-chair.

The sequel is plain, how your cozy domain
Seems to be no longer your own;
But you do the polite, as, of course, is quite right,
And you smile, though you inwardly groan.

Like all bores he has cheek: he talks like a—streak,
Takes your novel, skims through its pages,
And talks all the time with a coolness sublime,—
Oh, yes, he could talk on for ages.

So this monster devours the bright golden hours:
No reading or study to-night!
You must flunk in your Greek or rely on your cheek,
When to-morrow you rise to recite. u.

AN ORGAN RECITAL.

“YES, I have seen a great deal during my position in the chapel,” said our wheezy old organ to me one day last year, before its tone had been improved by extensive repairs and the removal of several arms-full of hymn-books from the bellows. I had been vainly trying to elicit a little harmony, and, leaning on the key-board disgusted with my futile efforts, absently addressed the instrument, which, to my surprise, answered me and began a recital of its experiences, in the lonely hours of midnight.

“I have watched the college career of many classes, now occupied in the wide, wide world, and I have been the witness of many a lark perpetrated within these venerable walls. It would be impossible to enumerate the times that the Sophomores have removed the ‘Songs for the Sanctuary’ from the Freshmen’s seats, compelling the latter to pass a whole evening service with their mouths closed, and the frequency with which the cushions were wont to disappear. I have noticed that only the poorer schemes are success-

ful; the bolder ones usually fail through some unforeseen accident.” Here a violent fit of coughing checked my odd *vis-a-vis*, and before it resumed, I asked how so terrible a cold had been contracted.

“Well I have had that for some time, as you may have noticed,” was the reply, and if you have leisure to listen I will relate its cause, for there is connected with it a tale of a wonderfully well-concocted scheme. Some three years ago, when the students and Faculty were not on the best of terms, as I was preparing for sleep one bitterly cold night, I felt a draft of air, and opened my eyes to see four men with a dark lantern stealthily enter the chapel. They were well muffled up, and, closing the door, proceeded to the large chandelier in the rear of the church—I suppose you noticed in your admiring Freshmen days that this is suspended by a large chain?—and one, removing his coat and mounting the shoulders of his companions, grasped the chandelier and climbed on to the rafter above, thence to the side of the roof, where he lowered one end of a thin wire which was seized below and passed out of a window. He then returned to the top of the chain which he unhooked and lowered after securing it by a rope. His fellow schemers quickly and quietly filed out a foot of the chain, in lieu of which they substituted a doubled chain of about half the size of the original.

“Having restored the chandelier to its former position, the aerial conspirator descended the chain to its juncture with the doubled smaller one. One end of the latter was securely fastened, but the other was so delicately balanced that the lightest touch would dislodge it, letting the chandelier fall with considerable violence a foot lower than usual; this movement the wire already mentioned was designed to effect, and having adjusted it the young plotter jumped on to some cushions, considerably placed for him, and reached the floor unhurt. They cast the light of their lantern along the course of the wire and seemed satisfied that it would escape detection, so closely did it follow the chain and the rafter. While they were indulging in a few exulting remarks at the consternation that the apparent fall of the heavy ornament would cause, I felt a

PRIZES AND HONORARY DEGREES AWARDED AT COMMENCEMENT.

BENEDICT Prizes: In Latin—1st, C. C. Cobb, '85; 2d, H. D. Bailey, '85. In Greek—1st, H. D. Bailey, '85; 2d, S. B. L. Penrose, '85. In Mathematics—1st, H. B. Ward, '85; 2d, Edward Man, '85. In History—1st, P. F. Bicknell, '85; 2d, A. W. Underwood, '84. In Natural History—1st, C. L. Goodrich, '85; 2d, H. B. Ward, '85. In French—1st, P. F. Bicknell, '84; 2d, T. S. Holmes, Jr., '84. In German—1st, A. W. Underwood, '84; 2d, Nate Gest, '84. Prize for Prizes—Frederick Geller, '83. Graves Prizes for Essays—G. H. Badger, '83; Frederick Geller, '83; S. V. V. Holmes, '83; J. P. Hubbard, Jr., '83; L. W. Pratt, '83; H. S. Underwood, '83. For Excellence in Delivery—J. P. Hubbard, Jr., '83. Van Vechten Prize for Extemporaneous Speaking—S. V. V. Holmes, '83. Rhetorical Prizes—General Prize—H. P. Dewey, '84; 1st Junior Prize, Norris Bull; 2d, C. E. Greenman; 1st Sophomore Prize, F. S. Talcott, 2d, F. B. Faitoute.

Degrees: A. M., Frederick F. Thompson, Everett T. Tomlinson, Levi Seley, Dr. Albert Vanderveer, Prof. R. A. Rice.

S. G. W. Benjamin and James W. Bullock were reinstated in their respective classes with the honorary degree of A.B.

ELECTIONS.

FOOTBALL officers: President, A. W. Underwood, '84; Vice-President, H. D. Bailey, '85; Business Manager, M. C. Hayes, '84; Directors: W. H. Williams, '84, J. G. Jones, '85, W. D. Field, '86, G. W. Wagner, '87, Captain, D. Hewitt, '86.

Senior class: President, W. P. Bradley; Vice-President, W. W. Seymore; Secretary and Treasurer, W. S. Cooper; Choragus, C. M. Clark.

Junior class: President, A. D. Hawley; Vice-President, C. C. Cobb; Secretary and Treasurer, G. S. Duncan; Choragus, H. A. Canfield; Captain base ball, J. C. Hubbell.

Sophomore class: President, J. M. Laselle; Vice-President, J. B. Carse; Secretary, C. H. Perry; Treasurer, P. C. Ransom; Choragus, E. A.

Blackmer; Captain of rope-pull, W. D. Field; Captain base ball, P. W. Blackmer; Captain football, D. Hewitt.

The Freshmen have elected the following officers for one month: President, G. C. Leonard; Vice-President, H. P. Blackinton; Secretary and Treasurer, R. W. Kimball; Choragus, L. L. Lewis, Jr. The class has adopted for its colors cardinal and gold. The class yell is Rah-Rah-Rah-Heptakai-Ogdo-a-Kon-ta-Eighty-seven!

NEW STUDENTS.

JUNIORS.

F. W. Chamberlin, Williamstown.
A. L. Halsey, Schenectady, N. Y.
J. C. McLanahan, Hollidaysburg, Pa.
S. E. Smith, Caldwell, O.
A. E. Street, Van Wert, O.
E. J. Wheeler, Schenectady, N. Y.
B. L. Lee, Poland, O.

—7.

SOPHOMORES.

A. H. Bacon, Albany, N. Y.
D. C. Brewer, Dorchester, Mass.
R. E. Loveland, E. Saginaw, Mich.
A. W. Wheeler, Schenectady, N. Y.
C. T. White, Salem.

—5.

FRESHMEN.

E. L. Adams, Canandaigua, N. Y.
H. B. Adriance, Williamstown.
R. G. Aitken, Oakland, Cal.
J. M. Allen, Brockport, N. Y.
C. M. Baldwin, New York, N. Y.
F. C. Barnes, Troy, N. Y.
C. H. Bigelow, Jr., St. Paul, Minn.
H. P. Blackinton, Blackinton.
R. B. Bontecou, Troy, N. Y.
W. R. Broughton, Bloomfield, N. Y.
C. F. Brusil, Dunlap, Ill.
H. Burden 2d, Troy, N. Y.
T. L. Burr, Melrose.
W. E. Carnochan, Troy, Pa.
H. Clark, Colchester, Conn.
C. H. Clarke, Richmond, Me.
I. T. Cole, Troy, N. Y.
J. H. Cravens, Kansas City, Mo.
M. W. Day, Howe, N. Y.
W. C. Dibble, Dakota City, Neb.
F. H. Eastman, Albany, N. Y.
G. H. Eastman, Albany, N. Y.
F. J. Fessenden, Lockport, N. Y.

IN the early part of this week, an Episcopal Sunday-school excursion from Saratoga visited Williamstown. In the party were a few of the young ladies who entertained '85 so handsomely at her last class supper. Several of the students showed the visitors the various places of interest; and the excursionists left for home in a late train, highly pleased with their trip.

A PARTY of gentle-hearted Sophs, "visiting" certain members of the Freshman class the other evening, were so impressed with the tribulations of one of the new-comers as to abandon their hostile intent, and instead of saying anything about its being bedtime, they assisted him with his Latin and Greek for the next day. It has since been observed that the Freshmen sleep with their doors open.

Two entertainments of a highly diverse nature were given in Williamstown on Thursday evening of last week—the German at the Mansion House, and the Billy Frazier Benefit at the popular theatre on Water street. Both entertainments were largely attended, and enjoyed by their respective patrons, notwithstanding the fact that in the latter, the middle-weight champion did not make his appearance.

PROFESSOR WILSON, who has been occupying one of the Naples tables, will be here toward the close of next month, to fulfill the obligations of the position by giving a course of very interesting scientific lectures—mainly on the subject of Biology. The most interesting will probably be a lecture on the Darwinian theories of Evolution. He will fill the place of Dr. Clarke, temporarily, who will leave at that time to occupy a table at Naples for the winter.

THE Freshman looked at the Senior for a minute and then inquired, "When is it polite to drink with a spoon in your glass?" The Senior deigned not to notice. "Why, when you take an ice-cream soda," grinned the Freshman. "Well then, why are we Freshmen like you present Seniors? Don't know that either? Why, because we are eighty-four '87!" The Senior sprang to his feet, and the Freshman was heard tumbling down the stairs, and did not go to evening chapel that day.

MEN interested in natural history will find themselves well repaid by the perusal of a popular work on "Snakes," lately presented to the college library by its English author, Miss C. C. Hopley. The subject is treated in an entertaining manner, while the author's style is free from all long scientific terms not absolutely necessary to clearness. The work admirably covers a field which has not hitherto received its share of literary illustration, and will undoubtedly secure a well-deserved popularity among Americans who affect natural history.

WILLIAMS men will be pleased to hear that at the last meeting of the Berkshire Historical Society, held at Pittsfield last month, the prominent feature of the programme was a paper on Arnold's Expedition to Quebec, by W. E. Collins, '84. The article treated at length of the personal merits and ability of that daring leader, of the terrible hardships of the march through the wilderness in the dead of winter, and final of the issue and results of that memorable campaign. The subject was conducted in thorough and scholarly way, and has been very favorably noticed by the press.

PERSONALS.

DR. HOPKINS, for thirty years President of the Board of Foreign Missions, has signified his intention of resigning at the next meeting, to be held at Detroit, Mich., Oct. 2d.

'53. Gen. E. N. Bates spent several days with us last week.

'62. J. H. Denison has been appointed college pastor.

'66. J. W. Green, Dean of the Law Department of Kansas State University, recently passed a few hours in Williamstown.

'71. Mark Hopkins recently met with severe bereavement in the death of his wife.

'77. C. M. Platt was married during the vacation to Miss Jennie West.

'78. Geo. Huliny was in town during the first part of the term.

'80. J. M. Killets, who for the past two years has been editor and proprietor of the Red O (Ia.) Express, has sold out and is at present his old home, Bryan, Ohio. He contempts

The inflated pomposity of the heavy lit. has been almost universally discarded, while the no less trashy reaction—the sensational tale with a complicated plot, well interlarded with college slang, is sharing a similar fate. That extravagant reaction is the natural result of all revolutions, and that having subsided, the happy mean is gradually being approached. Character sketches and humorous dissertations are becoming popular. A deep plot is rarely met with. The foremost journals in the progressive move are looking to Irving and the shorter sketches of Mrs. Stowe for models. The tendency is a healthful one, and will encourage young writers to adopt a style which is at one pleasing, pure, and simple. It will furnish to its readers an enjoyment not found in the labored romances and ghastly sallies of wit to which the editor was so long wedded. It will elevate the general tone of the college press, and give it respectability beyond its college circles. The same change is noticeable to a certain extent in poetry. The tedious ode and sonnet are being superseded by a light running meter, clothing a well turned thought or bright idea with a garment at once refined and graceful. The poet has ceased to struggle with the great secrets of Nature. The glories of a sunset, the mysterious whisperings of the lonely forest, the sentiment of a dew-drop, all this has been left to the treatment of older pens. Even this was not accomplished without a blind extravagance of the extremest styles. The sonorous was discarded for the flip-pant. French forms were laid hold of for the expression of every thought, without reference to its sentiment. Every page had its *triolet*, its *rondeau*, or its *ballade*. One grew weary of the tiresome and awkwardly constructed repetitions of the inevitable refrain. Dobson and Lang were suddenly placed before all aspirants as the true standard of poetic excellence, and *rondels* multiplied without number. The French forms are not without a high order of beauty. There are many ideas, many pretty sentiments that need just that artificial repetition to bring out the right effect. They are still immensely popular. But the popular craze for them was destined to a milder kind of appreciation. People began to realize that every sentiment could not be bol-

stered up in the straight jacket of set forms. Meter and thought must harmonize. And the importation of Dobson and Lang is now seldom seen in our press. Yes, these are pleasant changes. They lead Jason to believe that there is a future before the college press which will bring it into a position of more than local interest, and earn for itself a position in the journalistic world as the patron of a refined and entertaining style peculiarly its own.

CLIPPINGS.

TENNIS.

IF ever a racket you're needing,
Or are longing to have a good time,
Just leave off all thinking and reading.
And purchase a bucket of lime.
Now mark off a "court" with precision,
Buy net and a racket and balls,
Then I leave you to make the decision
That you've sport for the springs and the falls.
And then if you're wanting a player,
In order to make up a set,
Why tell me, and then I'll be there
To play on your side of the net.

POLLY W., in *Spectator*.

A NEW ENGLAND spinster is credited with saying that she does like the organ, "especially when the *Nux vomica* stop is on."—*Ex.*

"I'm going to a masquerade ball this evening, and I want an appropriate dress," he said, to the costumer. "What is your business?" "I'm milkman." "Ah! then you'd better put on a pair of pumps and go disguised as a waterfall."—*Ex.*

THE FISHER MAID.

Rondeau.

The Fisher Maid to music grand,
Is gaily dancing on the sand;
I hear the patter of her feet;—
I hear the breakers' rhythmic beat,
Forever dashing on the strand.

Her waving hair is tossed and fanned
By zephyrs bold. Her cheeks are tanned
Naught cares she for the burning heat,
The Fisher Maid.

She seems no creature of the land,
But rather of the Mermaid band
A fitting queen—I love to greet
When e'er by happy chance I meet,
At play upon the lonely strand,

The Fisher Maid.

—*Reverend*.

only, for the singing at present is certainly much better than ever before, and Williams men have reason to be proud on account of it. The raised platform, the increased number of voices, and faithful practice make that part, at least, of morning chapel attractive. The embarrassing and unnecessary moments when the hymn was all but discontinued are things of the past, and in their place we observe an harmonious, unbroken worship of song. This needed change and many others, all indicate that the life of students here, in future, will be made more agreeable, and the relation of College to Faculty more friendly. Another feature of chapel to be noticed is the slight difference in the order of the service. The reading of the Scriptures first, as pursued last year, has been succeeded by an anthem by the choir, followed then by the Biblical lesson. Next, the prayer is made, and lastly, a hymn is sung in which, especially, the excellence of the choir can be noted. This arrangement makes the daily prayers not a hardship, and, judging from the number of visitors, a pleasure.

WE understand that the experiment of a six o'clock dinner is to be tried at the Mansion House, to the expressed satisfaction of the students who board there. The plan seems advisable not only for that place, but also for College Hall, where we should like to see it put into execution; at least temporarily. A large majority of men prefer to study as much as possible by daylight, thus leaving the evening free for outside reading, and work in connection with the literary societies and L. N. H., and for such a programme a late dinner is especially adapted. A hearty meal at noon occupies much more time than a lunch, while it unfits one for close application for an hour afterwards. Very few students accomplish anything between two and three, and these few usually find a greater effort then necessary, and experience unpleasant results from indigestion and headaches. Physicians unite in condemning hard work directly after eating, and the necessity of it could be avoided by adopting our proposal. The custom has been in vogue several years at Harvard, and, from all we can learn, meets with general favor. With us it

would be signally practicable from the arrangement of recitations, and if adopted, would make available an additional hour during the day.

SOMETHING can always be learned by a careful observation of one's neighbors, and especially is this so in the college world, where, in a certain sense, all institutions may be considered in this light. In the last *Lehigh Burr*, the announcement is made that the college library is to be open Sunday afternoons from one till seven, more by an hour than is the case here on week days. To us, there seems no good reason for the limitations placed on the students in reference to this most important feature of a college, although we have abstained from mentioning the subject before, because of the greater advantages at present enjoyed in drawing books and using the building than existed three years ago; but the time for a still more decided advance seems at hand. The number of volumes has increased, while their quality is greatly improved; a large amount of literary work is expected from the men, noticeably from the Seniors, to whom better facilities for consultation would be a boon indeed. In the case of certain Juniors, with the present arrangement of recitations, but two library hours are available, and these come directly before a recitation. We should like to see the library open every evening and Sunday afternoon, for these times are most adapted for reading. The additional expense would be little, the convenience would be fully appreciated, and the present friendly relations between Faculty and undergraduates would be strengthened in no small degree.

FEELING that the sentiment of the students ought to be voiced through the college papers, and prompted by a recent occurrence of the present cause of complaint, we venture to remonstrate with the powers that be. When a student commits an act of a serious nature, the Faculty, in meeting, authorize a letter to be sent to the culprit's parents, stating in formidable documentary language that their son has committed a heinous offence. The letter proceeds to explain what it was, and conveys the idea that

the son who would do such an act must be utterly without honor. It then states what the punishment will be and hints that the "son's" connection with the class will probably be shortly severed. The letter is forwarded; *after which* the criminal is summoned before the Faculty to "explain." He is much surprised to learn that his sentence has already been passed and his parents notified thereof. He reflects that in judicial courts every case has a hearing before the verdict is given, and he there wonders wherein lies the justice of the college tribunal. But this is not the worst feature. The facts of the case are sometimes so represented in the "letter home" that a false idea of the magnitude of the offence is given to the parents. Granted that the accused has committed a breach of college rules, is it not enough to administer a proper punishment? But if the accused is not guilty, such a course of action causes the unnecessary perturbation of his family, and there are too many well-authenticated cases in which this over-hastiness has produced the greatest trouble, when, upon more thorough inquiry, it was discovered that the letters had been written upon altogether insufficient data. This matter seems to indicate a need of greater care on the part of somebody; and it is our earnest hope that such unfortunate mistakes will be avoided in the future.

WILLIAMS students may well question whether they are ever to have a well-equipped gymnasium. When the old building was destroyed, and the announcement made that Goodrich Hall would, in the future, be devoted to the use of men desiring a physical as well as a mental development, every one supposed that modern and improved apparatus would be procured, but such has not been the result. All who were here last year expressed their disappointment as soon as they paid Goodrich a visit of inspection, this term, only to behold the same old furniture that they had imagined either buried under the wreck, or cast aside as unworthy a college so rapidly conforming to modern ideas. Complaints have reached us from every side, and it seems due to the athletic interests of the college to call the attention of the authorities to our

inadequate means for exercise. How are the nine to practice during the winter without the least provision for a running track, which their captain considers essential to produce the best results? There is no need of the platform at the north end of the hall, save for the Junior Dramatics, and then a temporary stage could be erected with not much more expense than has always been necessary to enlarge the present permanent one. The horizontal bar is said to be unsuitable for the use to which it should be put; the dumb-bells are too few in number and altogether too heavy to serve any beneficial purpose, and the same objection applies, in a less degree, to the Indian clubs. The chest-weights, which should be the most useful feature of all, are practically worthless; heavy, noisy, antiquated, and continually getting out of order, no one can use them to advantage. An effort to do so for five minutes discourages most men, and especially those who greatly need some bodily training, who devote themselves to hard study and a close application to work. This class find nothing in the Gym suited to their strength, and, after one or two trials, cease from their visits entirely. Proper facilities for bathing should be added, as there is no other preventive so sure against contracting colds after violent exercise; and provision made for lighting the building in the evening, which is the most convenient time of the whole day for a large number of the students. In no other direction could money be so well expended as in remedying these defects, and if some person of experience were authorized to lay out a sum of money in providing proper apparatus, what is now an almost useless feature of the college would become at once pleasant and profitable.

A ROMANCE SPOILED.

TOM LYMAN had just completed his first term at — College. He imagined himself particularly fortunate, as he had been made a member of one of the first secret societies of the college; and also congratulated himself that his report would be unstained with conditions, or its beauty marred with "lows."

He was now returning home, and, as he had concluded a day's visit in Albany with some friends, he was obliged to proceed to New York alone.

That day there chanced to be a number of passengers on the train, and Lyman, with the greatest difficulty, obtained a seat in the Pullman car. Among his fellow travelers were several of the New York Legislature, a number of ladies and business men, but none attracted him more than a handsome young lady who sat directly opposite him. She was a decided brunette, with—odd to relate—dark blue eyes. Her features *tout ensemble* were refined, and her small mouth, which was actively engaged in smiling over a book she was reading, immediately demanded the attention of her *vis-à-vis*, who was of a most impressible nature.

While engaged in carefully scanning this pretty young lady, whose eyes had not yet been lifted from her entertaining and apparently amusing novel, Tom noticed that the scarf about her neck was fastened with—he could hardly realize his good fortune—yes, with a badge of the society of which he was a member.

Now this young man, though he was a Freshman, and might be supposed to be by this time slightly improved under a term of Sophomore rule, had lived nearly all his life in New York, been out in society a great deal, and therefore flattered himself that his knowledge of the other sex was considerable. So he began to think what would be the best way to open a conversation with a young lady from whom he was almost certain to receive encouragement. That she was wearing a pin of the same fraternity to which he belonged was a sufficient passport for an acquaintance, by means of which his journey would be made much more agreeable.

Unbuttoning his coat in such a way as to disclose his badge, and leaning a trifle forward, Tom, with his most fascinating smile, said, "I beg pardon for disturbing you, Miss, but permit me to enquire if your brother is a member of this society," pointing to his pin.

Mr. Lyman's wonderful familiarity with human nature had evidently failed him this time, as the young lady slowly raised her head, gave him a

look that he would remember to his dying day, and very curtly replied:

"No, sir."

Tom, as may readily be supposed, was compelled to feel snubbed, and the unconcealed mirth of the people sitting near by, who had closely watched the whole affair, only added to his embarrassment. He dared not look at his conquerer again, so in a few moments repaired to the smoking compartment, where he found solace in his cigar.

As the train was nearing its destination, our friend, whose mind had been busy with schemes how he might yet meet his "idol," as he called her, walked back to his seat with customary composure.

She was looking out the window, and appeared not to notice him as he sat down. While bending over to get his valise, etc., he saw that the young lady's traveling bag was marked "5th Ave., New York." Both the number of the house and the name he was unable to make out.

At length, much to Tom's relief, the train had thundered into the 42d Street station, and already a large portion of the passengers had vacated the car. Giving a farewell glance at the independent brunette, and mentally resolving that he would undergo even the ordeal of fire to know her, the disappointed Freshman betook himself to his residence.

There all remarked on his before unheard of absent-mindedness, but with much adroitness he parried successfully the numerous questions asked him. When dinner was nearly ended, the servant placed before him a note containing an invitation to a large ball on the following night.

"By Gad! This is lucky," exclaimed Tom, thinking that there he would meet the mysterious 5th Ave. beauty.

"What do you mean, my son?" asked his mother, observing his pleased expression.

"Well, you see—'er, it's agreeable to be remembered by one's friends so soon after coming home. That's all," was the confused reply.

Poor Lyman went to the ball on the next evening with a happy heart, dreaming that success was nigh, but he was disappointed, as the face he sought for did not appear, nor did any of his

You see, sir, I have just finished my collegiate education, or—ah—rather not quite just, but comparatively just; my customary vacation of four months has been whiled away visiting sunny Italy, where amongst the lakes made blue by those lovely tinted skies, I have been writing my treatise on—

"You want a place?"

"Situation, sir, yes, sir, I do. Of course I should be contented to begin at the bottom, as book-keeper or even cashier. I do not care to be overwhelmed with salary for the first year. I should be contented with \$2,500.00 *per annum*. At the same time, sir, I should like to come in for a few extras. Take the hypothesis that you have a daughter who is beautiful. I would be willing, in addition to my regular office duties, to escort her to the opera four nights a week, for the advanced sum of \$1.00 per evening. If your daughter is an heiress and willing to be loved, I might come down to 50 cts. per evening."

"Is that all?"

"Well I was going to say, sir, that I couldn't well get here before eleven o'clock in the morning, and should want to leave at least by three o'clock. Then in regard to your daughter, sir. We must make some further arrangements. Suppose as an antithesis to the hypothesis that she was beautiful, she turned out to be decidedly homely, and one whose matrimonial possibilities were growing beautifully less day by day. I should have to be guaranteed against a breach of promise suit in case of her misconstruing my intentions. Does your wife drive? If she does I am generally considered a good whip."

"Oh, yes. But have you no further wants?"

"Well, ha, ha! Of course I should like to feel, sir, about Christmas, that I could tack my hose to your table with a reasonable expectation that I should find therein a tofull of Western Union, to say nothing of U. S. bonds in the heel."

"In case you should die, would you like to be buried in my family lot?"

"I'd be willing—"

At this point the door suddenly opened in response to an electric bell, which Mr. Sellemout had touched, and which was labeled "BOUNCER."

Three gentlemen entered the room, and after an interview of five minutes they went out with what could be identified of Mr. George Cheeke.

He was buried in the family lot.

That's what a collegiate education will do for a man in the field of business.

J. K. RANGS.

TO AN OLD INDIAN PIPE.

YOU quaint old pipe from Macinac,
The isle of many a gust and flaw,
What there in by-gone years you saw
Ope your carved lips and tell us.
Have you e'er seen in leafy shade
An Indian lover, Indian maid,
Now bold, now bashful, now afraid,
And now insanely jealous?

Had she wild, sweet, coquettish ways?
Like some girls in these modern days,
Did she persist in giving "Nays"
In spite of his beseeching?
Or did she, with a sudden start,
Ne'er thinking of coquettish art,
Surrender him her loving heart
At her true heart's own teaching?

Perchance you were a calumet;
And when the chieftains all were met,
And round the council-fire were set,
In turn each one inhaling
Through your long stem the fragrant smoke,
And each wrapt in his warrior's cloak,
With slow and solemn gesture spoke
Until the stars were paling.

You quaint old pipe—carved out so well;
Since I've no power to break your spell
I guess you've naught at all to tell—
Sour grapes are quite poor eating;
I feel quite sure you were the pipe
Of some red man of common type;
And common soldiers cooked his tripe
For lying and for cheating.

JACQUES.

A PAIR OF EYES.

NEAR the end of August I was in the great metropolis of America, that vast medley of streets, vehicles, and human beings, which seem to the flurried visitor to be one grand confusion, a confusion which the assisted German emigrant well describes. "When I am in a hurry, every body else is in a hurry except the man just in front of me." You perhaps may have surmised

"My case exactly," began the gentleman with light hair, who sat on my right. I noticed that the two last speakers were feeling pretty happy, probably not from claret. "Yes," he continued, "but instead of one pair of eyes I saw several. In my office and on the street continually, familiar faces would approach me, and a couple of eyes would look almost through me. At home, too, men would call in with the same sort of eyes, and finally I have got superstitious about it, and have not been to the office or house for several days."

"Gentlemen!" said a stranger, walking up. I had noticed the man sitting alone at a table in front of me. "Gentlemen, excuse me for listening to your stories, but my table was so near I could hardly help hearing you. If you will pardon my intrusion, I have had an experience similar to this gentleman's," nodding toward the man with side-whiskers, "only in my case I possessed the eyes. I remember one night I met a man in Chicago, and he seemed,—why I do not know how to express it,—well, say to mesmerize me. I was influenced by him in some way, and followed him to New Orleans, and then to New York, and—"

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said the man with the side-whiskers, rising, "but I promised to get back early to-night, and I have just time to catch the train. Many thanks," nodding to me.

"Excuse me too," said the new comer, "and I will accompany you, for you are the man I have been compelled to follow for five weeks. There is a matter of ninety thousand dollars I want you to see about in Chicago. There is no one who can tell more about it probably than you. You are Jones, the defaulting cashier. I'm Mills, of the Secret Service."

"Gentlemen," said Jones, in a crest-fallen way, "those are the eyes I foolishly told about. Mr. Mills, I give it up. Good night," he added, as Mills took his arm. After he had gone, the man with the light hair got up nervously, saying:

"Are you detectives?"

"No," we answered, smilingly.

"Well, at any rate, my creditors are hunting for me, and I think I will risk no more eyes. Good bye."

"What are you?" I inquired of the man that remained; "the murderer of Carey, or of Rose Ambler? Neither? Well, we have dined with rather a strange party to-night. That man Jones, the police have been looking for since the middle of July. The last train leaves in ten minutes, so we had better start, if we want to get to New York to-night." H.

POETRY OF STUDY HOURS.

G LIMPSES of gently waving trees,
With lover's walks and rustic seats,
Fair maidens singing college glees
Within the woodland's quaint retreats.
Visions of hammocks and of books,
Of meadows green and sloping lawn,
Remembrances of tender looks,
Of favors granted and withdrawn.
Pictures of shining, glistening sand,
And crested waves that fall and rise,
With sail-boats tacking toward the land,
The lovely girl you idolize
Smiling from out a cloud of lace
With the same fascinating art,
Through which, when first you saw her face,
She made sad havoc with your heart.
All these and more, on golden wings
Float airily within your brain,
A host of dim fantastic things
Another June will bring again.
You throw your lexicon aside,
Nor strive to stem the swelling stream,
But gently drifted by the tide
Within your arm-chair sweetly dream.

AN EMBARRASSING POSITION.

PHIL STAIRBORE must have considered his unpopularity a problem incapable of explanation. He was always well dressed,—one of the best dressed men in college; of rather prepossessing appearance; with a good mark in scholarship; and endowed with that quality, so highly esteemed by students, of liberally subscribing to every enterprise brought to his attention. Yet he was plainly an object of dislike to his fellow-students, to whom the cause of the prejudice, as he regarded it, was very apparent. Before his class was a week old, all the upper-classmen anathematized "that impudent Freshman with the persistent stare who seemed to

COULEUR DE ROSE.

A FLOWER, a lock of soft brown hair
That round my finger twines and clings,
A glove stretched by a hand so fair
That played sweet chords on my heart-strings.

These all belonged to one fair maid,
Who daily tuned in different key
The heart on which she sometimes played
A dirge, sometimes a rhapsody.

As these small souvenirs I view,
My quick imagination glows,
The prospect does not seem all blue;
In fact, it seems *couleur de Rose!*

I. W. A.

ATHLETICS.

WE are pleased to see that some changes have been made in the Athletic programme this year, and we congratulate the Athletic Board on its enterprise. The rope-pull has been entirely changed. The teams are to consist of six men; total weight, nine hundred pounds, limited. The pull is to be conducted in the way described in the last ARGO. It is a decided improvement. The tedious five-mile walk is done away with, and vaulting with pole substituted. Also, a consolation race has been added. All entries this year close on October 9th. The officers of the Athletic Association for the ensuing year are as follows: President, J. H. Safford; Vice-President, C. B. Hewes, '85; Secretary and Treasurer, J. F. Huckel, '85; Directors, H. B. Woodbridge, '84, W. S. Ferris, '85, Dixwell Hewitt, '86, Harry Hubbell, '87; Judges, C. C. Richardson, '84, H. J. Brown, '85, J. M. Lasell, '86, Walter Perry, '87; Referee on walking, H. J. Rogers, '84; Time-keepers, G. R. Trowbridge, '84, J. C. Hubbell, '85; Starter, John Burke, '84; Referee, Mr. Bliss Perry.

DURING the strike of the telegraph operators a worthy deacon who "got left" telegraphed home a follows: "Awful! Missed the train. Will be home to-morrow." Somewhere along the line there must have been a green hand, for when that innocent little message reached the loving wife it read: "Am full! Missed the train. Will be home to-morrow."—*Lehigh Burr.*

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE new year classes seem doomed to defeat in base ball both as Sophomores and Freshmen.

DID you get wet going to the show last Saturday?

SENIOR elections to-day!—if they are not again postponed.

THE Seniors began sitting for their class pictures last week.

ANDREWS, '86, has gone home because of trouble with his eyes.

THE last slat has been placed in position on the Morgan steps.

FRESHMAN to Senior—"Say, how do they preserve that manikin?"

IT is rumored that a chapter of Δ. Ψ. is to be established in college.

F. T. RAMSEY, '84, has been elected president of the *Athenaeum* board.

WAS it skill or "bull-head" that gave '85 the interclass championship?

THE Junior Germans had their first examination in the subject last week.

SOPH. to Prof. in Latin—"Professor, I could not get that *uxor*." Class antes up.

R. S. NICHOLS, '85, has left college and gone to Minneapolis, where he will engage in business.

'85 HAS established her reputation for base ball now, and is giving odds for the rest of the course.

BY the addition of Mr. A. H. Hall of Binghamton, the Freshmen now number eighty-five men.

SOME '87 men talk of having a tennis court near those already in use back of the old Gym ruins.

'84 is the only class in college that has an unbroken record in interclass games since its entrance.

E. J. SWIFT and E. C. Coulter, formerly of '86, have entered '85, the one at Amherst, the other at Princeton.

WE notice that the Dartmouth ball throw was only 324 feet. What would they think of our right fielder's exploits?

RUMOR has it that in addition to the already established chorus, the musical talent of '87 is to be displayed in a quartette comprising the following men: 1st tenor, D. I. Jackson; 2d tenor, L. L. Lewis; 1st bass, F. J. Fessenden; 2d bass, R. W. Kimball.

PROF.—“Now will you name the three divisions of this subject?” JUNIOR—“The first, the second, and the third.” PROF.—“Not quite right. In what two senses is the word ‘thing’ used?” JUNIOR—“In the general sense of a thing, and—in another sense.”

ON the evening of the 29th instant a large number of students braved the very dark and stormy night to see Rice's Surprise Party in “Pop.” In the chorus of one of the songs Williams joined in, much to the amusement of the rest of the audience.

YOUNG lady to Senior—“Do you play tennis much?” Y. L.'s Brother—“I should think he did. You should have seen him beat me a love set yesterday.” Y. L.—“Oh, but you know *you* can't play any.” And now she wonders why the Senior treats her so coldly.

FRESHMAN—“What is the difference, Professor, between ‘paro’ and ‘tremo?’” PROF.—“‘Paro’ differs from ‘tremo’ by its slower yet greater vacillations in the inner organs, and designates the anxiety which causes a higher pulsation of the heart and disturbs the proper functions of the soul.”

THE Freshmen's team for the rope-pull has not yet been selected, but all the available men are hard at work in the Gym, and from them the choice will finally be made. Such energy as this has not been exhibited for some time, and the patrons of the amphitheatre now know the cause of the unearthly sounds that disturb their recitations.

THE football men express a great deal of indignation at the tardiness of the base ball management in relinquishing the campus. Now that they have it, however, it is to be hoped that our ability in the Fall sport will be made more apparent than during the past few years. The eleven are to have the same privileges in cutting as were allowed the nine last spring.

PERSONALS.

'51. G. E. Clarke is cashier of the Falmouth National Bank. He was principal of the Lawrence Academy for eleven years.

'52. Williamstown was visited by H. L. Lewis, of Chicago, last week.

'54. H. R. Murdock is a lawyer and dealer in real estate at Stillwater, Minn.

'59. Alonzo Alden is a lawyer and agent, 17 First street, Troy, N. Y.

'59. Joseph Dana Bartley is principal of the High School in Bridgeport, Conn. He has been very successful as a teacher, having had charge of the schools of Skaneateles, Newburyport, Concord, and Burlington.

'59. S. G. W. Benjamin is an author and artist, 741 Broadway, New York city.

'59. J. T. Gulick is a missionary in Kobe, Japan.

'59. J. D. Hyde is a lawyer. His address is U. S. Land Office, Visalia, California.

'59. J. W. James is a merchant at 123 Maiden Lane, New York city.

'59. Rev. E. B. Parsons, who has charge of the Necrological lists of the Alumni, is soon to publish a new catalogue of all Williams graduates, with their addresses.

'62. E. B. Cutler is a doctor at Waltham, Mass.

'62. Ely has been a merchant in Morrison, Ill., for many years.

'67. Francis L. Stetson passed last Sunday in Williamstown; he was returning to New York from Buffalo, where he was one of the delegates to the Convention.

'68. Information has been received of the death of Worthington LaGrange during the vacation.

'69. Alfred C. Chapin was nominated for Controller of New York by the Democratic Convention held in Buffalo last week.

'69. John B. Thacher was one of the delegates from Albany to the Democratic Convention.

'73. Chas. B. Wheeler was married during the summer to Miss Rochester, and, in company with his wife, passed some time in Williamstown.

'81. Harry Knox recently spent a few days with his friends at college.

worn out item that Williams editors are excused from essays; were it not useless, we should deny the statement.

The *Harvard Herald*, in its first issue to reach us, shows no sign of lowering the high standard it has maintained hitherto, and it is a relief to turn to its pages, if only to find one exchange with no mention of Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and his $\Phi. B. K.$ address of last June. Whether this silence is due to the innate and well known modesty of the Harvard man, or to the fact that a prophet is without honor in his own country, Jason knows not; at any rate, he hopes to hear no more of that address, while, not at all loath to profit by its practical application—about the time of the millennium, probably.

What say, steward? The *Nassau Lit*, eh! Quick, bring me my slippers, dressing-gown, and pipe, and tell the first mate to take charge of the deck, to-night. This prize story is too good to keep waiting.

LIFE AT OTHER COLLEGES.

YALE.—The Freshman Class numbers 257 in all.—The new College Book Store, run by the students and in their own interest, is a highly appreciated success.—\$20,000 more is to be raised for the new athletic grounds. Complaints have been made over the slowness of the work.—The prospects for football seem doubtful, there being five vacancies to be filled on the eleven.

PRINCETON.—The old growl, chapel and chapel absences.—Football begins early.—A Fall Athletic Meeting is projected.—A Tennis Association has been formed, with an initiation fee of five dollars a court.—The receipts of the Athletic Association for the past year amounted to \$816.

AMHERST.—The total receipts for the Base Ball Association last year amounted to \$1,709.—The *Student Breakfast*, instituted last Commencement, was a great success, and will probably become a custom.—The new Gymnasium is in the course of construction.—The Tennis Tournament commenced on September 18th.—Pres. Seelye's son, who graduated in '79, has been recently elected to the chair of Greek at Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa.

CORNELL.—In connection with Political Economy, a course of Free Trade lectures will be delivered by Prof. Adams of Michigan University, and a series of Protective lectures administered as an antidote, by Hon. Ellis H. Roberts.—Considerable excitement is manifested over the attempt of Prof. Fiske to break his wife's will, by which, if he were successful, the college would lose the possession of about \$1,500,000.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The standard of admission has been raised, notably in English studies, and the course has been extended.—Football reigns supreme in the Fall.—The crew last spring made the best American College record, of eight minutes and thirty-nine seconds.—The eleven won the annual cricket match from Haverford, by an inning and six runs.—'84 has instituted the novel feature of a *Greek Club*.

OSLER.—The *Review* says: "At Williams, the faculty excuse the editors from essays." Not if we know it.—Oberlin, last Commencement, celebrated its fiftieth anniversary.

OLIPPINGS.

THE Faculty have had the usual number of chances to say: "Very sorry, sir—but."—*Courant*.

OLD Lady (to Prof. in Astronomy)—"I can see how you can learn about the size and distance and weight, and all the different motions of them ere stars, but I don't see how you ever learn their names."—*Bates Student*.

VESTIGIA RERUM.

Well, what's to pay? The Summer's fled,
The three long months of nought but bum.
What profit 's in the life I've led,
Now that September drear has come?
Some study? Never! not a word!
The Summer 's not the time for that.
To work when you can loaf 's absurd,
And I have too much sense—that 's flat!
Some broken hearts? Well, two or three,
Which very little difference make.
'Tis so that I may practiced be,
Before I make the grand miss take.
Then what is there for me to show—
What Summer's work from which to choose?
And Echo sally answers: "Oh!
A half a dozen I. O. U.'s!"—*Univ. Mag.*

THE ARGO.

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THE ARGO.

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Terms, \$2.00 per year in advance. Single copies 15 cents.

Students and graduates of Williams are requested to contribute articles, verses, letters, and Alumni notes.

WE sincerely regret the number of typographical errors in the last ARGO, and especially the one in which Delta Upsilon was metamorphosed to Delta Psi, thus giving an impression to persons unacquainted with the college that one of our oldest and most respected societies was not even in existence. What was then meant to be stated as a rumor has since become a fact, and we are glad to welcome a new fraternity in "Old Williams," and wish Delta Upsilon all possible success.

IT is with reluctance that we feel obliged to censure the actions of certain individuals in college, especially concerning a matter to which attention has been repeatedly called in the past by the college papers; but the youthful ebullitions of the underclassmen have again been displayed, and it seems advisable to speak a word of warning to the offenders. Last year after the renovations in South and West were completed, the same childishness was for a time exhibited; now it is confined to Morgan. We refer to the disfigurement with pencil marks, comments on this class or that, etc., which are gradually spoiling the appearance of the whited walls in certain parts of the basement. Men do not seem to realize that, unless this thing is

stopped, their privileges will be greatly curtailed, if not altogether taken away, and that they alone will suffer the consequences. Their pride in the building, if they are lacking in more gentlemanly instincts, should be a sufficient motive for checking the abuse, and we trust that we shall hear no more of it in the future.

THE customary challenge for a Joint Debate has been sent to the 'Logian Society from the 'Technians, and probably the speakers have been chosen by this time. The oratorical and literary ability of many, both in '84 and '85, augurs a treat that will be worth listening to, and there is no apparent reason why it should not prove a success. If it may not seem presuming, however, we would suggest that the subject for debate be some live topic of the day, similar to that which was taken last year. In '81, the contest was rather dry and uninteresting, though the speakers had evidently spent much time and labor on it, and, contrasted to last year's debate, it was enjoyed by the audience far less. The tendency of the age is to discuss and become more familiar with matters relative to the present, than to investigate to any great extent those of the past. This propensity is just as applicable to the college as the outside world, and, if it may be observed in the latter, why is it not as easy to encourage it in the former? Were this advice heeded, it would be reasonable to predict that the debaters will advance their arguments before a more attentive and interested audience.

WE see by the last *Dartmouth* that, while they acknowledge the present excellence of our nine, they think they could make a much better average record in the intercollegiate league than Williams. Whether Williams will apply for admission to the league is at present very doubtful, as there are several conditions to be first fulfilled; and whether she would be admitted is

also open to question, but we do not see in what respect our claims are inferior to those of the New Hampshire college—unless, indeed, it be the fact that the latter has once been a member of the league. The material at hand from which to choose players improves with each incoming class, and at the end of the next season we shall lose but one man. For three or four years, at least, the excellence of the nine is assured. In regard to accessibility, we are better off than either Dartmouth or Amherst, having direct railroad communication with Boston, New Haven, and New York, and can reach Amherst as conveniently as any college can. When, therefore, Williams does apply for admission, her claims will certainly be as strong as those of any outside college; and from the friendly expressions of several exchanges, we hope that circumstances will soon permit such an application.

FOOTBALL prospects this fall are more promising than we have ever known them before, but at the same time there are certain features in the preparation for meeting other colleges which seem open to criticism and improvement. The second eleven, or at any rate eleven other players, ought to be on the field and ready to give the team thorough practice every day, and not to oblige them to play in a crippled condition, as has happened several times recently. It seemed scarcely a sufficient excuse for omitting three days' training that some of the men intended to enter the athletic sports and were afraid of being disabled before they occurred; surely it is of more importance that the college make a good record in football, than that certain individuals should take one or two athletic prizes. So much in reference to the players; but the general body of students have a duty to perform as well. They should attend the practice games and exhibit an active interest by their presence on the campus, and appreciation of good playing; for nothing is so discouraging to a team as to work day after day without receiving the least testimony that anybody is concerned in their success. Money, also, is necessary, and every man should subscribe as much as he feels that he justly can. We have earned a reputation in base ball, and it

now behooves us to see what is possible in the other great game of American colleges.

WITH all due respect to the matters of our curriculum, we should like to comment a little on the way one study is treated in the Senior schedule. Only three weeks of advance and one week of hasty review is devoted to the broad and important study of Physiology. In speaking of this subject we are not voicing the criticisms of two or three men taking the study, but are echoing the sentiment and dissatisfaction of the whole class. The Seniors say that they have rushed through the subject so hastily that they do not actually know one-half they want to about it. They claim that it is impossible in such long lessons to thoroughly master or even get an intelligent idea of the subject matter. Now we know that it was beyond the power of the professor of the subject to conduct this recitation otherwise, as he is about to leave for Europe for several months to take charge of a table at Naples. But is that sufficient reason why fifty-five Seniors should give up studying the subject, never, perhaps, to take it up again? Could not a course of lectures be given to the class? Perhaps the same gentleman that lectures to the Freshmen could do a like service to '84. We are confident that the latter would appreciate anything that should be done about the matter, and we hope sincerely action may be taken before it is too late.

IT is a disagreeable thing to harp on an old and much discussed subject, but a recent occurrence has again brought it to our notice. We refer to the excellent marking system now practiced by at least two of our Faculty. Both of these gentlemen have discarded the worn-out and evidently unfair method of ranking a man by his daily recitations, and have substituted for it monthly examinations, by means of which his standing in class may be determined more accurately. The old plan has been in vogue here for many years, and undergraduates as well as alumni have cried out against it with little or no success. Many of our colleges have abandoned it for a more modern and just gradation, and, were all

of our professors to do the same, the accruing advantages would be too numerous to state. Then, too, the dropping of men from the study they are deficient in until the back work is made up is a most wise move, as a student who has been neglecting his regular duties in a particular study knows that it behooves him to pass his second examination as soon as possible, or he will experience difficulty in catching up with the class when he is readmitted. It is, therefore, with pleasure that we greet this change; and it is to be hoped that, in the near future, the officers of this college will follow the beneficial example of those who have anticipated them.

THE tournament of the past two weeks has attracted unusual attention to Tennis, and care should by all means be taken to keep up the interest thus far displayed. The first requisite to this is the laying out of as large a number of new courts as possible by the Tennis Association, in order that the game shall be supported by the College in general, and not, as has been the case, by private individuals. The arrangements in regard to the use of these courts could be made afterwards, but steps should at once be taken towards such an increase in the number of sets. The question, Where shall these courts be laid? naturally suggests that all space should be utilized, and brings before us the discussion of the state in which the West College Campus is. Several nets have already been put up, and room could easily be made for several more if the improvements we are about to propose were carried out. The mass of unsightly ruins, relics of the old-new Gymnasium, not only disfigures the whole surroundings, but renders impossible any practical use of the ground on which the unfortunate building was situated. By the removal of these obstructions room could be made for at least one new court, while by clearing away the old stone heap that stands and has stood for years, surrounded by evergreens, near the center of the Campus, it would be possible to lay out several others at but a slight cost for grading; and we hope that in the interests of Tennis, prompt action will be taken upon this suggestion.

ABOUT a year ago the college authorities were requested, through our columns, to provide the dormitories with adequate fire-escapes, but so far nothing has been done in this direction. What we are supposed to do, is exhibited in the case of Morgan, the most modern building connected with the college. According to the janitor, students rooming there are expected to own ropes, or, as the halls are separated from each other by fireproof partitions, to ascend to the small garret, if so it may be called, which extends the whole length of the building, just under the ridge pole, and to creep along to another hall. In theory both plans are excellent, but in order to carry them out, in the one case a man must be more or less of an athlete, and the latter alternative is virtually impracticable, since, with the smoke rolling up through the sky-lights, no one could walk twenty feet along the passage before he would be suffocated. With the arrangement of the staircases, they would be swept away almost as soon as a fire broke out, and no possible means of escape would be left. One step, at least, has been taken towards a better order of things in this new edifice; only the occupants of the hall which is on fire will be sacrificed; in the older buildings all would be lost. Surely the lives of college students are no less valuable than those of mill-operators and the occupants of tenement-houses; the expense would not be very large, and we fully believe that, if the college treasury cannot stand the drain, enough money could be raised among interested parents to pay for the innovation. We hope soon to see the improvement introduced, for it is especially essential in a town like Williamstown, without the smallest apology for a fire department, not even an old-fashioned hand-engine.

THE ARGO acknowledges the receipt of an invitation to the intercollegiate tennis tournament at Hartford, last week.

MESSRS. T. P. Knight, '84, and A. C. Babize, '85, have been elected to the board of editors of the *Athenacum*. Mr. J. M. Lasell, '86, has been elected assistant business manager.

A CONVERSATION.

I HAD accepted an invitation to an informal musicale. The evening arrived and, adorned with a P. Boland necktie (besides some other clothes), I started out, my instrument under my arm. Suddenly it occurred to me that my music-rack had never been removed from the gym, where our once famous orchestra held its rehearsals. Thither I bent my steps.

It was about eight o'clock, and the building was as dark as a pocket. Groping my way to the corner of the gallery, I was surprised to hear the sound of voices issuing from its dark recess, and pausing to listen, I overheard the following conversation: "I wish the good old days would come back, when we used to be transported around the country to lend our services at concerts; but I am afraid I will never hold any more flute music, so long as Moosley is a director of the ball nine. However, now that the Chicagos have lost the championship, perhaps his interest in field sports will wane."

The mournful tones of the silvery voice died away.

"Dear me," piped up a shrill voice: "I have only played in three concerts with you, but I guess Saffy will let Tom go if we ever start out again. Such fun as we had, too!" A pause, then a sonorous voice put in, "Well, do you know I have nearly cried my eyes out since I heard that Solomon has joined a Tennis Club. I was so attached to the trombone, and had become quite accustomed to the odor of beer, wafted through its sinuous windings." A long drawn sigh following, testified the truth of this remark. "O, concerts be hanged," put in a deep bass voice. "You bet your boots I don't go jackass-ing around to any more shindigs given by this crowd, not if I know it." The floor vibrated, and a feeble titter was audible from the corner. "Well, I go wherever Pinnes does," spoke another, "and he says we ought to travel all over the United States to give concerts, so that people generally may have an opportunity to hear the 'Moss-covered Galop.'" "Yes," said a voice whose sweet and sympathetic tones sent a thrill through me, recalling refrains from Boccherini and Schumann, "Willie has a beautiful new pair

of pants that would grace the streets of any city, and a—." At this point a door slammed below, and all the conversation ceased. I advanced and lighted a match. There were the racks piled in a promiscuous heap, some in order and others disjointed. Picking out my own I found that its cerebro-spinal system was a complete wreck. Perhaps it was just as well that no remarks were made about me within my hearing.

A STUDY.

A BED of sparkling water,
With the golden sun portrayed
Upon its laughing bosom,
As though it perchance had strayed
From out of the happy heavens
In an hour of sinful mirth,
To play with the sparkling wavelets
That lay in the lap of earth.

A boat of ligh'est texture
Pushed mid the nodding reeds,
In a bay of fairy pattern,
Where the sloping bank recedes;
Clusters of water-lilies
Outside the tiny port,
And a bunch of snowy petals
Across the middle thwart.

Two oars in the listless rowlocks
Lying at perfect rest,
And the prettiest of maidens
Weighing a youth's request.

AN ADVENTURE IN HEIDELBERG OASTLE.

WE had been on the move for a month. The novelty of traveling in Europe had begun to wear off, and we were beginning to realize how pleasant it would be to see a familiar face, but without, as yet, feeling that weariness of sight-seeing which always follows long and uninterrupted travel, when we arrived at Heidelberg. I remember how impressed we were with its quaint old streets and bridges, and the grand old castle frowning down upon us from the hill, and how pleased we were with our hotel perched high above the town, near the castle; but our happiness was complete when we found the Stanfields, old friends from America, at the same hotel. It is unnecessary to say that there were young ladies in their party,—that is to be implied from the remark just made,—

case. It seemed hours before we reached the opening, and sunlight never was so grateful as when we emerged from that dreadful darkness. Miss Stanfield was almost exhausted, and I was compelled to nearly carry her to the guard-room, where we were soon the center of a wondering group, listening to our story.

In a few minutes lights and guns were obtained, and with half a dozen men I went back to the staircase and descended once again to the gallery in which we had been so badly frightened a few minutes before. Our torches disturbed countless numbers of bats, which flew hither and thither above us, producing the rushing noise of which I have spoken. When we reached the turn in the corridor we heard again the shriek that had chilled our blood, and saw once more the gleam of the fiery eyes. One of the party took careful aim and fired.

Upon my bookcase, surveying me with a comical dignity, stands the stuffed figure of an enormous owl. One would never suspect so solemn a bird to have ever been guilty of any mischievous pranks, but if it could only speak it might tell a good story of how it once frightened a pair of adventurous Americans in Heidelberg Castle.

OLD AND NEW.

LET poets sing the old-time girls
Of the reign of good Queen Anne,
With powdered cheeks and auburn curls,
Black patches, and big fan.

Let him who will the graces praise
Of slow-stept minuet,
And let him say in cultured phrase
That "Beauty's sun is set."

I truly think the waltz's whirl
Is as good as the minuet;
And when I look at a modern girl,
The patches I don't regret.

A. C. S.

HER GHOST.

MY entrance examinations for college I had just finished, and was looking forward to soon entering the blissful existence of a Williams Freshman. As I had been studying rather hard and had nothing to do but amuse myself till

September, I determined to accept an invitation from an old friend, who wanted me to spend a few weeks trout-fishing with him. On arriving at my destination, I found that George had been suddenly called away on important business, and as there were no fair maidens in his family I felt I was in for a pretty dull time. However, after denying myself for a day in being as agreeable as possible, the next morning, provided with tackle and lunch, prepared the night before, I started fishing.

I had tried a stream for an hour without luck, and was lolling on the bank, now letting my line drop down the stream with the current, now drawing it slowly back in hopes of enticing some unwary trout, when suddenly the clatter of horses' hoofs aroused me, and running up the bank I saw a lady's saddle horse galloping down the road. Glad of anything to break the monotony of the morning, I shouted, gesticulated wildly, and went through the usual maneuvers so indispensable on such occasions. The horse came within a few yards of me, and then quietly stopped and began nibbling grass. I caught him without trouble, and with my arm through the bridle started in the direction from which he had come, wondering what would happen next. I walked along turning a dozen different thoughts in my mind. Would the rider be pretty, or an ordinary country girl? Should I find her by the road-side badly hurt by her fall? Or perhaps she had been carried to some neighboring farm-house? As I came round a short turn, there, where the road entered a grove of trees, was the object of my thoughts, walking leisurely toward me. She fully came up to the ideal I was conjecturing but a moment before. Dear little hands encased in long riding gloves, short riding habit and dear little—but my observation was cut short. She was so much obliged. She had just gotten down to pick some lovely golden-rod, when Bob took fright at something and galloped down the road. How far had I come with him? It must have put me to great trouble? Would I help her to mount? I had been standing still and had as yet hardly uttered a word. But the thought that she would now ride away and I should not know where she lived, brought me to my senses. I insisted it would be

BALLADE OF MOONLIGHT.

THE night is still, save murmuring
Of little ripples softly rolled
Along the beach, that seem to sing
Of some sweet joy that must be told,
If but in whispers; not as bold
And rushing winds tell their loud glee.
And far above, of shining gold,
The moon illumines a golden sea.

Now sweetly pensive fancies wing
Thro'out our brains, and manifold
Desires and dreams, that ever spring
From quiet thought all uncontrolled.
The night wind sigheth, as of old
Fair Syrinx sighed on Ladon's lea;
And in the heavens high enrolled,
The moon illumines a golden sea.

How like some softly throbbing string,
That seems with melody to hold
Our senses thrall, is this strange ring
Of fancies sweet, by which controlled
We wander up and down the world,
Dreaming what Love and Fate may be.
And as we wandering go, behold!
The moon illumines a golden sea.

L'ENVOY.

The thoughts of youth will aye unfold
Like flowers of the lotus tree.
And let the clime be warm or cold,
The moon illumines a golden sea.

I. W. A.

THE TABLES TURNED.

JOHN GREY was very fond of taking a quiet stroll after tea, with only his cigar for company. During the fall term he generally sought the campus at his favorite hour and wandered among the towering trees, quite oblivious of the people passing on the road, or the snatches of college songs which now and then floated through the open windows of a neighboring dormitory. On one occasion he had seated himself on the ground with his back braced against a tree and, forgetful of his cigar, had allowed his thoughts to wander far away to other scenes—a rustic seat—a brook—a pair of beautiful dark blue eyes—when he became suddenly conscious that a conversation was being carried on very near him. “I tell you to-morrow night's the time; we'll teach the inmates of 27 M a thing or two

about college customs?” “All right,” said another voice, “that suits me, we will make it about eleven o'clock, and you speak to Tom and Kit so as to be sure to have them there.” The speakers passed on and the rest of the conversation was lost. John Grey slowly extracted a match from his pocket and proceeded to relight his cigar, at the same time soliloquizing: “So the dear old custom of hazing is still extant! I think I will introduce a new number into their programme.” John was a Senior at that time, and had lost his sympathy for Sophomoric deviltry. That evening he came to my room and made an engagement with chum and myself for the following night. Next day Grey did not appear at some of the recitations, and I concluded that he had gone to the city. At nine o'clock the expected knock was followed by the entrance of our conspirator, bearing a roomy carpet-bag, which he deposited in a corner while he began to unfold his plan to us. “Doc, here, we will rag out to represent Prof. Steele; you shall impersonate the immaculate Dragon, while I, with my usual modesty, will endeavor to look and act Prex Drayman.” He next produced a key labeled “27 M,” which he had procured from the janitor. The bag was then emptied, and we proceeded to make experiments. Wigs, whiskers, frock coats, and make-ups were there, complete in every detail. Shortly before eleven, Doc went out to reconnoiter, returning almost immediately with the report that the exercises at 27 M had already begun. A few minutes later we three stood outside the Freshmen's door, waiting for the proper moment to arrive. We could hear distinctly all that was said within, and were incensed beyond measure by some of the Sophomoric barbarism displayed. Finally, one of the bullies said: “And now, my dear Freshies, you will soak your nocturnal habiliments in cold water and then proceed to don them, after which you will go to bed like mamma's darlings.” At this point John turned the key noiselessly and swung the door open. We filed in and looked sadly upon the scene. Our Prex said, “Gentlemen, you will give your names.” With stammering tongues, the four pronounced their names, while Doc carefully entered them in a note-book.

THE *Gul* is expected to be ready for publication this year earlier than usual, possibly before Thanksgiving.

DESPITE the rain last Saturday morning, unbuttoned coats were much affected among certain upperclassmen.

ABOUT \$2,000 worth of dressed stone facings for the new Σ. Φ. house has arrived. Work will be commenced soon.

THE Sophomores, having completed the course in biology, have begun the study of philology under Prof. Bliss Perry.

THE storm-cloud that has hung lowering over the heads of us all has at length burst, dropping in a gentle shower of Δ. Y.'s.

THE singing of the numerous German chorals by the choir has been greatly improved by the attempt to render them in unison.

WHO who will protect the skeleton and the manikin from the pernicious habit of cigarette smoking when their guardian leaves?

PEACE to the ashes (be they only of cigarettes) of the College Orchestra. A most pleasant and improving institution has been abandoned.

THERE is some prospect of arranging a game between the winners of the doubles in our forthcoming tournament and the Amherst team later in the fall.

A FRESHMAN of decided literary proclivities recently created a sensation at the college library, by asking for the "Autograph of the Breakfast Table."

A SCROLL and key man, speaking of the secret society system here, said that the Williams plan of keeping open houses is far superior to that of Yale.

MESSRS. PALMER and Winslow, in the Junior tennis tournament, played a very strong and even game. The latter was victorious in two out of three sets.

THE Sophomores had their examination in biology a week ago Friday. This relieved Dr. Clarke of further work here, and he will probably sail this month for Naples, where peculiar advantages are offered for the study of higher zoölogy. We hope to announce his safe return next spring.

THE Freshmen are to be divided according to scholarship in about a week. They have been enjoying the usual examinations preparatory to that change.

ANY ONE with olfactory organs who chances to pass the janitor's apartments in Morgan when the doors are open, does not need to be told the occupant's nationality.

NOTHING is now talked of but athletics, football, and tennis. He is the exception who can devote an hour of extra time to study, reading, or any solitary pursuits.

WHY couldn't a larger number of the Faculty take seats behind the Seniors, and thus afford a little relief to the present uncomfortably crowded condition of the Juniors?

ALL prospective football players are now obliged to have written permissions from home to play, as the Faculty are unwilling to assume responsibility for accidents.

THE Seniors were not the only persons who flunked under the Doctor last Monday. Perhaps a sojourn in Naples will increase a certain Professor's knowledge, however.

THE janitor of Morgan Hall takes visitors in to see the rooms whether the occupants are there or not, and without their permission. Verily the *gaul* of some men is monumental!

THE prize chosen for the rope-pull between '86 and '87 is a large and extremely handsome meerschau pipe, which the winners will, we hope, be allowed to smoke in peace and security.

NOTWITHSTANDING recent improvements, every shower demonstrates that there are still many mudholes in town; the one at the foot of the mansion house hill is especially annoying.

THE athletic prizes, having been sent C. O. D., were obliged to lie in "hock," so to speak, for some time, owing to the fact that the subscribers were dilatory in paying what they promised.

'87's CLASS election took place on Saturday, October 6th, with the following result:—president, F. N. Van Duzee; vice-president, H. V. Youngman; secretary and treasurer, J. T. Cole; choragus, L. L. Lewis; class historian, C. L. Maxcy; class poet, N. H. Thompson.

EXTRA-COLLEGIATE.

THE dudes in New York are in danger of a rapid decline, and are greatly depressed. They have to pay with the common crowd only two cents for the newspapers.

ROSE AMBLER'S murderer has not yet been found.

QUOTATIONS—Fish balls. At Breeze's—no demand.

QUOTATIONS—Beef at Washington market—tender. Wilson house—middling. Williamstown—steady and tough.

A MAN in Richmond county, Va., while in a fit of frenzy, killed his mother-in-law. It is reported that it was temporary madness.

INTENSE excitement prevails in the produce exchange in New York. A monopolist has made a corner in eggs, having bought up the market for several weeks.

Now that the tax has been taken off paper, the number of young men smoking cigarettes has been terribly increased, and the free traders are despondent. It is alleged that they are curiously inclined toward protection in consequence.

QUOTATIONS—for Troy and Boston Stocks, 148; a rise of 15 per cent. The reason for this sudden increase is supposed to be due to the unusual promptness of the officials, the trains being behind hand only 168 times, including but three accidents, with four men killed, during the past two weeks.

A MAN in Connecticut has invented a machine by which he can kill people without anybody's knowledge. It consists of a belt worn around the waist. By pressing his left elbow in his side the machine is cocked, and by a like movement with his right arm the thing goes off, and sends a little pillet of poison in the victim's body, causing death without a sound. It is rumored that the directors for football and athletics have procured these to work on dilatory subscribers. UNO.

PERSONALS.

Dr. Holmes of Albany, has been elected a member of the recitation visiting committee of this college.

Judge Dewy, class of 1840, has returned to his home after a few days' sojourn in Williamstown.

'44. Mr. J. Lasell, a week ago last Sunday was in town.

'59. D. J. Barber is a merchant in North Adams.

'59. Hon. S. G. W. Benjamin, the United States Consul General to Persia, was received by the Shah with Oriental magnificence. Our communication about Hon. Mr. Benjamin in last issue proved incorrect.

'59. M. L. Berger is preaching at Claverack, N. Y.

'59. William Sage Hyde is the cashier of the National Bank at Ware, Mass.

'59. Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden of Columbus, Rev. Henry A. Schaufliker of Austria, and Rev. Henry C. Haskell, formerly of the Bulgarian Mission, took active part in the recent meeting of the American Board at Detroit.

'59. Thomas H. Woods is a lawyer at Meridian, Miss.

'59. S. Wright is a manufacturer at Pownal, Vermont.

'61, '62. Rev. Charles L. Hutchins of Medford, Mass., and Rev. Dr. Henry Austice of Rochester, N. Y., are the Secretary and Assistant Secretary of the National Episcopal Convention, now in session at Philadelphia.

'62. R. D. Cook is a lawyer in Albany, N. Y.

'62. Gordon Frazer is a doctor in New York City. His address is 321 West 35th St.

'62. Eugene T. Gardner is a lawyer at 85 Broadway, New York City.

'62. Col. Archibald Hopkins is Clerk in the U. S. Court of Claims, Washington, D. C.

'62. A. M. Moore is a lawyer at Lowell, Mass.

'63. Rev. John G. Davenport, pastor of the Congregational Church, Waterbury, Conn., and Secretary of his class, has in press a very interesting Class Report.

'71-'17. Wilhelmus Mynderse and G. R. Livingstone lately spent a few days in Williamstown.

'73. "The friends of missions everywhere will be pained to learn of the death of Rev. Charles W. Calhoun, M.D., of the Syrian Mission of the Presbyterian Board, who was taken suddenly

development between November and March.—The outlook for success in football this fall is very bright.—Several members of the Faculty have taken to bicycle riding.—The expense of the Boat Club last year amounted to \$6,323.—The *Lampoon* is in danger of discontinuance, owing to lack of financial support in the College.—The Fall Scratch Races were rowed to-day.—The *Advocate* has entered on its nineteenth year.—The Harvard-Yale series of eight-oared races now stands five to three in favor of Harvards.—The experiment of a boy choir has been begun.—The Co-operative System has proved a great success.—Harvard won both singles and doubles in the Tennis Tournament.

YALE.—The Fall Athletic Meeting is held to-day at Hamilton Park.—The *Record* offers a silver cup to the winner of the half-mile run.—The Scientific School has suffered a severe loss by the death of Prof. Norton.—Freshmen fail to take interest in the fall Regatta.—A post-graduate course on railroading has been instituted.—'84 was the winner in the class ball games.

PRINCETON.—'84 has now the class championship in base ball. The allowance of absences for the base ball and football teams is considered too small.—The clipping which has gone the rounds of the College world to the effect that editors at Williams are excused from writing essays has at last reached Princeton. First conceived in the brain of the *Oberlin Review*, this pleasing little piece of fiction has been taken up and reiterated by the whole College press in their eager efforts to obtain news.—The Sophomore Reception Committee are each out of pocket by the sum of \$15.00.

COLUMBIA.—The Department of Modern Languages has recently been extended.—A new lunch-room has been provided by the Trustees.—The '85 crew has never received the prize flags won by them in the Columbia-Harvard Freshman race of July 2, 1882.—Columbiad committee have begun their work.—The fall Athletic Meeting will be held (October 27th.—It has been decided to build a new and handsome chapel, at a cost of about \$125,000.

CORNELL.—A course has been established in Electrical Engineering. Work will be done in

the new Physical Laboratory.—The report that Cornell was about to do away with the study of languages and devote her energies to Science is totally without foundation.—The editors of the *Cornellian* have been elected.—The organization of a Glee Club is agitated.

DARTMOUTH.—Snow has already fallen in squalls.—'84 leads in regard to Athletic prizes taken.—The Athletic records were not especially good, with the exception of the hundred yard dash in 10½ sec. and the half mile run in 2 min., 15½ sec.—The *Dartmouth* wants to have a place in the base ball league for Dartmouth, and thinks Williams might do well at first.

CLIPPINGS.

“WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?”

“I'm going to college, sir,” she said.

“Are you a Junior, my pretty maid?”

“No, I'm a Freshgirl, sir,” she said.

“What will you study, my pretty maid?”

“Lock's Critique of Crochet,” she said.

“Do you ever cut college, my pretty maid?”

“Well, sometimes—not often, sir,” she said.

“But do you smoke, my pretty maid?”

“Well, now you've hit me, sir,” she said;

“What Professor like you best, my pretty maid?”

“I like them *all* very much,” she said.

And with this she skipped around the corner to buy some chewing gum and fix up a crib for “Johnson's Evolution and Bangs.”—*Actu.*

PROFESSOR in logic: “Now Mr. —, what do small s signify in that figure on the board?” Perplexed Senior: “That's what I have been wondering for some time.”—*Ex.*

“BEASTLY weather, ain't it?” as the farmer remarked to his summer boarder, who was being chased by the village bull.—*Chaff.*

A COUNTRY parson was heard to say in a course this summer: “Remember, my friend, that John the Baptist subsided on locusts and wild honey.”—*Advocate.*

AN ambitious pupil recently proved to a professor in mathematics that a dead man was equal to a live man, by the following statement of the proposition:

$$\frac{1}{2} \text{ dead} = \frac{1}{2} \text{ alive}$$

$$\text{twice } \frac{1}{2} \text{ dead} = \text{twice } \frac{1}{2} \text{ alive}$$

$$\text{twice } \frac{1}{2} \text{ dead} = 1 \text{ dead} = \text{twice } \frac{1}{2} \text{ alive} = 1 \text{ alive.}$$

—*Ex.*

all, as our assortment is not the largest. There is no advantage, however, to a man taking exercise, in hurling twelve-pound dumb-bells on the floor and rolling them up and down it. It is difficult enough as it is to understand parts of mechanics without the loud rumbling overhead, and everybody is glad when the recitation is finished, not excepting the Professor. We hope the gymnasium instructors will be told to prevent this, at least in recitation hours. It ought to be stopped.

“I CONDITIONED you, sir, on general principles.” Such was the answer that a certain Senior received from the Professor in Physiology, when he was endeavoring to learn why he was compelled to re-pass the examination. The term work of the gentleman in question had not been high, but he had succeeded in passing the final examination quite creditably. Hence his concern. Now whether the facts of this particular case be on the side of professor or student, it matters not; but this certainly seems a time to say a few words about the custom of ranking a man according to his demeanor in the class-room. A student's work during the term may be and often is poor. He may be inattentive, and inclined to fun; but is it reasonable to condition him at the completion of the subject, though his final work may carry him through, merely on account of the fact that the instructor refuses to allow by-gones to be by-gones? To this every just reply would be in the negative. Justice is necessary at all times and in all places, and, if a man succeeds in handing in a satisfactory paper, it should be accepted without the interference of any personal feeling. This is mentioned not because we wish to criticise the above incident so much, but for the reason that this is not the first time it has happened here.

AGAIN it has been proved that Williams' long lethargy in athletics was unnecessary, and that the mere fact of our paucity of members is no obstacle to victory. The game last Saturday was probably a surprise to many, and certainly a gratification to all. There was the usual number of croakers before the game, as before the

base ball season last spring, who are the folly of any attempt to play football. It would indeed be difficult to find one. There is one feature of our athletic department that ought to disappear forever; i. e., the reflection on the college that the member teams should always head the subscription. It is enough that they devote time, in less personal risk and discomfort, to their individual interests to the college; and the students, who suffer inconvenience and are afforded much expense, should see to it that all expenses are not calling upon the players. We are to have another game in Williamstown, and the grounds are not of the best, the spectators exercise more care to prevent crowding the line, and to restrain those mistaken in their labor under the delusion that success is gained by jeering and maligning the victors. Though not general these faults must cease, if we hope to have games played

THE student who occupies a room and who has been put to much expense to fit it up well, naturally expects good care should be taken of his rugs, and pictures. The most luxurious pointed room will wear a shabby, unless it is kept perfectly clean and free from dust. Therefore we strongly urge that facilities be allowed the occupants to have their rooms kept in order. The college has most arbitrarily have decided that no janitor and his wife shall be allowed of cleaning in Morgan Hall. There are sixty or more rooms that need to be decreed that it shall all be done by the janitor, not done at all. In either case if the latter, for it is manifestly and undoubtedly impossible for one or even two men to accomplish such an Augean task. even if such were possible, the low payment in return would prevent it from being a accomplishment. To say that the student employ one and only one person to clean all their rooms, is not only to condemn to eternal dust, but is to lay down the

expiration of a week the dog-eared leaves of Kai Gar's little work testified to its constant use. After this he employed translations regularly, they gave him so much time to devote to other pursuits, you know. He also began to smoke occasionally with the fellows; but even after the habit was fully contracted, was accustomed to say, "It's only while I'm in college,—I shall stop after graduation." Nor was he more faithful to his other resolutions; one by one they fell to the ground. His rank dropped from "high" to "low"; he passed all his time either entertaining men in his own room, or in being entertained in theirs. Reading he gave up as unnecessary,—“time enough for that when he began to preach”—his stories were not always of the choicest sort; in fact, the only indication of his future vocation lay in his faithful attendance upon all religious exercises, for he was really sincere in his professions, though sometimes lacking moral strength to live up to them.

After graduation and a course at a theological seminary he obtained a pastorate in Unowntown, a little New England village, with the strictest kind of puritanical ideas. There was, here, the usual number of elderly spinsters, who had a great deal to do and say about the management of the church, and it was only due to a fortunate remark to Miss Mehitabel Lein, at first prejudiced against him, that he owed his position. They were talking about the Sunday-school, and he said:

"I am determined, Miss Lein, to have a lady superintendent of my Sabbath-school, when I obtain a church, for your sex possess a keener knowledge of children and have more time to devote to their improvement."

That was enough; his opinion coincided with her hobby, and Miss Lein spoke to Mis' Greene, who spoke to the deacon, her husband, and Mr. Steele was engaged. He succeeded very well during the first year, always paying particular deference to Miss Lein's ideas, so much so, indeed, that the village gossips were supplied with a topic for conversation over many a cup of tea. When he was beginning to feel accustomed to his new duties, the little town was considerably excited by the advent of the Namfield family

from Boston, who had taken a house in Unowntown to afford Mr. Namfield a much needed rest from business exactions. The family consisted simply of Mr. and Mrs. Namfield and their only child, Lucy. They attended Steele's church, and soon a marked improvement in the style of his sermons was noticeable, and a change in his manner toward Miss Lein.

One evening, shortly after this event, Nehemiah sat before a cheerful fire in his study, reflecting upon the past and future. He recalled the circumstances of the preceding Sunday,—the breathless attention of the little audience to his sermon, the pleasure expressed in Miss Namfield's face at his success, and the friendly words of her father, who said, "Look out, my boy, many such sermons as that, and we shall lose you." Then his brow clouded a little at the recollection of a young man who accompanied them and seemed very intimate with the family, and of Miss Lein's apparent hostility to himself whenever he addressed her younger rival. But at this point his reverie was interrupted by a knock at the door, which he rose to answer. He ushered in Deacon Greene and Miss Lien, who proved to be his callers, and asked them to take seats. He treated them with his usual suave manner, spoke of the Sabbath-school to Miss Lien, of the crops and election to her companion, but did not succeed in interesting them, and only elicited monosyllabic answers.

At a loss to explain this strange silence he asked, "I trust there is nothing of a serious nature has brought you to my house to-night?"

For a minute no answer, and then Miss Lein broke out, "Yes, it is very serious. Deacon, why don't you explain?"

"Wal," slowly began the gentleman addressed, "you see, parson, that is, I'm powerful sorry it hap'ned, but that young person with the Namfiel's sez yer sarmon las' Sabbath warn't yer own,—he tho't 'twas Mr. — whose was it, Miss Lein?"

"Jonathan Edwards'."

"Yes, an' he an' Miss Lein looked through Mr. Namfiel's lib'ry an' sure 'nough, they foun' th' identical thing, only in 'nother wording. So we've come to say, seeing we've both sort o'

grounds," set me to work like a fiend. Well, the very first day that this happened, a lesson in mechanics was assigned, with mention of a dozen pages to be omitted. I failed to catch the omission, and in my newly-assumed zeal, on going to work at the lesson, thought it unconscionably long, but, bound to stay in college, stayed up till three, and learned it every word, omissions and all. On reaching the recitation-room the next day, just as I sank in my seat, a man near by informed me of the whole truth, with a satirical calmness."

"That was tough."

"If I had had an encyclopedia in my mouth, I could have chawed it up into sentences fast enough to spit out objurgations of despair at things in general, myself as an ass in particular, and the subject of mechanics for two weeks and a half steady, or I'll eat my hat."

Room number 46, Flimstone Hall, lapsed again into quiet and darkness. The fire had gone out to avoid hearing any more discussion on this subject.

THE PANSY.

'TIS a modest little flower,
With colors choice and rare;
There are no other blossoms
So delicately fair;
All have their pretty meanings,
But this in itself's a plea,
Which goes to the heart of a lover,
For it is, "Remember me."

The rose may blush in beauty,
From its home in a mossy bed,
The violet look its sweetest,
And the lily droop its head;
Yet spurning all their dainties,
Away from their midst I flee,
To a cluster of tender pansies,
That whisper, "Remember me."

And if in the garden they tremble,
With an undulation of love,
While wet with the dew of morning,
Which was shed by the skies above,—
How much more sweet is the rhythm,
If it carries a maiden's plea,
When it whispers, although we're parted,
My love, "Remember me."

D. C. B.

THE CATALOGUE.

THE Williams College Catalogue, "published by the College," is out this year with commendable promptitude. In the list of Trustees are two new names, Hon. A. C. Clark, and Rev. W. W. Adams. In the Faculty are fifteen regular professors, an increase of one, three lecturers, an increase of two, and one emeritus. The total number of students is two hundred and seventy-five, including one graduate student and twelve partial course men: in all, twenty-four more than last year. Each class shows a decided increase in numbers save the Sophomores. The Seniors number fifty-four; Juniors, seventy-four; Sophomores, sixty-one; Freshmen, eighty-five. The library contains 21,000 volumes, an increase of 1,000; and the library fund is larger by \$500, amounting to \$16,000. *Lysias* with *Kai Gar's* Commentaries, is replaced by Demosthenes' *Philippics*.

"The room [in the gymnasium] is commodious and the equipments and instruction as to their use will be adequate to the needs of the students." This is gratifying. Every one must rejoice to know that the equipments *will* be adequate, but wouldn't it have been well to state more definitely when? Will it be in this century or the next?

Altogether the Catalogue indicates a general improvement, and all Williams men should congratulate their Alta Mater on her progress during the past year.

FOOTBALL.

WILLIAMS, 5. DARTMOUTH, 2.

LAST Saturday was an overcast, disagreeable day, and the field, in consequence of the rain on the previous night, was quite slippery. The Dartmouth team arrived the evening before. They were all solid-looking men, with an average weight of 175 pounds. Mr. Weeks acted as umpire for the visiting team, Mr. Woodbridge for Williams, and Mr. Smith of the Amherst Agricultural College, as referee.

FIRST HALF.

At 1.45 P. M., game was called, Hewitt winning

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE Sophomores have finished their Juvenal and are now studying Horace.

WILLIAMS vs. Harvard to-day!

CATALOGUES are out early this year.

'87 HAS been divided according to scholarship.

'87's attendance at the Gym is already on the wane.

LAST week the Juniors had an examination in German and French.

THE inclemency of the weather almost killed off the Tennis Tournament.

LATIN prose instead of lecture on Mondays in the future for the Freshmen.

JOHNSON, '85, has been confined to his room for some time with a severe illness.

As a general rule applause was evenly distributed between Dartmouth and Williams.

'85's Gul board was fortunate enough to secure nearly \$40.00 worth of advertisements in Saratoga.

'87 HAS had its class picture taken, the old Observatory being chosen as the "background."

THE "Technician" speakers for the joint debate are E. P. Hill, '84, H. P. Dewey, '84, and J. H. Burke, '84.

THE unfortunate loser of watch and purse at Fall Athletics has so far discovered no trace of his property.

THING, '86, figured last Sunday at the Episcopal service by catching in his arms a lady who fainted during the sermon.

GRAYLOCK School finished its athletic sports, which had been postponed on account of the rain, last Saturday.

DIVISION examinations in Latin, Greek, and Algebra have recently showered thick and fast on the heads of the Freshmen.

SEVERAL students have developed a taste for gunning. As far as we can find out one hare has been the extent of their luck.

AUTHORITIES concur in stating that the present term has been an exceptionally healthy one, as so far only one serious case of sickness has occurred, and at Greylock no case of sickness of any description has been reported.

IT is said that some members of '87 have of late rendered themselves obnoxious by their "previousness" in the Latin class.

BOTH the Dartmouth nine and eleven made a better impression while practicing before the game than after they began to play.

COMPLAINTS are heard from '82 that the algebra lessons are so long that it is next to an impossibility to comprehend them perfectly.

A BLAZING window curtain recently occasioned no little excitement to the occupants of a room in the "East Middle" entry, Morgan.

THE Juniors in German will find a great help in translating and economizing in labor with the dictionary, if they apply Grimm's Law.

NEW chairs have been placed in the modern language room, with the desks and all. This is by far the most comfortable recitation-room in college.

THE Juniors in German rushed, after recitation the other day, to the post-office to see whether they had conditions. About twenty returned crestfallen.

A MARKED difference is noticed in the condition of the sidewalk where the College property begins and the village ends. The latter is the gainer by the comparison.

THE Juniors had an examination in Mechanics last Thursday. Since then the two divisions have been reciting together, and will continue to do so until the end of the term.

ARTHUR PERRY, formerly of '85, and recently employed on the Springfield *Union*, has been compelled by ill health to relinquish his position and return to Williamstown.

RATHER en apropos was the fainting of two members of '87 at a recent Health Lecture! All the more so as the cause was bad ventilation, the subject of a previous lecture.

THE following was found in a certain Junior's room, addressed to his chum:

Wake me gently, patient room-mate;
With no sudden pull nor sound,
For the kerosene beheld me,
Writing still at half past two.

Literary work early in the morning evidently had a bad effect on him.—[Eds.]

THE 'Logian Society held its quarterly elections last week. C. E. Burke was elected president; C. C. Richardson, vice-president; A. C. Babize, secretary, and F. E. Potter, treasurer. The three speakers for the joint debate were also elected, and consisted of C. E. Greenman, '84, H. D. Bailey, '85, and P. M. Moodie, '85.

THE L. N. H. gave a very pleasant reception last Saturday evening to certain students, each member having the privilege of inviting two friends. The banquet, which was one of the best ever served by our celebrated Williamstown caterer, was presided over by Mr. W. E. Collins. The best "trotting" ability of the society was brought forth and succeeded in pledging several new men.

PERSONALS.

'62. Mr. S. P. Blagden was in town recently.

'62. Albert M. Moore is a lawyer at Lowell, Mass.

'65. Milton J. Warner, who went to Santa Fe, New Mexico, early in 1881, and had already attained eminence in the law practice of that region, died suddenly a few months ago.

'71. Rev. Isaac Jennings, Jr., who has made a long sojourn in European travel and study, has just received a unanimous call to the First Presbyterian church at Elmira, N. Y.

'71, '56. Claude L. Smith, Esq., son of the late Rev. Dr. Smith of Philadelphia, a promising young lawyer of San Francisco, died of pneumonia October 2d. He was brother of Prof. E. C. Smith, the well-known Master of Rugby Academy of Philadelphia.

'77. Rev. Sumner Gilbert Wood, who has been preaching at Ipswich, N. H., has recently accepted a call to a Mission Church at Fall River, Mass. This mission is connected with the church of which Rev. W. W. Adams of the class of '55 is pastor.

'77. Rev. Herbert W. Gleason was married Tuesday, the 16th inst., to Miss Lulu Rounds of Malden, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Gleason have gone to Pelican Rapids, Minn., where Mr. Gleason has been preaching during the past year.

'81. Judd is studying law with Judd & Whitehouse, 38 Ashland Block, Chicago, Ill.

'81, '52. Charles A. Marcussohn, son of Rev. Jacob W. Marcussohn of Chicago, died at his father's home July 1, 1883, after an illness of only three days.

'82. Robert Dobson is studying theology at the Northwestern Presbyterian Seminary at Chicago. He occupies the pulpit at Homewood, Ill., but will soon have his charge changed to the First Presbyterian Church at Austin.

'82. C. T. Johnson is employed in the engineer's department of the G. Tk. & St. A. Ry. Co., in the construction of a railway through the northern provinces of Mexico, with headquarters at Eagle Pass, Texas.

'82. Rankin has entered the Chicago Medical College.

'82. Rudolph Maty will continue to teach during the coming year in Fessenden's Higher School for Boys at Chicago.

'86. Andrews has returned to college.

JASON'S LOG-BOOK.

WHAT! is Jason so far behind the time, and is it possible that the new year has begun in November? No? Then why are they sending him almanacs so far ahead? Oh! is that it? Only the *Chronicle* in a new cover. Wonder how much the University of Michigan pays for a four-page ad? Jason is glad to turn from the cover to the contents; there is room for improvement here, though. The General Lit. is very short and of an inferior order. "Sim Slopson, &c.," is rightly labeled "A Silly Story"; it is silly, very; and far below what the *Chronicle* ought to publish. Twelve pages of various "Notes" seem a good deal, even in a twenty-page journal.

The *Courant* has spoken, and, with its usual discernment, discovered several things in its copy of THE ARGO which Jason is unable to find in his: the word "Chum" in a "A Romance Spoiled," and a statement that said "Chum" sat behind the heroine of the story. By the way, wouldn't the *Courant's* ex-ed. be more consistent if he used initial capitals in all the quoted titles, or in none? "A Romance Spoiled," and "A pair of eyes," afford a strange contrast. Jason will now await an onslaught from the *Argus*,

cup at the Intercollegiate Bicycle race held in September, at Springfield, has not yet received his prize.

YALE.—The *Record* recommends the performance of College operettas, burlesques, and similar plays, for the benefit of the Boat Club.—The interest in Tennis is strong, and efforts will be made to secure the use of courts through the winter.—The *Record* offers three prizes of ten dollars each for the best story, the largest numbers of published verses, and the best light essay.—It is expected that the Physical Laboratory will soon be occupied.—Yale has now the largest number of undergraduate periodicals of any College in the country.

PRINCETON.—The athletic grounds have at last been purchased, and subscriptions are called for to make improvements.—Still the chapel grumble.—The Glee Club are invited and expected to give a display of their talents before the College.—Princeton was represented in five events in the games given at Mott Haven recently by the New York Athletic Club.—The College authorities are making arrangements to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther, on Nov. 10th.—There was a severe encounter recently between "Town and Gown." One student was severely hurt.—Princeton 20, Rutgers 0, at football. The average weight of the rush line at present is 166 lbs.

AMHERST.—The prizes at the Athletics were given by the business men in town.—The cornerstone of the new gymnasium has been laid. The building will be finished by June, 1884.—No remarkable records were made at the Athletics recently held.—Harris, '85, has been elected captain of the nine.

ELSEWHERE.—Texas University has the largest endowment of any College in the country, \$5,250,000, and 1,000,000 acres of land.—Cornell has reached the limit prescribed by the State of her endowment, it now amounting to \$3,000,000.—Dartmouth, it is rumored at Williams, will now change their colors to blue.—By the late death of Mr. Farnum, Yale will be enriched about \$4,000,000.—Columbia has apologized to the University of Pennsylvania for her non-appearance at the Childs cup race last year, and

has decided to withdraw from further participation in the race.

OLIPPINGS.

WAS it a Condensed French student or a Prep. who called at the office for an "idiotic French book?"—*Vassar Misc.*

A YOUNG man who went to the late war began his first letter to his sweetheart after this fashion: "My dear Julia, whenever I am tempted to wrong I think of you, and say: 'Get thee behind me Satan.'"—*Ex.*

AT a camp meeting last summer a venerable sister began the hymn:

"My soul be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise."

She began too high. "Ten thousand," she screeched, and stopped. "Start her at five thousand!" cried a converted stock broker present.—*News.*

A "VESTAL" happened upon the following passage in French the other day: "*Ce jour la, vous m'avez embrassé,*" and rendered it, "That day you embarrassed me." "Very natural it should," returned the professor.—*Ex.*

SAYS the *N. Y. Observer*: "Every admirer of true womanhood will be glad to learn that the students of Vassar College have awakened to the fact that life is real and life is earnest. It is beautiful to see young girls renounce the shallow artifice and empty vanities of a fashionable career, and bend their energies towards a higher, holier plane of usefulness."

N. B.—The Vassar girls are learning how to make pie.—*Life.*

SEA-WEEDS.

Down in the depths of the sea
Delicate sea-weeds are growing;
But men only see, far above,
The waves that are over them flowing.

Down in the depths of the heart
Thoughts unexpressed are abiding;
But the current of life flows above,
And men never guess at their hiding.

Sometimes night's storm throws the sea-weeds
Up on the beach in the morning;
And often life's storms wake some beautiful thought
The world's life forever adorning.—*Univ. Mag.*

probability of several States besides New York observing this centennial Evacuation Day. Situated as we are in Massachusetts, the most enterprising State, as we are told, in New England, which was the mainspring of the war; and studying in a college whose founder died a few years before the Revolution, but who fought to the same end, that of driving invaders from the country, it seems as though we here in Williams ought to observe this day. Of course the existing authorities are the ones to decide this question. But we hope they will give it their careful attention, and that Williams, whose history is so peculiarly connected with the struggles of so many years ago, may at least observe the twenty-sixth of November as an holiday.

WE have recently read of a member of a paving committee in a certain western town, who said to his associates, "Now let us lay our heads together and have a wooden pavement." If our Village Improvement Society were to apply this happy suggestion we might have sidewalks in Williamstown that would not endanger life and limb. The state of the sidewalks on the western slope of the West College hill has long been a source of annoyance, and has caused many a rough tumble. We know that the resources of the society we have mentioned are not large, but a few loads of gravel and a single day's labor would suffice to remove, as it were, a great stumbling-block from the path of both students and villagers. Surely the object is a worthy one, and the expense will not be great. Can there not be an improvement in this slight but very troublesome particular.

SPEAKING of improvement, has not the time nearly come for Williamstown to be lighted with gas? It is impossible to properly light such buildings as the chapel or the Congregational church with lamps. The lighting of our recitation-rooms is a disgrace to the college as well as an injury to the eyes of the students; and the lamps scattered through our streets serve only to increase the gloom outside their little circles of light. Attempts have been made to light some of the college buildings with gasoline, but

their success has not been very great, owing to the tendency of that kind of light to fail just when it is most needed. It is, we know, rather reckless to think of a regular gas company in Williamstown, but if our enterprising fellow-townsmen can, within a few months, raise fifty thousand dollars for a national bank, we may be excused even for suggesting so rash a scheme as this. If such a company should be established, it could supply not only the college buildings, but the hotels, churches, society houses, and probably many of the private dwellings in the village. May this convenience, now almost a necessity, soon be obtained for Williamstown.

FOR the last two weeks the eleven have been hard at work. The captain has been indefatigable in his endeavors to have the team in constant practice, and he is to be congratulated upon the improvement in the men's playing during that time. Several new men have been put on, which is a decided change for the better. A good opportunity offers itself for an extra game this year, and that is by playing during the Thanksgiving vacation. A game could in all probability be arranged on the St. James grounds, with Stephens or some other college, either for the day before or the day after Thanksgiving, so as not to be at the same time with the Yale-Harvard game. Probably as many as seventy-five Williams men will be in New York during the Thanksgiving recess, and the eleven may be assured of a good many supporters. Besides, the eleven could get some points in watching the game on the Polo grounds. It is to be hoped the manager will arrange this. But we should like to suggest that the eleven do not practice the day before playing hereafter, and have several men on the sick list, as was the case with the Williams-Harvard game.

WE wish to repeat what was said in our last issue about the condition of rooms in Morgan. Those who room in that building all declare that the care expended daily in cleaning each study is not sufficient to make it inhabitable. In fact the attempts at sweeping only serve to raise the dust and choke the atmosphere, in this

UNCLE NED'S BRIGANDS.

"ITALY is not as it used to be," said Uncle Ned one evening as we were strolling along the shore of the bay of Naples, a short distance from the city. "I can remember when it would have been as much as a man's life was worth to trust himself out here after dark, on account of the brigands."

"Did you ever meet with any of them, Uncle Ned?" said I.

"I never had much to do with the rascals," answered he, "but the first time I went up Vesuvius I came pretty near having an adventure with some of them. Didn't I ever tell you about that?"

"No, you never did," I replied: "but it is time I heard about it, and here is as good a place as we could find for a story."

"Well," said he, "it was twenty years ago that I first saw Vesuvius,—just after the eruption of '61. People were rather shy of going up there just then, and as I was alone I considered myself lucky to find two young Englishmen at my hotel who offered to go with me. Of course there was no railroad up the mountain then, so we started off on mules one fine morning, with four stout guides.

"At about one o'clock, after a pretty tiresome ride, we reached the foot of the cone and took lunch. Of course the cone was too steep for the mules, so we left them here with one of the guides, while the rest of us proceeded on foot. It was about the hardest work I ever did in my life. The ashes under our feet were so loose and unstable that we sank half way up to our knees at every step, and seemed to slip back about as much as we gained. When half way up, my English friends gave out and said they could go no further; so I went on with one of the guides, leaving them with the other two. These guides were villainous-looking men, whom I thought from the first would bear watching; but it was when we separated that I first began to feel uneasy about them. Happening to turn suddenly I saw my guide whisper something to one of the others, and as his eyes met mine there was something in them that told me I had better look out for myself.

"After half an hour more of this terrible climbing we reached the top of the cone, and sat down to rest behind a great rock that sheltered us from the sulphurous smoke that now blew upon us from the crater. I was so exhausted that it was over half an hour before I could go on, and in the meanwhile I noticed that the guide seemed restless and on the look-out for something or somebody. After I had gotten a little rested we started to look at a lava stream, flowing down the mountain under a crust of hardened lava. The guide's strange actions made me now almost certain that something was wrong. The wind was blowing furiously, and from the cracks in the hardened lava upon which we walked arose clouds of smoke so dense that I had to cover my mouth and nose with my handkerchief, and could not see more than fifty feet in any direction. Every now and then I could hear explosions in the crater, like the reports of cannon, and these were followed by showers of red-hot stones that dropped all around us. Imagine my feelings when the guide, who was a few feet in front of me, waived his hand, and, as if in answer to his signal, three or four men suddenly appeared through the smoke, coming towards us. I saw that I should surely be taken if I did not get out of the way at once, and as a gust of wind at just this instant blew an unusual amount of smoke between us, I turned and ran towards the crater, thinking it would be safer to trust myself to its falling rocks and protecting smoke than to go where I could more easily be followed. After going as near to the crater as I dared I ran along parallel with it for a while, in the same direction we had previously been going, thinking that I should probably be thought to have gone the opposite way. The smoke was almost suffocating; the hot lava over which I ran burnt my feet, and it was a wonder that I was not struck by some of the stones that kept falling around me. It was now growing dark; so, finding a great block of lava, I lay down in its shelter to wait until it should become safe for me to think of going down. When it was quite dark I came out of the smoke, and taking the lights of Naples as guides, commenced to descend. I found it much easier than the ascent had been, and care-

school of shark while taking his semi-annual bath on the Atlantic coast. This lack of early training may perhaps in a measure account for the dearth of ideas which is sometimes noticeable when he opens his mouth. At the age of nineteen, Abraham Parsons led to the altar a fair young Irish girl, Bridget Nonesuch, fourteen years his senior, and for two years they lived happily together, when the light of his eyes was taken away by the sudden death of his spouse.*

Plunged into the depths of despair he sought solace in travel, and it was under these sad circumstances that he first made the acquaintance of the Berkshire Hills. Lured by the purity of the atmosphere and the scarcity of policemen, he made his home in this county, where the residue of his life has been spent. Of his abilities as a bunter we cannot speak too highly. On one occasion, when he was in his bunting prime, some of his backers bet twenty-five dollars that he could break a three-foot cheese by bunting. The trial was made in front of Mather's store. The cheese was examined and found to be sound, and Abraham walked back about forty feet to get a start. While his back was turned a decayed cheese was substituted for the sound one. Shaking his woolly head, Abraham made a savage dash and came up to the cheese in good style. The soft, rotten substance yielded easily, and without disturbing the rim the bunter's head went through and came out the other side. Some one shouted "cheese it, cully," and the spectators quietly withdrew. At another time a grindstone was substituted for the cheese, and Abraham shivered it like a wafer.

We have not sufficient data to be able to judge whether Abraham was wise in his first choice of an helpmeet, but we are able to state that his second wife is not a success, regarded from a social standpoint. Competent judges have been unable to state what nationality she belongs to, but in the pursuit of our biographical researches we made the discovery that one of her ancestors was an Indian,† and the other an Italio-Pole,‡ but

* The coroner's jury rendered the verdict, "Died of old age"; but it is our opinion that this was incorrect.

† Probably her mother on her father's side.

‡ Probably her father on her mother's side.

exactly what the pedigree is, was impossible to determine. It is a noticeable feature in the family economy that Abraham and his better half keep separate cash accounts. The only charitable act Mrs. Parsons was ever guilty of was two summers ago, when she took Abraham to the circus, paying all his expenses going and coming.*

Abraham is now among the living in his mansion at White Oaks. He has an unquestionable character, and will no doubt be welcomed in many college rooms this winter.

B O'L

A COMPARISON.

ROSES and violets ; sweet-smelling things
That dwell in the green-covered glades,
Your odors do fly on invisible wings
Perfuming the pastoral shades.

If I were a bee which one would I choose?
From which would I honey extract?
As king of the sweet of my large revenues
Which one would I chiefly exact?

The arbutus faint with its delicate scent,
Like the breath of the lips that I love,
I would revel in joyously, wholly content
In its love and the light from above.

Ah ! mouth whose sweet kisses are farther from me
Than the West from the rose-colored East,
If thou wert a flower and I were a bee
I'd light on thy petals and feast.

AN INCIDENT OF CARNIVAL.

OWEN and Childs, two lifelong friends, had recently graduated from college, and were now traveling in Europe, seeking rest and pleasure after four years of hard study. In temperament they were unlike, one being of a quick, impulsive nature, while the other possessed a calmness of disposition that might almost be called phlegmatic. Their tastes with regard to reading, works of art, etc., were refined and cultivated.

One day they were in an art gallery in Berlin, when Owen, who always wished to be on the move, said :

"I think we have remained here long enough. We have seen everything of interest, so I propose

* They walked.

of him, and half expected a similar display from the stranger, but such did not occur, as the new comer quietly took a note from his pocket and handed it to the impetuous American, who read it with amazement, for it was an exact counterpart of his.

"Well," stammered Childs, "I think the lady must decide which of us shall remain."

"Then I will request you to go," said the young lady, pointing to him, "only promise to return at twelve."

The poor fellow, feeling sadly piqued, left the party and went out to get some fresh air and seek solace in a cigar. He re-entered the ball-room just at midnight and proceeded to the place where he had left the strangers. All three were there, and the person with the blue and white domino was first to speak:

"You are punctual, I see. We will unmask now."

On removing his mask, Childs saw before him two ladies he had never met before. There was not a word spoken until the unknown man behind him ended the awkward predicament with:

"Mr. Childs, let me present you to Mrs. and Miss —, whom you have frequently heard me mention."

It was Owen who spoke, and his friend, after looking at him with a puzzled air, bowed to the ladies who were laughing heartily.

"I am to blame for this, Mr. Childs," said Miss —, in the midst of her mirth. "I knew that you gentlemen were in the city, and I determined to make your friend acquainted with the fact, so I threw into your carriage two notes, thinking that Mr. Owen could not fail to see one of them, but you too were on the alert. It will teach me a good lesson."

"And it should teach you also, old boy, not to run away from your friend again," added Owen.

COL.

THE "Prologue to the Canterbury Tales" has reappeared among the studies of Sophomore year.

THE "Harvard game" has of late been the only one tolerated in foot-ball circles. This game is very interesting—for spectators.

THE SENIOR

BY A FRESHMAN.

I WATCH him pass along the walks,
And tremble at his stare;
I mark the cane he proudly swings,
And his distingue air.
I wonder at the awful calm
In which he smokes his pipe;
In almost every living thing
He is my prototype.

With features long, and lips compressed,
Adown the chapel aisle
He moves in silent majesty,
A synonym for style;
And if I watch as many do,
They say that I erewhile
Will see his whiskers gently twitch,—
Will see a Senior smile.

I wonder whether I shall reach
The height from which he frowns,—
The wonder and the majesty
Of all our college towns.
In adoration and in awe
I run my daily race,
And strive with earnest steps to climb
To that exalted place.

D. C. B.

FOOTBALL

WILLIAMS—O. WESLEYAN—21.

Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., made a very good field. Both colleges were well represented, there being almost fifty of each present. Mr. Green acted as umpire for Wesleyan. Mr. Woodbridge for Williams, and Mr. Hull, formerly of the Yale football team, as referee. The game on the whole was a rough one, several men on both sides being injured. It is to be hoped, however, that such cries as, "Play rough, Wesleyan." "Jump on his neck," etc., did not come from the upper ten of Wesleyan. The conduct of that college was ungentlemanly, to say the least.

FIRST HALF.

Game called at 3 P. M., Wesleyan winning the toss. Ball kicked by half-back, and was promptly returned by Williams, who forced her opponents back. Lively playing near Wesleyan's goal was ended by Wesleyan securing the ball and carrying it to center, and, a little later, making two touchdowns. Failed to kick goals. The fight continued near our goal, and the monotony of the rather one-sided contest was relieved by

Garfield, who made a long run which was not allowed by referee. A vigorously contested maul-in-goal resulted in touchdown for Wesleyan, who then kicked a goal. Game was largely in center for a while, when Winslow made a short but skillful run. Time was called for men on both sides who were hurt. After ball was in play, the fight raged largely in center and near Wesleyan's goal. Taft made a fair catch, and was about to try for goal when time was called.

SECOND HALF.

Game resumed at 4 P. M. After various wanderings up and down the field, the ball came to rest near our goal. Wesleyan made a fair catch to no purpose. Garfield made an adroit run and was well stopped by Wesleyan, who returned ball with a long kick, bringing it near our goal. Carse did some effective rushing. Williams was then pressed back and forced to make a safety. Shortly afterwards Wesleyan kicked a goal. Play begun again, but the other side was too strong for us and pressed us back. Williams braced a little and carried ball near center. Wesleyan then began a game to kill time by making fair catches and returning ball by soaring punts. A little later, Wesleyan, after a lively scrimmage, secured two touchdowns, but failed to secure goals. Time called.

Wesleyan evinced no little skill in getting down on the ball quickly, and here lay our weak point. She kicked fairly in the field, but not in place kicking. The playing of Messrs. Field, Garfield, and Winslow, of Williams, and Messrs. Saxe and Beatty of Wesleyan, merits approval. The elevens were as follows:

Wesleyan—Forwards, Hawkins, Wilcox, Gordy, Smith, Blaine, Abbott, Thompson; quarter-back, Upham; half-backs, Saxe, Beatty; back, Judd.

Williams—Forwards, Carse, Williams, Bailey, Field, Banks, Garfield, Jones; quarter-back, Winslow; half-backs, Taft, Hubbell; back, Person.

WILLIAMS, '87, 15. GREYLOCK, 0.

'87, by superior playing and discipline, scored its first victory at South Williamstown, Wednesday, November 7th. Mr. Tyng acted as umpire

for Greylock, Mr. Safford for Williams, and Mr. Green, formerly of '85, as referee.

FIRST HALF.

Greylock won toss, taking west goal, thus having wind and sun in their favor. Safford kicked off for Williams. For the first quarter, Greylock, by excellent playing, kept the ball by '87's goal. After that, however, the conditions were reversed, and the Freshmen secured their first goal by a magnificent kick from the field by Hubbell; and immediately afterward a touchdown was made by Wells. After this '87 played against time. Score of first half: '87—Goals 1; Touchdowns, 1. Greylock—0.

SECOND HALF.

'87 got the ball from the start and kept it by Greylock's goal the rest of the game. The grounds were in such poor condition that, although the Freshmen had four tries at goal, but one was successful. Touchdowns by Lay and Van Dusee, and a touch in goal by Wells were the only other results. Time called.

The game, although one-sided, was fairly interesting. Greylock was especially strong in some points, but weak in catching. Good punting and a heavy rush line were the chief causes of '87's victory. The playing of Beldon and Belcher for Greylock, and of Wells, Hubbell, Safford, and Van Dusee for Williams were noticeable. The Freshmen showed the need of much more thorough training, if they hope to defeat Williston.

TO MY MUSE.

ALTHOUGH I beat with fervid prayer
The portals of thy heart,
My inmost soul doth never dare
To claim thee as thou art.

That thou deni'st me access there
Is woe, but also joy.
This, my desire, so pure and fair,
Can never end or cloy.

Unsatisfied desire is sweet,
Though tinged with longing pains;
But Love secure, a joy complete,
May die when goal it gains.

For thee, my love shall ever live
A sweetly cherished pain;
And all the more my love I give,
Since that I give in vain.

I. W. A.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE subjects for '85's orations have been posted in Alumni Hall.

No vacancy at the "Hash-house."

HALL, '87, has left college, at least temporarily.

THE Freshman eleven is now practicing daily.

'87 MEN in Morgan are said to do their own shaving.

OWING to *poor health*, Ames, '85, has left college until after Thanksgiving.

THE festive skunk has of late made himself painfully prominent in Morgan.

RUMORS of a distressing nature have of late disturbed the occupants of Morgan.

THE French Club are to begin with Dumas, but hope soon to be able to read Zola.

RUMOR has it that a chapter of Phi Delta Theta may be established here. Next!

THE "*Gul*" editors are meeting with unprecedented success in securing advertisements.

KENT, '85, who was compelled to go home on account of sickness, is expected back soon.

ALL the students in the Post-graduate Department are said to be enthusiastic about football.

IT is a gratifying fact to know that the Football Association ended their season free from debt.

J. D. COLT entertained several of his friends very pleasantly at his home in Pittsfield, last week.

A LARGE number of the devotees of high art attended the theater in North Adams a week ago Friday.

WILLIAMS' one representative at the game between Williston and Yale, '87, was a host in himself.

PROFESSOR—"What would be the volume of twenty grammes of water?" Student—"Twenty *centimes*."

ONE of the instructors in the classics evidently considers his duties too arduous. He has invested in a horse.

OUR lately revived orchestra is doing well. The leader is expecting a banjo and guitar club to assist him.

THE Juniors in German are momentarily expecting another examination. Surely Junior year is not a snap.

THERE is, or was a few days since, a pile of brush in Mission Park, waiting for some one to apply the torch.

STRANGE how much longer it takes a telegram announcing defeat to reach us than one conveying news of victory.

'87 intends sending its eleven to Williston, more, however, with an eye to practice than with a hope of victory.

THE Sophomores no longer patronize the Gym, as they find enough exercise in taking down their Philology lectures.

ONE of our professors was heard asking, the day after the elections, who had been chosen governor of New York!

SEVERAL Seniors were seen last week playing tennis in a snow storm with overcoats and gloves. '84 always was energetic.

A FRESHMAN, who had some cider and cigarettes in his room recently, is trembling lest the "college spy" report him.

THE Troy & Boston Railroad have given notice that they will give reduced rates to New York for the Thanksgiving vacation.

THE six o'clock dinners at the Mansion House are giving complete satisfaction. Why don't they try the plan at College Hall?

CLASS feeling has so completely disappeared that Freshmen's cards are permitted to adorn their doors without a protest.

EIGHTY-SIX's mathematical prodigy was observed studying the anatomy of the human form one evening about a week ago.

IT is remarkable to notice what a large number of men receive telegrams to go *home* whenever the eleven plays out of town.

IT is said that the college carpenter has duplicate keys to all the doors in Morgan, so that there may be no difficulty in replacing a lost key.

"RATHER a significant misprint in the *Tribune* which gave the Republican majority as \$1,000," said our Democratic editor the day after the elections.

ALTHOUGH '84 contains an unusual number of excellent writers, and is expected to produce a great many competitors for the Graves Prizes, it never received instruction in rhetoric.

EXTRA-COLLEGIATE

"A H, Mullins, good morning! Beautiful day, isn't it? So late in the Fall, too. Hardly realize Winter is so near. How is the barber business this week? Well, I'll have a shave this morning. Am rather in a hurry."

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose you've heard how the elections went in New York? The Republicans came out ahead as usual. Mahone was defeated in Virginia. Made a good deal of feeling, I understand. Well, we can't expect to take everything. Be careful under my chin."

"Yes, sir."

"That was a remarkable case about those two women marrying each other the other day, wasn't it? The women rather ran that family, I should say. Many families like that would ruin your trade, wouldn't they?"

"Yes, sir."

"So we are to celebrate Evacuation Day. I understand there is to be a big procession and a parade of steam vessels. Quite an innovation. Irving is making a reputation in America. I saw him in the 'Merchant of Venice.' Beautiful acting, beautiful!"

"Yes, sir."

"Gen. Sherman has resigned from his office. Pretty long service he had. Did you read his speech last week before the members of the Grand Army? Very interesting indeed. That is not all, Mullins. I want a shampoo."

"Yes, sir."

"I see by the paper that war is threatened between France and China. It's about time for a war to come around again. Here, Mullins! you have parted my hair without putting anything on it. I'll catch cold. I guess I'll have some Bay Rum."

"Yes, sir."

"How much is that—fifty?"

"Yes, sir. Thanks. Next!"

UNO.

PERSONALS

'38. Daniel Day of Pittsfield, died Sunday, November 4th. He was born in Lanesboro' Sept. 18, 1815, was a student at Williams from 1834-37, taught a boys' school in Lanesboro' ten years, and then entered into connection with Briggs Iron Company. Moving to Pittsfield about sixteen years ago, he was Assistant Treasurer of Berkshire County Savings Bank for fifteen years. Mr. Day received the honorary degree of A.M. from Williams College in 1848. He served in the Legislature of 1863. His widow and two children survive him.

'39. Hon. Austin A. Howard, for many years a prominent lawyer of Buffalo, is reported to be dead.

'59. Dr. T. Munson Coan, the author of so many magazine articles, is making a success of his "Bureau of Revision," by which the manuscripts of authors and publishers are prepared for the press.

'59. Rev. E. B. Parsons of Baldwinsville, N. Y., is the historian and necrologist of the Williams alumni. He is the pastor of the Presbyterian Church in the above mentioned place.

'60. The death of Col. William C. Blackburn, distinguished for his brilliant services in the army, is announced from his home at Rock Island, Illinois.

'62. Gen. S. C. Armstrong, head of the Hampton College, has been in Arizona and New Mexico, studying the manners and prospects of the Indians, with the view of improving their condition and of educating the youth among them.

'65. R. E. Starkweather, M.D., was in town last week. He is practicing medicine in Chicago.

'69. Hon. Alfred C. Chapin, late Speaker of the New York Assembly, was, in the recent election of that State, elected to the important office of Comptroller.

'71. Rev. Isaac Jennings, Jr., recently called to succeed the late Rev. Dr. Knox in the First Church of Elmira, New York, entered upon his new work the first Sabbath of November.

'75. J. S. Kingsley is at 41 Arch street, Boston. Mr. Kingsley is editing an exhaustive work

LIFE AT OTHER COLLEGES.

HARVARD.—'87, 14; Exeter Academy, 4.—Efforts are now being made for the institution of a gun-club.—83's Class History has just been published.—The *Advocate* urges the opening of the Library in the evening.—“The *Herald* is suffering from a hostile letter, full of crude sarcasm and bad spelling, that purports to come from an editor of the *Gulielmsian*.”—The Druids of Baltimore defeated the Harvard Lacrosse team in the contest for the Oelrich Cup.—A bronze statue of John Harvard is promised for the delta at the west end of Memorial Hall.—Harvard, 11; Stevens, 2.—Matthew Arnold is to deliver a lecture or course of lectures to the college.

YALE was second in the contest for the Oelrich Cup. The team of the College of the City of New York won the La Crosse championship and the cup.—The *Pot Pourri* has at last been issued. It is an improvement on the past.—It is said that Richards will not be able to play on the eleven this fall, on account of the severe injuries he recently sustained.

PRINCETON.—Mr. Matthew Arnold will deliver his lecture on “Literature and Science” before the students Nov. 22d.—Mott Haven games, Princeton, 40; University of Pennsylvania, 6.

TRINITY.—The college colors have been changed to dark blue and old gold.—An effort is to be made to have optional studies added to the course.—An orchestra has been formed.—The system of instruction by lectures is being extended.—A gymnasium is called for.

At the Other Colleges.—Bowdoin is devoted to football and tennis at present.—University of Pa., 26; Johns Hopkins, 6; U. of P., 44; Lafayette, 4.—Hamilton, '87, numbers 73.—Wesleyan hopes for fourth place in the contest for the football championship.—Dr. Knox has been elected to the presidency of Lafayette College. A cornet band of fifteen members is a novelty.—Rutgers had one of her players very severely injured in the football game with Wesleyan. The *Targum* appeals against the injustice of the Faculty shown in the suspension of a man for tying the door of the room in which was being held a Freshman class meeting.—At Amherst, Morrill, captain of the Boston nine, is engaged to coach

the base ball team. A daily paper will *not* be started.—At Michigan University, the business men of Ann Arbor gave the prizes for the Athletics.

OLIPPINGS.

APPPLICABLE to dudes: “There is plenty of room at the top.”—*Ex.*

PROF. IN PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY — “Mr. T. how is Europe connected with Africa?” “By an underground passage, sir.”—*Princetonian*.

WOULD-BE-SWELL SOPH.—“What do you mean by sending me home such a suit as that? It's too long in the sleeves, too short in the legs, too big in the back, and won't button in front.” Bowery tailor—“Yes, I sees, but it vits you vell otherwise.”—*Acta*.

“So you have got twins at your house?” said Mrs. Beaumbe to little Tommy Samuelson. “Yes, ma'am, two of 'em.” “What are you going to call them?” “Thunder and Lightning.” “Why, those are strange names to call children.” “Well, that's what pa called them as soon as he heard they were in the house.”—*Ex.*

WE may talk of the cruelty of the Chinese mother, who drowns her feminine infant in a tub of water; but here is a man in the enlightened State of Massachusetts, in this year of grace eighteen hundred and eighty-three, who advertises in the Boston *Transcript* for

ACOMPETENT nursery woman, one accustomed to bottle babies with references.

—*Tech.*

AT THE GERMAN.

[*He, mentally, as he extends a favor, the fourth one that evening:*]

O, I trust she'll discover—
This red rose meaneth love.
That I'd fain be her lover
O, I trust she'll discover:
For none e'en are above her
Among Angels above.
Oh, I trust she'll discover—
This red rose meaneth love.

[*She, likewise mentally:*]

Here's that youth now once more.
O, what shall I answer?
He's a great, stupid bore,
Here's that youth now once more;
I fain would escape, for
He's such a poor dancer,
Here's that youth now once more—
O, what shall I answer?

—*Advocate*

do not wish any Press School trick to be introduced by '87 or any other class, and we hope that, if they have a spark of manliness and good sense, this will be the last time our attention will be called to such a topic.

THE time for the term examinations is now drawing near, and we should like to make a suggestion that would in some measure relieve these necessarily long and tiresome hours. Some of the professors have been a little careless about the paper they have furnished the students for their examinations. The quality of the paper is not complained of, but it is usually a kind fitted to be used with pen and ink rather than with pencils. It is very difficult to write upon sized paper with either a hard or a soft pencil, the former requiring to be pressed very hard to produce legible marks, and the latter easily becoming blurred and making a very untidy looking sheet. Paper of large size is also a great help. It is very trying to have to crowd a long example in algebra into a sheet of commercial note-paper. If a little more care should be taken in the selection of paper for examinations, the labor of the Professor in looking over, as well as that of the student in writing the manuscripts, would be considerably lessened.

A SHORT time since the German division of the Junior class, through the kindness of the Professor, changed the hour of recitation from five to two. The reason for the change was only too apparent, not merely to the men electing that study, but also to visitors, as the room is poorly lighted and the reading of German text at twilight was found trying to one's eyes. The step was urged last year without success; but lately the necessity was seen, and the Juniors enjoyed two o'clock recitations for three days. Their happiness was short-lived, however, as the Faculty decreed that the old hour should be resumed. Why this order was promulgated we are at a loss to conjecture. Perchance it might be because the Sophomores recently requested the same thing, and they in authority thought the students were becoming a trifle presumptuous, or they may have been seized with alarm lest excursions to Adams would increase.

The venerable and highly-respected Professor of the Senior class desired that his recitation hour might be changed to an earlier part of the afternoon. Though his request was partly acceded to, even now both he and his class are obliged to remain from four to five in a badly lighted room. If we were still harrassed with an evening chapel, there might be some reason for the Faculty to take this stand, but as that is a thing of the past, we are unable to divine the cause of their action.

AS the football season is now virtually ended, a short review of the work accomplished by the eleven may not be ill-timed. As remarked in a former issue, it has been demonstrated that Williams is able to engage creditably in the game; and the team deserves great praise for what it has achieved in the face of many obstacles. Our failures, too, will not be without beneficial results if they serve to call attention to some points which should be corrected another year. The men should get to work immediately after the term opens, and not waste valuable time waiting for organization, which should be effected in the Spring; the right to the campus should be asserted and maintained, the training should be more thorough and include out-door running; candidates for the eleven should not be excused from practice upon any consideration, and the prohibition of smoking should be enforced. If the captain and manager were to urge all likely players to take systematic exercise in the Gym during the remainder of the present college year, our prospects would be greatly enhanced. Our men have always labored under the disadvantage of being too soft and easily fatigued; efficient management eliminated this weakness from the nine, but it still exists among the football men. Although badly beaten by Harvard and Wesleyan, the college should remember that two of our best players were unable to participate in those games, and should not, on account of their result, withhold a hearty support from the eleven. The game with Dartmouth was a better index of what our team could do, and entitles it to an equal share of popularity with the nine. With an early organization and conscientious training

the part of the players, we prophesy a gratifying record for next year.

CLEANLINESS is next to godliness," and as Williams has an unimpeachable reputation for the latter quality, we desire to call attention to our facilities for preserving the same. Before the completion of Morgan there existed absolutely no provisions for bathing in connection with the College, and even by the various appointments of that dormitory, only out seventy men, a fourth of the whole number, benefited. The rest are compelled to content themselves with the accommodations provided by an outsider, or to go without; far be it from us to say that any accept the latter alternative, but the temptation to do so is certainly great during the winter term, when a man thinks of countering the cold air of Williamstown after a hot bath. The consequent colds and sickness and absences from chapels Sundays, tend to confirm the truth of our text. Why should the students of other dormitories be deprived of the convenience with which nearly every house is provided? It is not sufficient to answer, "Let them room in Morgan," for that bids fair to continue to be fully occupied, and men must, of necessity, room elsewhere. The College buildings and surroundings are gradually assuming the appearance of comfort, an indication that the best is bestowed upon their condition; many of the barbarous landmarks of the dark ages have been removed, and for these improvements the students and friends of the College are truly grateful. At the same time these innovations evidence on the part of the Faculty an ability and desire to meet the wishes of the students, far different from that which formerly prevailed, and there is nothing which would give more general satisfaction than the introduction of bath-rooms in East, which would also accommodate occupants of South, and into West, similarly available Kelloggites. Doubtless the men would be willing to pay an additional sum for room-rent, equivalent to what they now pay to an outsider, thus the expense of making the change be a great measure defrayed. Although this matter has not, so far as we know, been men-

tioned before, the reform is important, and one greatly needed; and it is to be hoped that the Faculty or Trustees will find it expedient to authorize an expenditure for this purpose during the approaching vacation.

A LECTURE ON MECHANICS.

MY remarks this morning will be confined chiefly to explanations of the various experiments. Some of the apparatus is rather old, so that I must ask you to excuse any failures, as well as the omission of some interesting features. In reference to the air-pump, for instance, I should like to show you how a glass of beer acts in a vacuum, but there is no beer provided for this department—astonishing negligence. The principle, however, is just the same, and you may observe its effect by drinking some beer before a meal. It is very effervescent and heady.

This is a model of the suction and force-pump,—well, it doesn't work though,—but you can see the principle. I am sorry the apparatus isn't better.

I have already explained the ordinary siphon. There is another kind—I found one of them among the models—with equal arms; that is they should be; in this one they are not. It works thus, etc.

This intermittent fountain, you will observe, has three jets, and when I turn on the water it flows from them—er,—this jet here is stopped up. Rust, probably; but the principle remains the same.

The hydraulic ram is a simple machine for raising water to a great height. Our model is out of order, but you can form an idea of the *modus operandi*. When I raise this valve (of course this is done by the water in a rightly constructed machine) the liquid is forced back, etc.

And so on during the remainder of the lecture.

Is it strange that a large expenditure is asked for refurnishing the laboratory and purchasing new apparatus?

EVACUATION DAY parade in New York was magnificent only we were at recitations.

THE STAR AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

WHAT is this wild, ecstatic melody
That trembles in the air with tuneful jar?
A nightingale, mad, drunk with melody,
Thrills out his love unto the evening star.

The star's soft rays shine down and kiss the bird
Who sends his passion pealing to the sky,
As if she heard his song, and having heard,
Was stooping to him from her throne on high.

Love, so my soul thrills out to thee its song;
But thou art from me, O, so far, so far!
Do I attract thee, thee for whom I long,
As nightingale attracts the evening star?

I. W. A.

A MELODIOUS DISCORD.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

THE Fall had been an unusually fine one, and the Winter was late in setting in. But now it seemed as though lost time was to be made up, as all day long the sky had had that heavy leaden hue, which, as evening drew on became even more intense, if possible, and the wind began to increase into a strong blow.

From the old Hallingford mansion, situated as it was on high ground, the view was anything but cheerful. The well-kept green lawns that surrounded the house had turned to a dirty brown, and the tall old shade trees had shed their leaves and stood around like sentinels, stark and grim, only deigning to bend their tops to the fiercer gusts from the valley. The mountains across the valley that had appeared so beautifully as their foliage began to turn, now looked blue and chilly against the sky. Suddenly, without any warning, the blue peaks began to disappear one by one in the white mist, and in a few minutes more the storm came hurrying along the valley below and broke with all its force on Hallingford Hill, swaying the old trees backward and forward and turning everything within its reach white. The scene within was more pleasant.

"Edythe," said Mrs. Hallingford, entering the library where the former sat reading, "we should have received these letters this morning but Thomas omitted to go to the post. My dear, here is a regret from the Hiltons; they have gone to New York for Thanksgiving and so cannot

accept for dinner to-night. That will lessen the number we counted on. It is very provoking they are unable to come. Young Hugh Weathersby accepts, and young Brown writes, 'I shall be delighted to accept your kind invitation to dinner Thanksgiving evening.' So that will make twelve in all. I am sorry about the Hiltons. I wanted them to meet Mr. Brown."

Hugh Wethersby had known the Hallingfords for some time and he and Edythe had always been great friends. He accepted for that night with pleasure, for it would be his last opportunity of seeing Miss Hallingford for a long time, as he sailed the next day for Germany, where he was to represent an American house.

When dinner was announced that evening Weathersby was afraid he would be separated from Miss Hallingford, in which case he knew his evening would be half spoiled. But as though divining his thoughts Mrs. Hallingford asked him to take in Edythe, and to his delight he found himself seated between the latter and the hostess. For the first few minutes they were very conventional, small talk being the principal conversation; and then they drifted into commenting on the general gossip in town. She asked about his business abroad. But when he told her he was to be absent a year or two at least, she was not at all demonstrative, and merely asked whether he thought he would like it. After that Mr. Brown absorbed her attention on a discussion about Pugs, and Hugh was left to himself. As he sat there and watched her, he could not help thinking of the pleasant times they had had together, the tennis tournaments and walking expeditions; the sleighing and skating parties the winter before; and the many sociables at which they had met. As he sat there and watched her as she jested with young Brown, and thought of leaving all these associations, he was filled with regrets and was almost sorry he had decided upon going.

He was conscious that Mrs. Hallingford was addressing him, and that he was trying to be an attentive listener and answer yes and no intelligently. Once he noticed her look of surprise at one of his answers, and after he had made an observation on the subject in question, the con-

HEARTLESS.

THAT she's handsome there isn't a doubt;
 She has the slenderest waist,—
 Her lips most bewitchingly pout,
 She's dressed in most beautiful taste.

Her eyes have the heavens' own blue,
 She walks as if taught by Delsarte;
 But alas! "pity 'tis" that it's true,
 She hasn't an atom of heart.

With her beauty you need have no fear—
 She'll make an excellent match;
 She'll marry ten thousand a year,
 And speak of it then as "a catch."

EVILS OF PROCRASTINATION.

CHAPTER I.

THE night was a dark one, except when the moon broke from the black clouds overhead and threw grim shadows from objects close by. Peter Kallins was returning on horseback from a visit to his betrothed. It was the last time he would see her for months, for he had shipped as mate of a merchant vessel. That night Peter went down on his knees to Sarah and was accepted. And here he was going away. Peter felt sad. The road he took at one point climbed a hill, and the rider walked his horse up. As he gained the top, where two roads came together, Peter heard a noise, and by the pallid light of the moon just then coming from behind the clouds, he saw farmer Jones reeling along the road. Suddenly a footpad sprang on the farmer, and Peter saw a traveler run to his assistance. A shot was heard, the traveler fell, and Jones the next moment dashed by him, thinking he was attacked on all sides. The pad dropped his weapon and vanished. Now Peter had just passed the constable a minute before returning from town, and, afraid of being summoned as a witness, he galloped off. The moon glanced at the deed it had revealed, and fled too. All was quiet. The night wears on, the next day would be the morrow.

Give other descriptions of scenery. Explain what is meant by "*reeling*." Moralize.

CHAPTER II.

Peter reaches home, stirs the kitchen fire, drains what is left of some Piper-Heidsick, which the

old man had kept over from Thanksgiving, and muses:

"My luck of course! Here I am just engaged for matrimony and must start on a cruise. So it goes. There's Jones now; robbing wasn't enough harm; he will be seen running by the constable, and will be hung for murder, like as not. I must write at once to the coroner and clear him. No, to-morrow will do as well." Peter doses.

What is meant by Piper-Heidsick? Derivation? Give proverb illustrating next to last sentence.

CHAPTER III.

[Seven months are supposed to have elapsed.]

Peter returns home. Sees very few people in his native town; the place looks deserted. He asks a boy the reason.

"Gone to Jones' hanging down to Ballyle," answers the youth. Peter sees it all. He has killed Jones by putting off writing to the coroner. Still, he may be in time. The train leaves at eleven. He looks at his watch. A minute of the hour! He rushes headlong to the depot. Hears the whistle as he darts through the door! The porter has just closed the gate!! To late!!!

"Oh, d—n! Let me through!" he shouts.

"I must go to Ballyle!! 'Tis life or death!!!"

"The train does not start for seven minutes," answers the official. "The new standard of time is seven minutes later."

(a) Give the awful results of procrastination as brought out in the above. (b) Comment briefly on the whole story. (c) Decline *Oh, d—n*, as it was originally. (d) Give a synopsis of all you know, omitting the rules in football and the game Thanksgiving.

THE library is only open four hours and a-half daily, since the darkness has necessitated its closing at 4.30 P. M. In more civilized communities this diminution of time would be met by opening the institution earlier in the morning.

THE following loyal remark, from a member of the German eleven, occurred while a dispute over a point was in progress: "Stop your fighting; the game is between the French and German divisions, but whichever side loses, '85 wins."

nature the Battery fully came up to the highest longings after the beautiful. The paths wound in and out among the trees, and the green-sward, which sloped gently down to the embankment, was here and there studded with the old adage: "Keep off the grass!!" At low tide the beach stretched along for several yards from the cliff, and so afforded a pleasant place for the children to play among the tomato cans and leather shoes. Under the shade trees were stationed rustic seats, which invited repose if nobody was already sleeping on them. The trees were filled with chattering sparrows, and the continual sound of their fighting and scolding was only interrupted by the subdued roar of the "L" overhead.

The view off on the bay was worthy of a poet's talent. In the distance were the Jersey coal yards and Jersey City itself. The water was dotted here and there with sails of schooners and sloops. Now and then a bustling tug would pass by drawing after it a scow of garbage to its final resting-place on the bar in the lower bay. Slowly and surely would go by the Brooklyn Annex in time to catch the train after next. Towards the left by Governor's Island—but words cannot express the view. The people on the Battery may be of more interest.

There, loafing about the Garden door, was our friend of the morning, evidently expecting some one. Presently a man who had been occupying one of the rustic seats, and to a careful observer had been watching our friend, got up and approached him. This stranger had on a silk hat, but it did not have the correct bell shape about it. His overcoat came a little below his hips, but a good judge would have told you it was made in Chatham street.

"Ah! my friend, just come over?" Our friend nodded. "How's everything in the old country? What made you come over?" persisted the stranger.

"Well, thin, I'll tell ye, but keep still about it, do yer moind. In me native country, Connaught, I gave notice to the bhoys one night that I was going to Ameriky. Two days after, a gentleman kim to me and sais he represented the Coibden Club, and he sais he heard I was about to go to Americky, but had not enough money, and when

I told him that was my intintion, he sais he would pay me passage, if I would do a thrifle for him in New York and sail that same week. Sure and I will, sais I, and that's how I kim so soon. Ah, but this is a foine country. I have only been here the day and the whole country is trying to engage me services. A man kim to me and sais he had a large farm out West and wanted me to work for him, and nixt year he would take me in as partner, do yer moind. He said he had already got a ticket for me by the Erie Road, and I was to pay him now and he would meet me on the train. But I sais not this week, as I had a little job to attind to. With that he looked surprised and left me. Thin a little later a man kim up and wanted me to work for him in Greene street, and still another asked me to bring me wife and baggage and visit him in Baxter street. Soon after a ginteel looking man shook me by the hand and sais he had been expecting me. But I told him my name was not Smith, so he went. Ah, it's an hospitable country! I must go in business for meself!"

"I thought you had not enough money even to come over?" said the stranger.

"I'll tell ye how I fixed that. I went to the Bury of Emygration and said I and me wife wanted to be assisted emygrants, and they gave us money for our passage."

"And what are you doing for the Cobden Club?" inquired the man under the beaver.

"I'll tell ye. The gentleman in Ireland had had me picture taken, and he sent it to a gentleman in this country, and he told me to wear a big red cravat when I got ashore, and the day the steamer arrived I was to stand outside Castle Garden and wait till the gentleman spoke to me, and if I answered correctly what the gentleman in Ireland told me, I was to go to the same place the nixt day and I would be paid money to go West with."

"And what were you to tell this gentleman and his friends?"

"Well, I was to pretind I had been here for some time and was disgusted with a protective—that's the word he told me, I think—yes with a protective country, and was going home. I was to say I could not afford to live in this country

REPOSE.

THE twilight shadows slowly gathering
Rest on the lea and o'er the silent wold,
And peaceful rest; their wide outspreading wing
Our cares and sorrows calmly doth enfold.

A quiet falls on mountain, vale, and sea.
The slowly rising moon pours down her light
O'er all the earth; as far as eye can see
The world lies sleeping in the arms of night.

The soul grows clear; the spirit's eye can see
Things which were dim in light of gaudy day;
The soul, from its encumb'ring bonds now free,
In pensive thought soars up and far away.

I. W. A.

COLLEGE NOTES.

GREAT complaint is heard from "Morgan" in reference to the illy-constructed windows.
THE storm-door is on the increase.

"BILL" declares he has been selling pop-corn for sixty years.

IT is becoming quite popular now to pass a night in Morgan Hall each week.

EASTMAN and Hubbell, the battery of the nine, are in daily practice at the Gymnasium.

ESSAYS from the first half of the Senior class were due before the Thanksgiving recess.

GOODYEAR, '87, was unable to play in the Soph-Fresh foot-ball game on account of sickness.

THE explosion in the Laboratory, last week, came very near keeling over the heavy-weight of '84.

THE pictures of the victorious rope-pull team ('86) have been received from Pach. They are very good.

A FRESHMAN was observed to try a drop kick on a rotten apple, the other day. Results—disastrous.

THE Sophomores are required to write theses upon various topics connected with their study of philology.

A MOVEMENT is again on foot to secure Southworth Hall for "Lawn Tennis" purposes during the winter months.

AN unexpected experiment on the brittleness of glass was performed in the Mechanics recitation last Saturday.

THE bowling alley has been locked of late, to check the ardor of the genus "small boy," as it has been explained.

'87 is to be congratulated on having secured a remarkably good class picture—if good means accurate in likeness.

THE Seniors have finished the outline study of Man, under Dr. Hopkins, and are now taking the Law of Love.

LAST Saturday a very interesting game of tennis was played by the Sophomores, with four men on a side. Keep on, '86!

THE Junior Germans enjoyed an examination a week ago Friday, and the Frenchmen one on the following Monday.

'87 was obliged to forego a second game with "Greylock," owing to the illness of some members of the latter's eleven.

THE additional lights which have been distributed over the campus are a boon, for which we cannot be too thankful.

THE Juniors will be examined on the last four chapters in political economy, with an abundance of time for a thorough review.

CARPENTER CLARK has made the rounds of Morgan to supply the rooms hitherto insufficiently heated with larger radiators.

THE reduced rates offered by the railroads put it within the means of nearly every one to make some excursion during the recess.

THE gentleman who was to take Dr. Clarke's place, during the latter's stay in Naples, seems rather long in putting in his appearance.

SEVERAL of the Seniors in the History elective availed themselves of Prof. Rice's offer to procure sets of Gibbon at a great reduction.

TWO ways were offered this year to those who went to New York during the late recess. The majority took the N. Y. C. & H. R. route.

THE gymnasium is being used more extensively than ever before. The lack of a sufficient number of good mattresses is painfully felt.

COMPLAINTS of the lights in the several recitation rooms is becoming general; in this case one might wish that all the talk might end in *gas*.

MR. LYMAN WILDER, of Hoosick Falls, the collector of the cabinet presented to the College by the munificence of the late Edward Clark, visited Williams last week.

FROM all appearances, the "Gul" will not be finished before the Christmas holidays, in which case they will be ready for delivery at the reassembling of the College, Jan. 10th.

PERSONALS.

'59. Rev. M. L. Berger has become executive secretary of an association in this country that propose to aid and extend the French McAll Mission.

'59. J. H. Butler, of 925 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, is an extensive publisher of mathematical school books. He was one of the editors of the Williams Quarterly in his college days, and learned the joys and sorrows of the craft.

'63. Rev. John G. Davenport, secretary of the class of '63, and pastor of the Congregational Church at Waterbury, Ct., has just issued an elegant volume of eighty pages, entitled "After Twenty Years," being a class report of that eminent class for the score of years just past. Mr. Davenport was formerly tutor at Williams, and is now in a church with a membership of over six hundred.

'63. Hon. Thomas L. Rogers has resigned the vice-presidency of the California Southern R. R. Co., and is forwarding other railroad schemes not yet made public.

'63. Colonel Edward F. Sill of Rochester, is attaining a national reputation in the lecture field.

'63. Gilbert Wilkinson is dead. He was a born musician, and as organist and music teacher at Poughkeepsie had great and deserved success.

'75. James F. Herrick is engaged to the daughter of Dr. Terhune of Springfield, Mass. Mr. Herrick is a member of the board of editors of the Springfield *Republican*.

'75. J. H. Kingsley resides with his wife and child in Malden, Mass. Mr. Kingsley's office is at 41 Arch Street, Boston.

'78. Bushnell Danforth has finished the work on his house on Park Street, and moved in during the last week.

'77. Born in August, to R. Leake a daughter.

'78, '67a, '79, '80. Married at Grace Episcopal Church New York city, on Wednesday, September 26th, Walter Geer to Miss Mary Potter, daughter of Orlando B. Potter. Danforth Geer was best man, and H. L. Matz one of the ushers.

'79, '82, '83. Dowd, Pratt, and W. N. Hubbard are in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York city.

'79. Charles R. Leake is the happy father of a son born last October.

'80. A. W. Spooner, who is studying at Auburn, N. Y., has been called to preach at Lake View Church, in Elmira, N. Y. Mr. Spooner goes up to Elmira on Saturdays and returns Mondays to pursue his studies.

'81, '82. Demond and Thompson have entered the Columbia Law School.

'82. Hardy is in the office of the "Dole Fertilizer Co., 42 Congress Street, Boston."

'82. Married at Urbana, O., on Thursday, October 18th, Joseph Perkins, Jr. to Miss Lizzie Leedom. Matz was the best man, and Buell one of the ushers.

'82. James W. Sutherland and Miss Minnie Johnson were married Wednesday evening, November 14th, at the residence of the bride's mother in Williamstown, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland will make their home at Howlands, Mass., where Mr. Sutherland is in business.

'82. Yates will not study law, and is in business in Detroit, Michigan.

'83. Charles S. Knight is with the Travelers Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.

'83. W. N. Smith has been admitted to the bar, and is practicing law in Chicago; his address is room 25, 79 Dearborn Street.

JASON'S LOG-BOOK.

WHEW! what a storm is raging from the South! Jason is almost afraid to show his face on deck, so violent is the wind. Still, the Log must be kept and the necessary observations taken. First, and most direful is the *Yale Courant* tornado. Not only was Jason overwhelmed, but the whole crew were in despair, and had almost decided to desert the *Argo* and take

played, won twelve and lost fifteen.—Harvard one goal, one touchdown, Princeton five goals. The kicking by Moffat was the feature of the game. The eleven is not allowed to play before 4 P.M., often obliging them to finish in darkness.—Three subjects have been announced for the essays to compete for Cobden Club Medal. These must be handed in by May 1, 1884.

YALE.—The Pot Pourri has just been issued, an excellent number.—The *Courant* favors prohibition of infant Glee Clubs.—President Porter has in preparation a volume on Kant's Ethics. The anticipated danger to the athletic field has proved groundless.—'85 defeated '84 at La Crosse.—Great eagerness was displayed by several of the colleges to secure matches for the Thanksgiving game.—Yale, 64, University of Michigan, 0.—Hendee, the champion bicyclist, is preparing to enter Sheff., '87. During the last two years he has won prizes valued at \$2,000.—A fire in a room in one of the college buildings recently injured property worth \$150.—The total score of the eleven up to the time of the Michigan game was fifty-eight goals and nineteen touchdowns to twenty safeties.—Yale, 93, Columbia, 0.—The aggregate weight of Yale's team is 2,258 lbs.

ELSEWHERE.—Columbia, by forfeiting her game with Princeton, has risked expulsion from the base ball league.—The University of St. Petersburg, having recently matriculated 500 new students, has a roll of 2,300 men.—The following is the number of volumes in some of the largest college libraries in the country: Harvard, 185,000; Yale, 63,000; Dartmouth, 60,000; Brown, 52,000; Princeton, 49,000; Cornell, 53,000; Columbia, 38,000; Wabash, 28,000; Williams, 21,000; and Madison, 14,000.—Bowdoin defeated Colby at Tennis.—At Dartmouth, '84 won the class base ball championship.—The reading-room fiend has shown his cloven hoof at Brown.

OLIPPINGS.

THE boy who returned home from school at a suspiciously late hour, on being called to account for his tardiness, remarked that he had done so well on his lessons that day that his teacher gave him an *encore* on his Latin recitation.—*Ex.*

SCENE.—*Greck Room, Freshman Year.*

TEXT.—“*The Olive Branch.*”

Question—Is this a Stump Speech, Professor?

Absent-minded Professor—No, this was more or less of a regular plea in court (suddenly waking up and seeing the point), oh! Mr. Smith, how could you really!—Next.—*Advocate.*

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

“I THINK I've shown you,” said the fiend,

(For half an hour he'd tried),

“A man can never know himself;
It cannot be denied.”

Then Jack, from out an easy-chair,

Drawled with a yawning sigh:

“Congratulate you; for *you* know

Just one bore less than *I*.”—s. in *Lampoon.*

“Look heah, Thomas Jefferson, dis heah's a nice time fo' you to be getting home?” growled Aunt Poly, as her boy came in long after midnight, “You dunno nuffin'!” retorted Thomas. “Hahn't you nebber hearn dat de darkey's hour is jes' befo' day?”—*Ex.*

A little peach in an orchard grew,

Of emerald hue—so rare,

Our baby on that peach did chew

And climbed the golden stair.—*Teck.*

A CORRESPONDING secretary of a business man was invited to take tea with a family, the head of which was an aged and devout widow. When all were seated, the widow said, “Mr. B—, will you please say grace?” This was a stumper, and the guest was about to decline, when a second look from the hostess made him feel that he ought to make the attempt. Bowing his head, with trembling voice he said: “Dear sir, yours received, and found in good order. Please accept thanks for same, and oblige yours truly. Amen.”—*Ex.*

ANNEX NOTES.

THE spruce-gum racket at Fritzina's was a great success.

SUSIE Rosebud made quite a clever remark yesterday. In removing her hat, some of her back hair fell on the ground and got entangled in Jenny Jewsharp's sealskin boa. Susie picked them up and turned around, remarking that “she could hardly tell which was switch.”

introduced by the instructor, we doubt if the advance is at all beneficial. No one will deny that an examination is a test of a man's knowledge on a particular subject, and the efficacy of that test is known to be advantageous, yet on the completion of the study it seems neither fair nor just to expect of him the unimportant details.

WITH the recent change in the rhetorical work of the Sophomores, which requires them to compete for the Moonlight appointments with original orations, students here seem destined to enter at once upon the delivery of their productions with a previous collegiate preparation for speaking in public. It is true that they have their private rehearsals before an instructor during Freshman year, but these are very inadequate for imparting the confidence so requisite in facing an audience. Many a man who acquits himself creditably before one person will lamentably fail when called to confront many. We would suggest, therefore, that the first year declamations be made public. They need not necessarily be an addition to the present work of the Freshmen, but might be substituted for one Greek or Latin recitation a week, on the same principle that governs the Junior debates. Certainly we are not burdened with a superfluity of oratorical practice at present. Three appearances on the stage in four years will hardly make Websters of us all; and the step we propose, besides introducing a valuable feature into the curriculum, could be made to relieve, in a slight measure, the monotonous routine of Freshman year.

THE N. Y. *Tribune* for December 3d contained a long and interesting review of the Autobiography of Dr. Orville Dewey,—an alumnus whom Williams men remember with pride. Receiving his early training in a little Massachusetts village, under the stern Calvinistic doctrines of the Puritans, it was not till he entered Williams that "religion became his highest delight"; a sentiment that the College seems to have inspired very generally at that time in the students. After a theological course at Andover he preached for two years in Dr. Channing's church, having passed from the Cal-

vinistic faith to Unitarianism, where his generous impulses and liberality were less confined by strict sectarian dogmas. His service as pastor of the Church of the Messiah in New York extended over many years, and his congregation included many eminent people. During his life he met a large number of distinguished men of whom he has made mention in his Autobiography; among them were Channing, John Adams, and his son, John Quincy Adams, Thackeray, Irving, and Josiah Quincy. His reminiscences of these persons are exceedingly interesting and instructive. His life furnishes a beautiful example of what may be accomplished by a conscientious, sympathetic Christian, and the reader of his Autobiography will feel himself greatly benefited by its perusal, and by the writer's wholesome and cheerful views.

FROM a recent number of the *Athenaeum* we quote the following: "We understand that the Glee Club, which was in such excellent training last year, have had several meetings to arrange for the year's work." However, notwithstanding this encouraging news, nothing definite has yet been done—a fact which is sincerely to be regretted, since the College possesses a sufficient number of good voices to organize a glee club, which would be abundantly able to equal, if not rival, the efforts of last year. The complaints that practicing consumes too much of a man's time; that giving concerts in vacation is a great deal to ask of one, may be just; yet those possessing really fine voices should remember that concerts are undertaken not merely to please the participants, but they are more efficient means of establishing a musical *prestige* at Williams than any other way. The successful trip of the musical association last Christmas vacation, and the complimentary notices it received, should have conspired to urge men to make a similar tour during the approaching recess. Then, too, the commencement season would keenly feel the absence of a glee club to assist in the various exercises. In conclusion, let us hope that next term some men, who have the best interests of the College at heart, will begin a work of reconstruction. After a period

of careful training, nothing should prevent a series of concerts in the Easter holidays.

WE have received from one of the Freshmen a communication requesting us to acknowledge our error in criticising the actions of his class after their football game with the Sophomores. We are glad to learn that the disorder was caused by only a small part of the class, but under the circumstances of an inter-class contest all the classmates of the culprits must be held responsible to a certain degree for any demonstration of an ungentlemanly character which they fail to check. The general opinion throughout College seems to be that the Freshmen did overstep the bounds of propriety that day, and we have even been assured by several of our correspondent's classmates that they considered THE ARGO's censure well-timed and merited. With the exception of this one occasion we agree with the writer of the remonstrance, that eighty-seven "is a class which always has and, we trust, always will act the gentleman on the campus." In conclusion we have to thank our correspondent for his manly method of addressing the board of editors, instead of uttering senseless threats against THE ARGO. If his example were more generally followed, both as regards the College papers and the Faculty, there would be a much better state of feeling all round.

WE are sorry to chronicle the disgraceful event which occurred the evening of the reception given by the President to the Senior class. Every class, sooner or later in its College life, manifests some distinctive quality. Whatever those qualities may be in the other classes now in College, that of '85 is certainly *low lived* *check*. To take satisfaction for the antique grudge of a stolen pipe or a tied foot-ball game by a gross breach of courtesy—yes a *positive insult* toward our President in stealing the refreshments provided, through his kindness, for the Senior class, is conduct that would be disgraceful in a driveling idiot. From the first week of '85's connection with the College they have been characterized, we are sorry to say, by a spirit of meanness that has lost no opportunity for mani-

festing itself. It is an absolute necessity for the good of the College at large that this childishness should be immediately stopped. It is needless to give further airing to such a painful subject, but as a representative of the best sentiments of the College we have felt it our duty to speak thus plainly.

IN wishing our readers a pleasant vacation, it may not be entirely out of place to review what has been done during the term, and what might have been done to advantage if the suggestions of the two papers had been heeded. Henceforth the Cobden prize is to be awarded upon the merits of competitive essays, in accordance with a recent proposition; it has been decided to introduce one modern language, probably German, into the curriculum of Sophomore year, and the members of Eighty-six may congratulate themselves that their petition was not altogether in vain, even if they personally are not to enjoy its fruitage. What hasn't been done includes a long list. In the first place the gymnasium remains in its same half useless condition; one man narrowly escaped a serious injury, recently, while exercising with the defective apparatus, and many have ceased going to the building at all. Once again we urge upon the authorities the necessity of some improvement in the furniture; they are not expected to be conversant with all the latest plans for physical development, but we predict that, if they would examine the present apparatus with some one to explain its faults and deficiencies, we should no longer have cause of complaint. An improvement that we had confidently expected to be made, as it depended entirely upon the students themselves, was a reorganization of the Athletic Association as proposed in a recent ARGO. However, no one seems to have attempted the reform. This is the more to be regretted because, unless something is speedily effected, the negligence of the Association's officers will deprive the College of a most pleasant entertainment during the winter term. It is not yet absolutely too late for some action, and we hope that the president and directors will bestir themselves and introduce a financial basis for the Association. As regards the additional bath-rooms,

something may be done during the recess; certainly they are greatly needed. While grateful for past favors, let us hope that at some time the library hours will be extended, the building heated and lighted at night, the hour of Sunday evening chapel changed, the nine receive permission to apply for admission to the league, plank-walks introduced, and a hundred other necessary matters receive the attention they deserve.

DAPHNIS AND PHYLLIS.

WHEN earth was fair and young
And shepherds blithe and gay,
Sweet Daphnis gaily sung
To Phyllis fair as May;
"I try to praise thine eyes
And thy complexion's hue;
My voice in silence dies
When thy fair face I view.

"But if mine eyes do speak,
Will thine eyes answer mine?
If blood bepaint my cheek
Will color flush in thine?"
Said Phyllis fair and gay,
"I truly can't divine
What my own eyes should say
In answer unto thine,

"Unless I know their speech—
You need not go, but stay
And truly to me teach
The thing thine eyes would say."
"Tis what the birds do say
When we hear them sing,
Making glad the day,
The loving birds in spring."

Said Phyllis gaily then,
"I do not understand
Either birds or men,
Pray, let go my hand."
Then Daphnis turned to go,
He would no longer sue.
Said Phyllis then, "I know—
At least—I *think* I do."

Ah, pretty Phyllis learned
The speech of eyes to know
When bashful Daphnis turned;
Turned, but did not go.

I. W. A.

STUDENT, translating in Juvenal: "And these were the *resulting* causes."

WILLIAMSTOWN CELEBRITIES.

II. BILL PRATT.

WILLIAM ERASTUS PRATT,—called by those who know him best, "Bill"—is the subject of our present sketch. Upon carefully reviewing the life of this *Rara Avis* we find so much that is transcendently brilliant,—so much that is tenderly pathetic,—so much that is utterly too in his character, that we are filled with amazement at the failure of "some one" to write him up. Mr. Pratt, before he was an hour and a half old, delivered an oration on milk which stirred in the breasts of his hearers mingled feelings of ire and desire. Though this was a trite subject he treated it with that peculiarly emphatic and piquant style which has characterized all his subsequent efforts. When about eighteen months old he suffered an attack of "Pip;" and it was then that he made his "sovereign remedy" known to the world. He called for saleratus-and-cider, drank three pints with no heel-taps, and experienced almost immediate relief. Since that time, his panacea has completely cured him of the following complaints—(summer complaints and summer not), heart disease,* lock jaw,† broken leg, cerebro spinal meningitis, and crick-in-the-back. W. Erastus Pratt entered Williams College in 1834, and has graduated with every class since. He says "I've got all the paramentary knowledge and category of the ocean but I can't neither read nor write. I could preach the gable end of a cartridge box better 'n Dr. Carter if I had the ordination."

He was a bosom friend of Professor Perry while in the class of '52, and affirms that the great free-trader ranked next below him in everything except knowledge of the "Harmoniky," and this leads us to the subject of his musical abilities.

Orpheus was a charmer; Gilbert and Sullivan are very well in their way, but Bill Pratt is a "corker."‡ He can play upon seventeen instru-

* He has been married three times: two of his wives are still extant.

† This attack occurred while he was delivering his famous funeral oration over the dead body of his woolly dog.

‡ People often pay him large sums to cork up and pass on.

ments (all harmonicas), and we do not for a moment hesitate to say that we think he could play upon as many more, if he had them. His style is unique; his technique almost wonderful. We rather incline to think that he affects the Wagnerian method in some of his most inspired moments. But we turn regretfully to the great sorrow of his life. A coterie of the fair sex have dubbed him "Father." For further particulars on this point we refer the reader to Bill himself who, on a very slight provocation, will detain him from an hour and a half to two hours giving the details of this unparalleled outrage.

In the mean time Bill is receiving orders for cider and pop-corn.

B. O'C.

FAN, THE PHYSIOGNOMIST.

A FEW STRAY LEAVES FROM HER DIARY.

JUNE 1.—Oh, such fun. Ned has just been over, and staid three full hours, telling me about the new thing that he is so much interested in. Ned has kind of fits of being interested in lots of things, only no one particular one ever holds him very long. He has been reading a book of physiognomy, and he intends to devote his whole time to the study of it both "in theory and practice," he said. I don't know exactly what he means, but he said he would come over again to night and tell me more about it.

JUNE 2.—Ned was over again last night, and staid real late. Papa spoke to him before he went, and I'm 'fraid he was real cross to the poor boy. He oughtn't to be, I'm sure, for I know he's helping me to develop myself ever so much, and I feel real grateful to him for it. Anyway, I'm going away soon, and he wants me to study the faces of the new people I meet, after a thorough reading of the manual he gave me, and report to him quite often the result of my observations, when he will show me how to apply them. He's a real good fellow, only I'm afraid he likes me too well, because, when I said some folks might object to my staring at 'em, he said they ought to be killed if they did; he would pay to be stared at constantly by me. I don't hardly know what I should think of that.

JUNE 6.—Ned came over to give me parting instructions about my work. He seemed very learned at first, but by-and-by, when I came to say good-by, he wanted to kiss me and I let him. I wonder if it made any difference. I don't believe so, he always seems so kind and big-brotherly.

JUNE 9.—Oh, dear, I've been here a day and a half, right near the dear old ocean, and such lots of nice dear folks to study. I'm enjoying both the jolly times and the physiognomy very much indeed. One kind of it seems to fit into the other. I seem to be picking up hints about the study very quickly. There is one nice old gentleman at our table. I have studied him off and on, most of the time, and I am sure benevolence shines right out of his face. He always seems so gentle and affectionate. I overheard to-day that he was collecting for some missionary purpose.

JUNE 11.—I was sure of the old man and wrote to Ned. But now I have some proof of my skill at the "art of faces," as Ned calls it, because the old man came around to-day and asked me for a subscription to his fund. I had a real long talk with him, and gave him \$25. I am afraid it was a good deal, but I mean to tell papa what a good cause I gave it in, and he won't mind, I don't believe. My second and third subjects are doing well, too. One of them is a lady with awfully red cheeks. I think she is a milkmaid in disguise, or some other kind of country girl, I am not quite sure yet. But anyway I don't care to study her so well as the other, a young man, Fred Beckwith.

JUNE 12.—I had to break right off there yesterday, because Mr. Beckwith wanted me to go sailing with him, and I went; it was such a good opportunity to get along with my physiognomy. And he talked so nicely, I had a splendid time and didn't do much but look and try and decide what kind of characters his face showed. I mean to ask Ned, when I write to-morrow, if the eye is not the best index to judge by. Somehow I find that I can tell very well that way.

JUNE 19.—Oh, dear, such a wretched week as I have passed, and here is a letter from papa telling me to come right home, and that I am a silly chit, not fit to go away from there. For,

in the first place Fred says that that benevolent old man was a horrid swindler, and the only consolation I have is that he "roped in" (as Fred says) nearly all the guests here, and that horrid red-faced woman came to me to day right after dinner, and said, "you ugly, vulgar, young thing; what if I do paint! I'll thank you to stop staring at me after this. The people all think you're an impident hussy."

JUNE 20.—I had a fearful quarrel with Mr. Ned Jones this morning. He called me a heartless flirt. Its all because I promised to study Fred (Mr. Beckwith). It all came about so curiously I kept on studying Fred's face, till he begged my secret one day, and the foolish fellow wouldn't stop till I said he could study mine, too, until he knew it thoroughly, and then he said he would know it well enough, during his life.

When I told Ned that it was all the result of his physiognomy scheme, he turned on his heel and said something about "his own petard," but I'm sure I don't know what he meant.

AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

AT Christmas-Tide, King Folly's train
Holds Carnival, and none complain,
Staid matrons throng from place to place,
On some elusive bargains chase;
And bundles undisputed reign.

'Tis now the youth, with beardless face,
Gets from his girl a shaving case,
And sends the last year's card again—
At Christmas-Tide.

The crafty spouse, her liege and grace
Surprises (?) with that Mayence vase
She'd coveted, and slippers twain,
And also unpaid bill of same,
Then wonders why he grows profane
At Christmas-Tide.

HER SISTER, WHICH?

THE steamer swung out in the stream, handkerchiefs were waved for a moment, and then the huge vessel got under way, bound for England.

"The captain says we may expect a smooth passage," observed a middle-aged gentleman, turning to young Lincoln, as the latter gazed moodily at the different craft in the North River.

"Ah!" said the person in question, starting slightly, "I am glad to hear it. I hope the captain will not be disappointed in his conjecture." Mr. Lincoln had just left America to look after the interests of a branch house in London. The two gentlemen smoked together, and later in the day the stranger introduced Lincoln to his wife, Mrs. Bancroft, and Miss Marion Bancroft.

The next morning Lincoln coming into breakfast found only Miss Bancroft, the captain, and a phlegmatic old sea-goer in the dining saloon.

"The fine trip predicted," said Miss Bancroft, "has begun rather badly."

"Yes," answered Lincoln, "very, and from the deserted breakfast tables we seem to be the only good sailors."

After breakfast Miss Marion expressed a wish to go on deck, so Lincoln brought her sea-chair, and they reached the deck with difficulty. A strong wind was blowing, and in consequence the vessel was pitching tremendously. Yet they managed to pass a very pleasant hour, though it was rather hard to keep one's balance, but anything, she declared, was preferable to the close cabin. She had read a good deal and they had quite a discussion on books and authors. He learned that they had been in the United States for six months, traveling part of the time, and the remainder visiting relatives in New York. They were returning home now to England, and she would probably stay severely there, she told him, for the rest of her life. The next day she spent the morning on deck, seated in her sea-chair, wrapt up in a huge shawl. Lincoln, as he smoked his brierwood not far off, often glanced in her direction. She was trying to read, but was often interrupted by the wind playing among the leaves of her book.

Lincoln prided himself as a judge of character as well as of beauty. As he leaned against the bulwarks he began to study her, as a pure matter of habit, and in the business way he did everything. She certainly was not what would be called pretty. Her face was thoroughly English, having that peculiar squareness to it. She had not much color, though her complexion could be called clear. Yet there was something in her face that was interesting, he thought, even fasci-

were always having long *tete-à-tetes*, discussing books, and arguing about English and American customs. He could see now that he had been with her more than with any one else, and it must have been noticed. Mr. Bancroft then would naturally suppose he meant Miss Marion in his letter, and would consult his wife, who would of course mention the fact to the young lady. He was wild at the thought. In desperation he determined to speak to Miss Lily about it. Hurrying down stairs he looked into the drawing-room where Miss Marion was talking to some guests. He hastened to the library. The room was only lighted by the fire on the hearth, and at first he could distinguish nothing. As he advanced, however, he perceived the person he most hoped to find. After talking on several trivial subjects, standing with his back to the fire, he began :

"Miss Lily, I heard a rather strange story to-day from a young man who asked my advice. I want to know your opinion." She looked up inquiringly. "This young fellow it seems fell deeply in love with a young lady, but through force of circumstances was thrown more often in the society of her sister, whom he admired. In consequence everybody supposed he was interested in the latter. He finally wrote to the father, asking for the hand of his daughter, but, being interrupted by a man on business, in closing his letter he did not mention the first name of the lady, forgetting for the moment that there was a sister."

"Why, how unfortunate! Who was it? Any one I know?"

"When too late," he went on, not seeming to hear her question, "he discovered his blunder, and now is certain the father thinks he means the daughter he had paid so much attention to, and what is more, he feels positive this lady has been told."

"Why! how very strange! I feel sorry for the man."

"I did not know what advice to give him. What would you say was the best thing for him to do. Just apply the case. Take yourself and Miss Marion, for example."

"It is rather a difficult question to decide. But

your example is not analogous, for Marion is not my sister."

"Not your sister!"

"No; how stupid you are. Didn't you know she is father's niece? Her parents are dead and she lives with us. She calls him father, though, as a term of affection. Why! is that anything remarkable? You look quite excited."

"I feel so. That supposed person is myself. Have you heard anything about the contents of a letter I wrote your father yesterday?"

"Yes, I believe mamma did mention something about it to me this afternoon. She said, if I remember right, something in it referred to me."

UNO.

THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

THE President held a reception for the Senior class last week Friday, which was a notably pleasant affair. Over ninety guests were present, in spite of the inclement aspect of the weather. Mrs. Carter received with the President, and the gentlemen of the Faculty, with their ladies, assisted in the entertainment of the evening. Dr. Monger and his daughter were present from North Adams. The popularity of these receptions is established, and they are welcomed as pleasant means of removing the social barrier between instructors and students.

ACROSS THE MEADS.

A CROSS the misty, moonlit meads
Blow breezes soft and cool to me,
Wafting the music of the sea
Whose far-off thunderous melody
Sounds now as soft as Pan-piped reeds—
Across the misty, moonlit meads.

I sit and tell my years as beads;
Still blows the faintly whispering breeze—
I find it fraught with memories,
With passions, love, regret—but these,
All far-off surf and surge of seas—
The mind—the heart, now hardly heeds
Across Time's misty, moonlit meads.

H. S. U.

THE President's reception to those members of '87 who spent Thanksgiving in Williamstown was heartily enjoyed by all present.

"Mr. Dutton, allow me to present you to Miss Clay, whom you met in the early part of the evening without recognizing."

Poor Dutton was amazed. He could say nothing for some time, when he at length bowed in a confused manner, and muttered a few incoherent words. After the excitement ceased Miss Malfort approached him.

"You will pardon me, I trust, for this affair, when I tell you that Mr. Robbins is the one to be blamed. He told me of your esteem for the young lady, and asked me to get you talking on that subject, since you did not appear to remember Miss Clay's face."

"Certainly," laughed Dutton, who had regained his composure. "By the way, I don't think Miss Clay will soon forget me."

Not long afterwards the guests dispersed with lasting remembrances of the amusing finale of Christmas eve in the year 18—.

COL.

TOO UNFILIAL.

To Phylliso, who persists in informing me that "She done it."

SHE always seems so meek and mild,
Her air so gracious, kind, and sweet—
By these fair ways I'd be beguiled
And fain would worship at her feet,—

But—still—I cannot bend the knee—
Though oft her praises I have sung,
Till I can see why she should be
So cruel to her mother — tongue.

SHAPE.

CONSTANCE MERRIMAN'S SORROW.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

CHRISTMAS is the sweetest day of all the year. I think so, and so thought Constance Merriman as she sat in the gathering twilight of a December day—the December which closed the calendar of the eighteenth century and laid upon the crooked back of Time the burden of an hundred years.

And as she sat and knit (her briskly clicking needles moved as quickly in the dark as by a candle), she talked aloud.

"A fortnight, barrin' two days, and my Jamie

lad 'll bring the Christmas wi' him. Dear soul, when he went away he looked so wistful-like at everything about, and then he looked at me. I tried to speak, but I could na help him out a whit,—with such a lump in my throat a-chokin' the words down, so he kissed me, did the lad, and left me standin' here without a word. I knew what he had in his mind—he was supposin' an if he should na come back—" She was interrupted in the midst of her reflections by a light tap upon the entry door. The good mother gathered her work quickly and hastened to unfasten the latch as if she knew whom she was about to admit.

"Ah, Phoebe, lassie, I am glad thou'st come: I was just a-thinking o' Jamie. It's nigh Christmas, and he'll soon be wi' us."

The closing of the door causes darkness to conceal a flash of crimson coloring which passed over Phoebe's face at these words. She, too, had been thinking of Jamie. The tasteful rooms are cheerful now with light and fire. The covers laid for two bespeak a pleasant *lête-à-tête*, and soon the loving twain are planning how the Christmas shall be spent. Their deft fingers have been busy for many weeks against the coming of the "Lad" from sea. A year and more he has been gone, leaving his mother disconsolate, save for the cheerful presence of "Phoebe, lassie," who holds his plighted troth,—God pity her!

All was ready and the day was come. Phoebe's quiet knock came earlier than usual. The little kitchen fairly bustled with preparations for a feast. But when the twilight came both women, attired as became a gala day, sat down to wait and talk of Jamie's coming. It was not long before the steady tread of a man was heard upon the creaking snow outside the gate. He entered, and before he had time to lay his hand upon the knocker the door was thrown open and a pair of women's arms were thrown around his neck.

"Thank God, Jamie lad, thou'rt home again."

The man started back, then gently unclasped the hands from around him.

"Jamie lad's not home," he said. "Please, if thou'rt his mother, I ha' some'at to tellen thee."

Constance stood erect, and said, "Aye, that I am, his mother! Speak, man! What o' him?"

chair, lighted a cigarette, and sought to convey in his own person some idea to his hearers of what a man of culture, wealth, and refinement was like. His friends gazed upon him in wonder. Why had they never been inspired with those lofty thoughts and ambitions to which he had just given expression? Why had they foolishly accepted the assurances of friends in other Colleges that the Williams men are equal to those in any other institution in the land? They could say nothing, but sat and looked upon this wonderful being.

Alas! that such a paragon of all excellent qualities had determined to leave them; and worse still, that he should be capable of deception, as they presently learned. For, when the silence was becoming oppressive, this student who found Williams College too contracted a sphere for his great soul, took from his pocket a letter, and said:

"By the way, see what my father, who was a Harvard man, says about it;" and Reynold handed the letter to one of his friends, who read aloud:

DEAR SIR: All your instructors have complained of the poor work you have been doing, and the Faculty, at its last meeting, voted that your connection with the College should cease at the end of—

"Hold up," cried Reynold; "that's the wrong note," and he hurriedly snatched it away and asked to be excused, as he wanted to pack his trunk.

AN INDICATION.

A LILAC cloud against a spotless sky
Reflects the glory of the morning light,
Moving across the seas of living blue
Seeking a harbor in its airy flight.

If thou wouldst learn how transient are all joys,
Watch but the changes that come o'er its face,
As the great sun, arising in his pride,
Courses the heavens in his daily race.

E're yet one paltry hour shall pass away,
The fates decree it shall resume again
That darker panoply that ever breathes
A silent warning of the coming rain.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE Troy & Boston R. R. will offer excursion rates to New York city and chief points West for the coming vacation. If enough names are secured, there will be a through sleeper to Chicago. And if those who intend returning on the 11 P. M. train from New York city will give their names to the ticket agent at the hotel, a through sleeping-car may be secured from New York to Williamstown, if there be a sufficient number.

MINER, '87, has joined the College Church.

FACULTY meetings have been frequent of late.

'86 CLAIMS to hold the championship in whist.

'87 HAS three members who this fall have seen sorrow for the first time.

AMES and Kent, '85, both rejoined their class after the Thanksgiving recess.

IT is reported that "Pa" Taft will shortly resign his position as postmaster.

EFFORT is being made to organize a polo team, to play next term on the Adams rink.

WHO would have thought that the College carpenter could be guilty of such an act?

'87 HAS enjoyed a respite from algebra, last week, owing to the illness of Prof. Dodd.

SEVERAL Williams men propose to pass a part of the approaching recess in Washington.

THE Juniors will not commence the "Evidences of Christianity" until second term.

THE court-room was crowded with students on the 10th to witness a sad and unusual sight.

THE Sophomores have felt a decided sensation of relief since their examination in Chaucer.

'86's SECOND division feels decidedly dubious over its forthcoming examination in "Medea."

ONE "Gul" editor has anticipated the ultimate fate of his comrades by leaving College this term.

PROFESSOR MEARS will probably use the same text-book in Physics next term that he did with '84.

'87 is greatly agitated over the near prospect of term examinations. That in Latin seems to be looked forward to with the greatest apprehension.

THE Freshmen, owing to a lack of funds, were obliged to forego the football game which they expected would be played with Williston on our campus.

THERE is considerable complaint made in certain quarters about eighty-four's pictures, and a new photographer is even now mentioned for next year.

DURING next term the parallel bars, rings, etc., will be removed from the "Gym" to give the nine a clear field for batting; at least report has it so at present.

IT is not often the case that those who come up from Troy on the "owl," are honored by the presence of a Professor. However, it so happened on the 1st inst.

WINDOW strips have been placed on the windows in Morgan by the order of the Faculty. This in a measure atones for the poorness of their construction.

NOW is the season when the absence of a bank in town is keenly felt. It is consoling, however, to have the assurance that the new one will be opened early in January.

THE Juniors had the last of a series of monthly examinations in Mechanics on the 6th inst. Since then they have been reviewing, and have received marks on their recitations.

THE Freshman who works a toothpick about his mouth during chapel, probably thinks it imparts an aspect of superiority; but it doesn't. Quite the contrary, in fact.

AMONG the Williams men in New York during the late recess were, Seymour '79, Benedict '82, Nelson '83, and Dodd '86, who left last Commencement to enter Princeton.

'87 HAS lost three members during the past week. There is some prospect of others leaving in the near future for Harvard, Boston School of Technology, and other institutions.

THE Mansion House is now illuminated with lamps which, although giving an excellent light, stand in unfavorable comparison with the former method, as the cheerful appearance of the gas-lit dining-room was by no means the least appreciated feature of the six-o'clock dinners.

THE orchestra held a meeting last week. The leader reports that much progress is noticeable, and that the musicians are now learning a new and beautiful waltz by Mendelssohn.

THERE appears to be some prospect next year of having a restaurant run solely for the students. A caterer who has had experience at some of the larger Colleges will make the experiment, it is said.

THERE will probably be no dramatics this year, as the committee fear that the Gym. cannot be cleared for a performance and everything be replaced in five days,—the time granted by the Faculty.

THE new roller-skating rink, recently opened in North Adams, is becoming very popular with the students. A large delegation was present Friday night of last week to witness some skillful fancy skating.

IT is said that the stench, so noticeable of late, is caused by a man engaged in the preparation of skunk-skins for market. If this is true, his occupation should be stopped by the authorities as a public nuisance.

JOHNSON, '85, after being confined to his room for a month and a half, left College in the early part of this week. He sails for Nassau, N. P., on the 20th of December, and is doubtful whether he will ever return.

WE cannot refrain from condemning the action of certain students on the night of Dr. Carter's reception to the Senior class. It was an act beneath the dignity of a Collegian, and one which ought never to recur.

AN awkward scene: Father discovered in son's room. Professor enters by *merest accident*, and says, "You are aware, Mr. —, that we voted to give your son a warning. Have you received it?" Professor retires; and son proceeds to explain nature of the forthcoming document.

ON a rainy day the drippings from the rubber coats hung carelessly over the balustrades renders it a task of some skill to navigate the lower passage in Morgan. Also the emptying of a dust-pan from the fourth floor, however convenient it may be, is sometimes annoying.

'63. Rev. Edward P. Roe's new story, "Nature's Serial Story," starts with much of interest and power in the December number of *Harper's Magazine*.

'70 and '81. Fargo and King were guests at the reception given by the Chicago Commercial Club to Gen. Sheridan.

'71. The newspapers speak in high praise of the book, "Red-Letter Days Abroad," a volume which contains some of the best pictures and descriptions which have made the lectures of Mr. John L. Stoddard so deservedly popular in Boston and elsewhere.

'74. Harlan H. Ballard is Principal of the Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass. Mr. Ballard has won quite a reputation as a teacher.

'75. Mr. J. H. Kingsley is the editor of the *Science Record*, formerly *Scientific and Literary Gossip*, a monthly journal of news in all departments of science. The journal is published by S. E. Cassino & Co., 41 Arch Street, Boston, Mass.

'80. Warren is connected with the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

'81. H. S. Stearns was in town recently. Mr. Stearns is at the Yale Law School, and finishes his course in Law next June.

'81. F. Van Tuyl is in the office of the B. & M. R. R., Omaha, Neb.

'82. Geo. W. Thompson is studying law with his father, at Rockford, Ill.

'82. Nelligan is principal of the Lee Branch High School, at South Lee, Mass.

'84. Hawkins is with his class again, after a long and serious sickness.

'86. Andrews has left College again on account of trouble with his eyes.

'86. L. J. Tuck has left College to teach during the winter term.

JASON'S LOG-BOOK.

LAND, ho! has echoed through the ship, and right welcome is the cry to the wearied mariners. There it is just ahead, and for the last time, before treading *terra firma*, Jason proceeds to make the necessary entries in his Log. To be sure the entire voyage is not completed, but three weeks in port will be very acceptable

after fifteen weeks of storms and calms and dangers, happily escaped. Around THE ARGO Jason sees many sails that have kept him company during his cruise,—some already at the dock (the nautical dock, not that in New Haven, the favorite resort of the *Courant's* exchange editor),—others are further out at sea. Some of these have not been mentioned in the Log-Book as yet, and to them Jason now turns his attention.

First on the list is his namesake, the *Argonaut*,—on the whole he is glad that it is *not* THE ARGO, you must excuse that attempt, he knows 'tis weak, but vacation is so near that almost anything seems pardonable. Well, the *Argonaut* is a good paper, but has its weaknesses as all have,—except the *Courant*. How the latter would sit upon "My Chum;" and very justly, for there really seems little in the article deserving of praise. "A 'Cycling Adventure'" is not strong, and in its second paragraph reads suspiciously like an advertisement for some bicycle firm. Of course the rider got across the track safely, or how could he have related his experience? Such articles are apt to be of more interest to the writer than to the public.

Isn't the idea, in another story, of a landlady seizing a delinquent boarder's clothing, somewhat old?

Jason supposes "don't" contains a local hit; if not, he fails to understand why it was inserted.

The *Argonaut's* editorials are well written and on timely topics, and the various department notes are full and interesting. It seemed to Jason that the trouble with both the Michigan journals lies in the fact that there is too much of them,—so many columns to fill, that the editors cannot exercise judgment in their selections, being obliged, apparently, to accept everything.

The last *Madisonensis* was an extremely good one, and Jason read it with pleasure. A fine typographical appearance atones for even a poor article. The Hamilton visitor certainly possess the former merit and seems quite free from the fault of publishing anything below par. Its local columns are remarkably bright, and Jason clips the following, as it may remind some of its readers of an incident near chapel last winter:

plan, though difficult of fulfillment, would if successful be the means of a thorough, broad, and exact knowledge of the science, the Professor's notes and lectures fusing these fragments into a harmonious whole.—The Harvard-Yale Freshman game resulted in a tie, 5 to 5.

CORNELL.—The Glee Club recently gave a very successful and meritorious concert, which showed care and ability in the performers, and very good taste in the programme.—The Psi Chapter of Kappa Kappa Gamma, one of the oldest of ladies' fraternities, has been lately established at Cornell.

HARVARD.—The class photographer of '84 is complaining because so few of the Seniors have as yet applied for sittings. Doubtless a fear of Pach's "latest" joke deters them.—The *Advocate* calls attention very forcibly to the present method or lack of method displayed in the choice of electives. A subject of great importance—it will be discussed at the first meeting of the Conference Committee.—It is probable that the regulation preventing the nine from playing with professionals will be repealed, in which case Harvard may be expected to take a good stand in the College League next season.

WESLEYAN.—The *Argus* congratulates itself on the fact that at Wesleyan there are none of the distasteful restrictions laid on athletics which are so burdensome at other Colleges.—Professor Van Benschoten has been unanimously chosen director for the coming year of the School of Athens.

DARTMOUTH.—An outcry is being made against the lack of order at morning chapel.—The College exchanges are on file at the College Library where they may be read with ease and comfort.—President Bartlett has just published a book on the "Sources of History in the Pentateuch," a series of six lectures delivered at the Princeton Theological Seminary.

PRINCETON.—The Eleven stand one round higher on the championship ladder than last year.—Compulsory gymnasium exercise is agitated. The gymnasium is to have new heating apparatus. Why does not ours?

OLIPPINGS.

A PASTORAL.

CHEERING are sweet Thetis' smiles;
Cheering, too, are riches;
But nothing's quite so cheering as
A hornet in your breeches.—*Lampoon.*

TWO NEGATIVES.

I gave him his first rejection
At Newport, a year ago;
And at Christmas with due reflection,
Again in New York I said, No.

There's in grammar a rule I remember,
Two negatives—how does it run?
So the cards have gone out for September,
And my white satin gown is begun.—*Ex.*

"Why how do you do, my dear Mr. White
I haven't seen you for an age."

"Very well, thank you; but my name is not
White, it is Brown."

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I am slightly color
blind, you know.—*Dutch Joke.*

"I don't know why"—a Freshman bold
To his waggish chum once said,
"It is a fact when I catch cold,
It settles in my head."

His chum's reply was very clear;
"A cold,—whether light or not,—
By a well-known law in Medics, my dear,
Always goes to the weakest spot."

—*Madisonian.*

The best excuse grind yet chronicled happened
last week, when a fresh, just before chapel
commenced, went up to the pulpit to get
excuse for absence.—*Brunonian.*

A SAD TALE.

Behind the mountains the sun was red;
The moon now weirdly shone,
The sea was dark and heavy and dread,—
A frog sat on a wave-washed stone.

There the frog, all love-lone made his moan
To the sullen, surging sea;
The moon looked down on the wave-washed stone
With a strange, sad sympathy.

But the traitor breeze bore the lover's plaint
To a stork that near had flown.—
Alas! from the waves comes the whisper faint
That nothing sits on the wave washed stone.

—*Advocate.*

IT hardly seems possible that another term has been begun, another vacation, oasis in a barren desert, passed. The Christmas season is over, the wax candles are burned out, and we begin work in the cold, gray morning of a new year. And yet much occurred in the past holidays to interest the attention of those who live in the College World. The I. P. A. Convention was held in Boston with much success, save only for the withdrawal of Vassar from the Association. The Inter-collegiate Rowing Association met in New York and delegates from five of the Colleges chose Lake Saratoga for the next Regatta, and two of our Secret Fraternities held their Conventions in New York. But last comes the news of the sad accident to the Yale Glee Club, which waked the sympathy of all who heard it. Such a disaster, which might happen to any other sister College, darkened the brightness of the otherwise happy holidays and checked the mirth on the lips of us all. Truly do we extend our sympathy to Yale in this their affliction.

THE Sophomores are to be congratulated upon the change in their curriculum which has been found possible for this year, contrary to the first reports. The classics have been obliged to make room for matter of more importance, and henceforth the study of German will be commenced during Sophomore year. This change was, we believe, first proposed by Eighty-four, but with no appreciable result, and Eighty-five was equally unsuccessful. The ARGO has advocated it, also, but more in the way suggested by the present upper-classmen, as a substitute for two or three Latin or Greek recitations a week. No one had dared to hope that so complete a curtailment of those studies would be sanctioned. Still, the step is undoubtedly for the best, and is in harmony with modern opinion upon the subject of dead languages. Even now, Williams' students will devote four terms, with daily recitations, to the classics,—quite as much time as at most of the other colleges. We hope that with another year French will also be introduced into the lower classes, and an opportunity afforded men of making a choice between the two languages. The members of the Faculty have

shown by this action that they are ready to grant the requests of the students when practicable, and they should receive the thanks of the whole College for this new concession which will undoubtedly redound greatly to the reputation of Williams.

ABOUT the only out-door exercise Williams-town affords in winter is coasting; it is, therefore, rather discouraging, to say the least, to find on returning this term that coasting on any of the hills, not only in the village itself, but within any reasonable distance of the College, is forbidden, and that the students may enjoy their winter sport only at the risk of being arrested and fined. Why these measures have been adopted we are at a loss to understand. The students seldom coast except for an hour or two in the afternoon and on moonlight evenings, and the interruption of travel where teams pass only at intervals of half an hour or more is so slight that it can hardly be called an interruption at all. The accidents that have occurred at different times on the hills have been disastrous only to the coasters themselves, and students that coast in dangerous places do so at their own risk. It seems very selfish for the citizens of a town that is so dependent upon college students as Williamstown is, to forbid them their favorite and almost only winter pastime, with so little cause.

LAST term we advocated a winter athletic meeting in the Gymnasium and also proposed a method by which a great part of the expense could be met without a subscription. From the interest evinced two years ago in an enterprise of a similar character we hoped that the directors of the Association would immediately embrace the proposal and see it carried to completion. Such has not been the case, however, and we again urge those gentlemen to undertake the task of providing a little diversion for this season of dullness. An Athletic Association should feel that its duties extend a little further than the mere superintendence of the fall sports, and if in the past those duties have been neglected, there is only the more reason for an immediate revival of attention to them, before

LAST YEAR AND THIS?

DEAR girls, last year I loved you,
 And would your praises sing;
 I watched the clerk who gloved you,
 Felt jealousy's sharp sting.
 Your swiftest kiss
 Was heavenly bliss
 Last year. And this?

I certainly adored you,
 And thought your face divine;
 And I'm afraid I bored you
 With those love-songs of mine.
 'Twas not amiss
 In that abyss,
 Last year; but this?

My love, how I have missed you
 I can't express in rhyme;
 Last year I fondly kissed you
 In this vacation-time.
 I hear you hiss,
 Coquettish miss,
 "Last year, not this."

L. W. A.

HAWTHORNE AT WILLIAMS.

NO, my dear boy, I don't mean that he ever roomed in the old Freshman dens at West College, made chapel on the fours without breakfast, or got a condition in Freshman mathematics from one of Tommy's predecessors. But Hawthorne nevertheless was at Williams College, and what is more, he saw a Williams Commencement. If you are well enough versed in the history of your Alma Mater, you can calculate the exact year and month of his visit, for he saw the old sun-dial now back of the old observatory, while it was being made, over by the Natural Bridge, near Adams. If your knowledge of Williams' dates is not equal to that, ask some one—or no, look it up in reserved silence, for the betrayal of such ignorance as that, when once generally known, would forever blast all your hope of ever being "trotted" by that organization which holds its secret and mysterious conclaves over the musty relics shelved in the upper story of Clark Hall.

As is easy to believe, the Commencement that he attended resembled very little those of the present time. Such things as the promenade concert, secret society spreads, concerts, or dra-

matics had not been dreamed of. The old moonlight exhibition must have been in vogue, to be sure; it has existed from time immemorial. The feeling of rivalry between the 'Techs and 'Logians ran high just then, too, for as Hawthorne approached the hotel, he found the student-groups wearing either pink or blue ribbons, the badges used to denote membership in these literary societies, a practice little known now. One curious custom of those days made a great impression on him. The most characteristic thing, says he, was the crowd of traveling peddlers, and dealers in "notions" who surrounded the "meeting-house" and in stentorian tones cried their wares to the gaping crowd gathered about them,—a crowd in which, curiously enough, he saw a great many blacks, whom he supposed to have emigrated from New York, as she was then a slave State. College Commencements were doubtless rather stale and uninteresting to him, at his age; not a note does he make of Latin oration, ponderous addresses, or baccalaurate sermon. Types and manners of men and women, and the grand scenery had more interest for him. Greylock, the returning graduate, the visitors and the fraternal young students, were what drew his attention. He looked and noted, to admire or criticize. There is almost a sneer in his words as he speaks of the country graduates in their unaccustomed broadcloth, "half-bumpkin, half-scholarly figures,—their manners quite spoilt by what little of the gentleman there was in them." The sheriff, inseparable adjunct of the yearly procession, with his pocket full of writs, and magnificent in yellow vest, the natural wonders and beauties of the Berkshire Hills proved his food for reflection.

But the Freshmen? Oh, yes, he saw them. However much the scenes and customs may have altered, the omnipresent, verdant, and all-important Freshman was there then, just the same sort of a fellow you see now about the first of July, inquiring wistfully for the Secretary of the Faculty, or falling an early victim to the blandishments of N. F.,—with a little more of the hayseed and wood-pile air about him, perhaps, than he has to-day. "A fresh bevy of students," he calls them, "a rough-hewn, heavy set of fellows,

from the hills and woods in the neighborhood, with little of the literary man about them, save green spectacles, talking uncouthly about college matters."

Hawthorne did not stay there long. He wandered, as so many are wont to do, over to Adams, and thence continued his journey among the hills and valleys, in whose rich and changing scenery he so delighted. He had paid Williams but a flying visit and he had hardly a good look into the life of the College. As a suggestion to some rising young college journalist, perhaps this nucleus for a future talk in his peculiar style of jotting down ideas, might serve as a conclusion to represent Hawthorne as attending 'Eighty-Four's Commencement here, and have him note with mild surprise the changes that had taken place. It might be made symbolic of something.

LUM.

HER DAINTY LITTLE SHOE.

THE dainty little shoe,
Her tiny foot encloses.
Just peeping into view,—
That dainty little shoe,—
Looks so provoking, too,
As it on the rug reposes,—
The dainty little shoe,
Her tiny foot encloses.

H. W. B., JR.

A BEGGAR STUDENT.

"GREAT Scott! you don't mean to tell me that you are engaged to be married!"

"Please do not call me Scott, my name is Delmont; and besides that, you seem to imply a doubt of my veracity, for I just this moment told you that this is a photograph of the young lady who has kindly consented to allow me to pay her bills after the twenty-second of next September."

"I accept your apology, but for goodness sake how did you do it all up in three weeks? When you left college last term you distinctly expressed your intention of devoting your graduate life to the establishment of an old bachelors' club in which you should be the principal bachelor; and now—"

A quiet smile of satisfaction quickly appeared

on the face of my chum, and as he rose to fill his pipe, he said, "I thought you would want to hear all about it, and I might as well tell you now as any other time.

"Last summer I chanced to arrive in New York a few days earlier than I had intended, on my way to visit some friends living on the Hudson, and so decided to remain over until the day came when I should be expected. I hate to take people by surprise,—it generally throws them way off their calculations. One is not apt to be fed so well either. I had very few New York friends, and they were absent for the summer; consequently I was thrown entirely upon my own resources for amusement. As I was sitting in a cosy café waiting for dinner to be served, my attention was attracted by a street musician—a young fellow bearing one of those familiar highly-ornamented harps, over the top of which was carelessly thrown a light cover. The youth paused before the window and looked in wistfully. Perhaps he is hungry, I thought, and was just about to go to the door to question him, when a rough voice ordered him to move on, and soon I heard him sweetly playing a few doors beyond.

"A curious idea then entered my head—I wonder how it would seem to be a street musician? From that my mind wandered on until I was a long-haired Italian, with a mischievous monkey attached to one hand, while the other was industriously revolving the barrel of a wheezy organ. My day-dreaming was suddenly brought to an end by the advent of the waiter with dinner, and for a time minstrelsy passed out of my thoughts. While it was yet twilight I sought my room to prepare for an evening at the opera. The first thing that caught my eye upon entering the apartment was my banjo (I invariably carry it with me), and the strolling player immediately came into my mind again.

"This time I resolved to carry out my singular idea and try my hand at *being* a street musician. My portmanteau contained all that was necessary to effect the transformation, and I hardly knew my own reflection in the glass when the parting survey was bestowed. A broad-brimmed soft hat, knocked into a rowdy shape, pressed the back of my head, and underneath, the hair pro-

truded in all directions ; a low-necked camp-shirt of dark-blue flannel, a pair of well-worn breeches, pulled up so tight that they were decidedly 'high water,' completed the costume, and I was ready. I assure you I felt quite like a vagabond when the street was gained and I found myself jostled about and looked at askance by the hurrying people. Passing on I soon found myself in the vicinity of Irving Place. Some of the high door-steps were filled by those who happened at that time to be in the city. The evening was warm and pleasant, and the occupants of the piazzas were in a happy mood, for when I stopped to play before them, more than once they smilingly threw bits of silver to me and called for more music. I was simply delighted ! At every street corner I stopped to count over my ill-gotten gains, and soon I found that my receipts amounted to a dollar per hour. It was so amusing to hear the different comments passed upon me—' Poor fellow, how tired he looks.' 'What a hard life these musicians lead.' 'How long do you suppose he has played the banjo?' Several times I could scarcely keep a straight face while telling some solicitous inquirer that I had eaten nothing since the night before. I had just turned a corner after a successful engagement with a party of young people, when I heard a pleasant feminine voice exclaim, ' Here comes some one who will play for you, so do be a good child and keep quiet.' Looking for the owner of the voice, I glanced up at an open window and beheld a dainty miss of about twelve, struggling with a refractory boy who seemed to insist that the casement was the best place for him to sit, even at the risk of his neck, should he fall. I was about to respond with ' Billy McGuire's Hornpipe,' when the voice bade me go to the front door. I did so, and it was immediately opened.

" ' Won't you come in and play? they all want to hear you.' She led the way into the sitting-room, and, to my intense dismay, proceeded to light the gas. I was conscious of feeling that I would not stand the test of a very close scrutiny, but there was no help for it, and I began to play. Leaving the children, my benefactress went in quest of the remainder of the family, and soon returned with quite enough ; one, whom she called sister

Alice, I noticed particularly—a young lady of nineteen, who seemed quite interested in the banjo, and asked me several questions about my method.

" It must have been fully an hour before I went away from there, and then I went to bed quite tired with my long tramp. I am convinced that strolling musicians have a soft thing in summer—but about the winter I can't say, because I have not tried it.

" Two days later I arrived at the house of my friend on the Hudson, but I kept quiet about my New York escapade for fear of ridicule. Shortly after, it transpired that several young ladies were expected for a dance in the evening and to remain a few days. Our house was generally full of guests, and that evening I anticipated nothing more than usual. At five o'clock I came in from boating and retired until the dinner hour. Unfortunately I took a nap, and as a consequence was the last to appear ready for dinner. The hostess took my arm and rapidly went through the introductions—' Miss Lewis, Mr. Delmont. Miss Porter, Mr. Delmont.' I bowed mechanically, but when I raised my eyes to her face I felt like skipping out of the door and up the street. Yes, it was the same young lady of about nineteen for whom I had played so long that ill-fated night at New York. Miss Porter bestowed a very curious glance upon me and took her partner's arm to the dining-room. During the evening I sought her out and entered an elaborate apology, while she continued to gaze at me in a quizzical sort of a way, and at the end only smiled and said she thought it was a good joke on somebody.

" Well, before Miss Porter went away I was desperately in love with her, but I never dared mention her name for fear she had gone back on me. I spent the holidays in New York, and now I am engaged to Miss Alice Porter. Do you understand ?"

I thought I did.

B. O'C.

If you wish a speedy annihilation ask of one of the '85 *Gul* Board, "When will the *Gul* be out?"

"it's a man's leg! Some cowboy, probably; they all wear leather breeches out here. Move the candle more to this side Frank, carefully!"

I endeavored to do as he said, but my hand trembled so that I struck the candle against one of the pieces of timber near the body, and the light fell into the water.

"Never mind. We know just where it is. Get a hook or something and we can soon bring the body up."

Every one was excited and eager to learn the truth of our surmises, and we soon had a piece of iron bent into the shape of a very respectable hook. We fastened this to the end of the rope, let it down, and after several fruitless efforts got hold of the object and began to pull. We had raised it a few feet when the hook slipped and the body fell back into the water with a sickening splash. We looked at each other aghast. Not a particle of doubt remained in our minds now as to the nature of the thing, and we went to work again. This time we were more successful, and as we drew up the rope we could see the body's leathery clothing covered with the slimy moisture of the well. Involuntarily we looked away until we heard the man pulling lowest on the rope deposit the burden on the ground.

As we fastened our glances upon it I thought for an instant that it was only a part of the body which must have been chopped into pieces by the murderer. Then the truth dawned upon me as one of the party, bending over the leather, exclaimed:

"It's nothing but a mail-bag!"

A hearty laugh gave vent to our pent-up feelings as we saw that he was evidently correct in his statement. But no one could explain the fact of the bag's being there so far from the railroad, and while we were advancing conjectures on this point the station-master rode up to inquire how we had passed the night. We told him of our discovery, and asked if he could clear up the mystery. He thought for a moment and then his face lighted up, as he said:

"Oh, yes. Don't you know; this trail used to be a coach-road, and this old building was one of the post-houses on the Albuquerque and M—— star route. There were no inhabitants within

fifty miles except Indians, and I suppose the well was found the most convenient place for disposing of the empty bags. I never heard of there being any mails to M——. The office was discontinued after the railroad went through."

Bidding us good-bye, he returned to his station while we packed up and rode on, laughing over our discovery of the importance of star-routes.

EICOTA.

A SIMILE.

Merrily the happy sunbeams,
Drifting in a golden tide,
Sweep away the purple shadows
Resting on the mountain side.

So when laughing eyes grow tender
With a sympathizing light,
If you love their pretty owner
Ev'ry trouble takes its flight.

RUE CHARTREUSE.

A CABLE-GRAM.

"A H, theh she is! 'Ave you sin heh be She is mos' bootiful. I 'ave met several time now, an' she smile so ad me, I tink I 'ave mek one gran' mash on heh, Ah, jus' you loogue oveh theh ad heh! Wh foot she 'ave, eh; an' whad eyes she beam ad the otheh day!"

These were the words of the taller of two young, dark, handsome men who strode leisurely down the main street of a little creole town, the cool dusk of a long, hot summer day, with an evident desire of showing apparel which least would be characterized as the height of fashion. And as he spoke, following in the wake of the damsel, they turned down a side street, whose sign proclaimed it as the Rue Chartreuse.

It was a quaint old street, lined with its rows of tumble-down, yellowish-brown houses, that leaned forward their cracked and seamed gables into the roadway with an inquisitive, speculating air, reminding one very strongly of a wrinkled old crone, eagerly peering into one's face for an answer to a rather impertinent question, at which the hearer has drawn back a little. And along in front of them stretched a sparse row of trees,

COLLEGE NOTES.

EIGHTY-SIX seems to have "taken the cake" en route from Chicago.

LEE, '87, has left College.

THE Coo-Ca-Coo's began last Monday.

LET all attend the lecture by Dr. Blakie.

THE Nine expect to begin practice in batting, soon.

Mr. J. D. Murray of Greenfield, has joined the Junior Class.

THE Zoology department has been augmented by an Annex.

THE *Gul* is expected to be published either to-day or early next week.

THE Williams representative of Amsterdam has returned to college.

SINCE the beginning of their course, '85 have numbered 115 men in all.

STREET-WALKING has of late become a matter of necessity, not of choice.

IT is probable that E. E. Bradley, '85, will not return to College this term.

H. W. TUTTLE, formerly a member of '85, has entered the Sophomore class.

DESPITE the predictions of croakers, only one member was dropped from '87.

EIGHTEEN members of '87 failed to respond to the roll-call Thursday morning.

BOTH the "owl" and "night-hawk" on the Troy & Boston R. R. have been discontinued.

WILLIAMSTOWN streets resembled those of Venice on the day before College opened.

Frenchmen have been relegated to the recitation-room.

THERE has not been so slim an attendance in Chapel for a long time as that of the 10th inst.

THE Sophomores will probably have no more Greek and Latin, except elected, during their course.

THE stockholders in the opposition restaurant are not to receive so much as a complimentary supper.

"BOBBING" is the principal amusement in the evenings now, notwithstanding our excellent selectmen.

COL, who received an unflattering report, as to what kind of a Christmas card the faculty census (sent you):

REPORT has it that after this term the present boarders at the Mansion House will remove to the Kellogg.

THE Juniors are required this term to have Norton's "Natural Philosophy" as their textbook in Physics.

'87 HAS twenty-seven, twenty-six, and twenty-two students in its first, second, and third divisions, respectively.

DAY and Dibble, '87, are detained from joining their class by sickness; the latter is reported to be seriously ill.

A SOMEWHAT pertinent question is, why cannot Williams have a lecture from Matthew Arnold as well as other colleges?

A CERTAIN Senior is said to have shaved his hair in order to put all his strength into the growth of a full beard.

THE sermon of last Sunday caused a more general discussion in College than has any of its predecessors for a long time.

F. I. McMACKIN has purchased the Kellogg

THE *Cercle Francais* has begun the second term of its existence in a most flourishing condition. It has cabled to Paris for a French copy of *Sara Barnum*, and until its arrival will continue to read *File No. 113*, there being "translations of that work in a cheap edition."

AGAIN, following in the footsteps of the past, the village authorities have issued the fiat, "There shall be no 'bobbing' done in the land." In their fondness for the memories of past years, they have even printed at the end of their posters which veto coasting, the name, not of the present town clerk, but of him who exercised that potential function nine years ago or more.

DR. SHERMAN, the traveling mesmerist, phrenologist, phychist, etc., who gave several entertainments here last spring, and taught quite a number of students his art, has had rather bad luck in Princeton. For several nights he failed to influence any one except confederates, and at length his audience becoming angry, drenched him with water, broke all his properties, and guarded the door of his hall till the "we sma' hours," hoping to ride him out of town on a rail.

PERSONALS.

'50. O. B. C. Bidwell has a large interest in a bank at Freeport, Ill.

'50. Rev. W. E. Merriam is pastor of the Franklin Street Church in Somerville, Mass.

'52. Rev. Charles J. Hill is preaching at Middletown.

'52. Professor Perry delivered a free-trade speech during the vacation.

'62. At the recent meeting of college delegates to discuss the question of "Modern Languages in Colleges," Dr. Carter of Williams, was chosen chairman of the committee.

'68. Rev. John H. Lockwood is now settled at Westfield, Mass. Mr. Lockwood read a most interesting article on "Evolution" at a recent meeting of his Theological Club.

'69. Henry Smith is Professor of Elocution in the Theological department at Princeton.

'70. Charles S. Cole, we are happy to announce as the Cashier of the Williamstown National Bank. We wish him entire success.

'70. Robert G. Fitch is the managing editor of the *Boston Post*, the brightest Democratic newspaper in that city.

'71. Frank Foxcroft manages the *Boston Journal*, a deservedly popular Republican newspaper.

'72. S. B. Griffin is at the head of the *Springfield Republican*, which stands very high among the New England dailies.

'77. Emerson W. Judd, who is an editor of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, has been elected Secretary of the Free Trade Association. Mr. Judd was recently in New York on business connected with the Association.

'81. E. S. Judd is studying law in Chicago.

'82. Mr. E. H. Botsford and Miss Angie E. Sanford were married New Year's day at the residence of the bride's parents, in Williamstown. The wedding was a very pleasant occasion to all, and Mr. and Mrs. Botsford left for their new home with the hearty congratulations of their many friends. Mr. John H. Safford, '84, acted as best man.

'82. A. E. Buell is in the office of the Attorney-General, at Columbus, O.

'82. S. Johnson is with C. F. Hovey & Co. of Boston.

'82. Heath, Miller, Plass, and Sutherland were in town during vacation. The first three were here on special and important business.

'82. Pierce is employed in manufacturing at Howlands, Mass.

'82. James W. Sutherland has been appointed constable of the mills at Howlands, Mass.

'82. John Tatlock, Jr., was elected a member of the Wisconsin Academy of Science in December last. He has at present a position in the Washburn Observatory, Madison, Wis., where he is studying astronomy.

'83. Churchill has left the bank with which he was connected in Cleveland and gone into the dry goods business.

'83. Day is studying law with his father, in Ravenna, O.

'83. H. O. Hall is devoting all his time to business engagements in New York.

'83. Johnson is in business in his father's firm of C. F. Hovey & Co., one of the largest dry goods houses of Boston.

adapt the track for bicycles, for without a fence the Base-Ball Nine cannot be self-supporting, and the Athletic Associations would fail to have as large gate receipts as they should.—The gymnasium has been put in order for the nine who have begun to practice.—Harvard has sent a formal refusal to the challenge from the University of Pennsylvania for an eight-oared race.

LAFAYETTE.—The *Journal* holds out the prospect of a strong nine for the following season.—A fair will be given at Easton for the benefit of the Athletic Association.—The record of the Foot-Ball team for the last season was 124 points for Lafayette against 112 points for her opponents.—The Astronomical Observatory has been presented with a set of Sidereal Charts by Dr. C. H. F. Peters, director of the observatory at Hamilton College.

YALE.—The Catalogue was issued just before the close of the term. It shows a total attendance of 1,092 students, and gives the number of volumes in the College Library as 115,000.—St. Louis has been added to the cities where examinations for admission to Yale will be held next year by the Faculty.—The Durfee pumphandle is gone.—The College is plunged into gloom by the melancholy accident to the Glee Club on their westward trip, during the Christmas vacation. All extend their heartfelt sympathy.

BROWN.—The *Brunonian* has the honor of being the oldest college paper in the country. It was first published in 1829, and continued at irregular intervals for several years, Senator Henry B. Anthony, a graduate of the class of '33, being on the board of its editors.—The Catalogue just published gives the total number of students as 260. The library contains 55,000 volumes, while German, as here, is now offered as an elective for Sophomore year.—Preference is formally expressed for the Roman method of Latin pronunciation.—Brown sighs for a gymnasium. (Ditto hic.)

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The annual reception given by Provost Pepper to the graduating classes was held in the Chapel on the 17th of this month.—The class of '86 voted \$100 to the Regatta Committee.—The next number of the Magazine will be edited by a new board.

OLIPPINGS.

A CERTAIN Freshman, upon being informed by one of his instructors that he would probably have to condition him, forthwith him a copy of "Don't."—*Record*.

"You are as full of airs as a music box what a young man said to a girl, who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was reply, "but I don't go with a crank."—*Ex*.

Junior girl's definition of "capillary attraction"—"Falling in love with a moustache."—*Ex*.

It was not a *Princetonian* editor who, it is said, when the tailor presented his bill, returned with the superscription—"The manuscript respectfully declined."—*Princetonian*.

Pretty boy, who hates the Puritans, sums up the character of Greek theology as contrasted with that of the disciples of Calvin, by phrases "inextinguishable laughter" and "inextinguishable after."—*Ex*.

ECHO'S SECRET.

Youth (sentimentally):

"O, echo, tell me, nymph divine
(For secrets all are thine),
O, tell me who shall be my flame,
And what shall be her name?
Has she beauty?
Has she youth?
Mind your duty;
Tell the truth!"

Echo (calmly): "Ruth."

Youth (joyfully):

"O, what a lovely name is Ruth!
And who could find, forsooth,
A name more fit with mine to rank,
With mine, for it is Frank?
Has she 'nother?
Don't postpone!
Now don't bother!
Like my own?"

Echo (spitefully): "Mahone."

Youth (aghast):

"What! Ruth Mahone? You know, by the way,
Can't have a name like that.
Too vulgar that. If 'tis my fate,
And I'm to be her mate,
What's to sweeten
Matrimony,
Or the wedding
Ceremony?"

Echo (promptly): "Money." —*Trinity Tab*

NOBODY will hesitate in saying that our ball-nine this year is one of the best we have had for some time, and that its prospects of success are very good. Last year we had an exceptionally good nine, and after much discussing and hoping, the permission to apply for entrance to the league was deferred to this year. And now that we have still better ball-players, it is rumored that this permission is to be put off till Commencement for the trustees to decide upon. With all due deference to the Faculty, this is discouraging, to say the least. There are plenty of men in college who know we have very good ball-players, and are willing to contribute largely toward defraying expenses, should something be done about the matter. Every one is disappointed at what appears to be a waste of time, especially as the outlook for success has never been better than at present. We hope that the winter term will not be permitted to go by without something being done about the subject, and in this we are not merely expressing our own opinion but that of nearly every man in college.

MR. SMYTH has given two readings of *Oedipus Tyrannus*, and in view of the appreciation felt for this kindness, as well as the accruing advantages, we take occasion to say a few words about it. The plan has been, and is now, in progress at Harvard and several other colleges, and has met with just approval. It is, therefore, with pride that we can say that we enjoy the same advantage. The benefits are two-fold. In the first place, such a system of reading Greek and Latin authors is beneficial in enabling men to preserve their knowledge of the Classics; and in the second place, it offers students an interesting recreation. Those who are at work on Greek and Latin may not now see their utility, but they will in years to come. Rarely has the man been found who, on the conclusion of a classical course, would not say that he is happy to have had the opportunity of studying those ancient authors, no matter how little he applied himself at the time. We hope, therefore, to see these readings continued which Mr. Smyth has so kindly begun, and in thanking him for them, let us urge all, who can find the time, to attend.

WE received last week a communication from a constant reader in New York, asking for information through the columns of the ARGO about "the means used to awaken students in case of a fire in the dormitories." We really do not know; the college has fortunately been free from fires during the past few years. There are several means that might be used: the students in the burning dormitory might hear the chapel bell, if the wind did not blow the sound in the wrong direction, or they might be awakened by the shouts of the spectators, or by men going to the various rooms. It seems very probable, however, that if the fire occurred in the "wee, sma' hours," the first premonition that the unfortunate inmates of the building would receive would be in the nature of excessive heat or suffocating smoke. Undoubtedly they would be awakened in some way, but whether they would escape is another and more serious question. In the present absence of fire-escapes, an appalling loss of life would be the consequence of a fire in one of the higher dormitories. But as our correspondent may have observed, men are prone to neglect preparing safeguards against terrible accidents until the fruits of their carelessness impress them with a sense of their folly, and we all proceed on the pleasant supposition that a fire will not occur in the future because of our freedom from one in the past.

THE proposal of a Memorial Library to our late companion, Nate Gest, has provoked considerable discussion of the library facilities of the college which has not resulted very favorably either to the contents of Lawrence Hall, or the arrangements provided by its management for the convenience (or inconvenience) of the students. On the latter point the papers have already voiced the opinions of the undergraduates, and, as it would seem from recent developments, of some professors as well, and it is futile to again present our desire for more time, heat, and light. We have, however, a suggestion to offer to the two literary societies, which, we trust, will receive their serious consideration. Economy in labor, time, and patience is universally regarded as a worthy object for men to endeavor to compass, and in no

students got up a scheme to rattle a certain book agent who was their pet aversion. They gathered in a room, assumed the garb of flitting ghosts, and awaited their man.

A knock. A sepulchral "come." The door is opened by Silas with his apple basket. Tableau!! Silas drops the basket and flees, never halting or looking back until he has climbed the golden stair which used to lead to his quarters over the harness shop.

But Silas is an honorable man, and many an interesting conversation may be obtained by giving him a kindly invitation to visit your room some evening. Try it.

BEHIND THE DOOR.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, Charlie, there is one comfort, this next term is not so long as the last, is it?" said Mrs. Tedminster.

"No, not quite, but horribly dull," returned the Family's Hope about to return to college, winter term, Sophomore year. "There is nothing to interfere with one's studying though," he continued, "and I hate to be interrupted when in the midst of getting out next day's recitation."

"But, Charlie, you'll be sure and not expose yourself in the extreme weather. The climate is so cold up there among the mountains!"

"Oh, I don't think about the cold. I like brisk, bracing weather, with the thermometer fifteen below, for I can study so much better. I am going to take up a course of reading this winter on Latin and Greek literature. It will help me a good deal in the classical authors we read this term."

"I think your plan a good one," observed his father, "but do not overtask yourself."

"And Charlie!" said the Family's Hope's sister, "do not run such awful risks hazing, and do take care about those horrid rushes you told me about. I am so afraid you will be hurt."

"Is it time for you to start?" asked Mrs. Tedminster. "Well, well, good bye. Promise me not to study so hard as to make yourself sick; and be sure and take plenty of exercise. Write to us as soon as you get there."

CHAPTER II.

'Twas winter term. The evening was fast closing in. From the dormitory windows could just be seen the white covered mountains. Here and there along the street twinkled palely the street lamps, lighted early in case the night should close in before her accustomed time. The town looked gloomy. Now "Jimmy" would drive by with his packages for some one else, or "Steve's" red coach would wind slowly down to the depot. Then an old sledge filled with ice would be dragged past, or a load of wood from the mountain crawl along, surmounted by a native. Or, now as the hour came around, a chapel bell would tinkle, and from all the buildings would issue black looking objects against the white snow, and like so many ants cross and recross each other for five minutes, when they would disappear and the town again recover its moody aspect, only broken now and then by some one rushing past who was late to recitation.

Charlie was sitting at the table absorbed in thought. His chum Kerry sat opposite him across the table and watched him, anxiously. Charlie looked puzzled as he pushed back his hair from his forehead. Yes, winter term was hard. Charlie was not extra strong. So much confinement and difficult studies! As his chum silently watched him sitting there with his head resting on his hand, his anxiety increased—apprehension—what if he did not raise it again?

"Well," said Charlie looking up, "I'll come and raise it ten."

"Call you! Come in," said Kerry in answer to a knock.

"Popcorn? Gentlemen!"

"Not to-day."

"Got a new harmoniky, can't be beat!"

"Shut the door! It's cold!"

"A full hand knocks me, Charlie. Hang the luck!" and he walked to the window while his more fortunate companion resumed a half-finished novel. "Here comes 'Steve,'" said Kerry, presently, "He has stopped here. An old gent's getting out. Egosh, here's your pater, Charlie!"

Charlie had the reputation of being a good natured fellow in college, but rather indolent and not likely to set the town a fire. But at this crisis

THE ARGO.

EXPERIENCE.

summer at our old home-
the small towns of New
to have rather a lonesome
of some of my college
morning my father informed
s Will and Frank Random
Boston that same evening.
en heard of my cousins, I had
pleasure of meeting them, and
aval was a source of great specu-
rt, as to what kind of fellows I
ntertain.

ly came and I started for the
g it a few moments after the train
I saw standing on the platform
e rather tall and slender, the other
ore robust, and judging them to be
immediately inquired, and found
ecture was right; the taller one being
er Frank. Our house was an hour's
e station, so I had ample time to learn
about the fellows. They both seemed
asant and jolly, and soon we were plan-
anner in which we should pass the few
were to remain with me. Our conver-
ifted from one sport to another, and in
ound that Frank had a story to relate in
e was the principal character, but not-
nding this rather unpleasant peculiarity,
eared to be an exceedingly good fellow,
y the time home was reached, we were all
ndly terms. During the evening our plans
usement were discussed more fully, and
y we decided to spend the next day hunting.
rose about sunrise the following morning,
after a hearty breakfast started for the
s. We had a long walk before us and so
ened it by relating our different experiences
nting. Frank regaled us with several exci-
stories, all of which ended with a splendid
shot of his that killed the squirrel, deer,
or whatever the animal chanced to be.
; convinced that my cousin was a greater
sman in words than in reality, I informed
n fun, that deer were sometimes seen in the
s we were to visit, but that they were very
nd hard to get, because they had been

hunted so much. He appeared greatly delighted
with the idea of having a chance to obtain large
game, and hinted that he would bring home
something unusual.

We reached the woods after about a two hours
tramp, and were soon roaming around endeavor-
ing to find something to try our skill upon. The
day was very warm so that Will and I, more inter-
ested in keeping cool than in watching for game,
strolled along slowly for sometime, without get-
ting even a sight of any animal, until Frank,
evidently anxious to prove his hunting ability,
asked where deer were most likely to be found.
I immediately told him of a place, where I thought
there would be no chance of getting anything,
only a few minutes' walk from us. He desired
to go there alone and agreed to meet us in about
an hour, at an old barn we had passed during
our walk.

Will and I continued our tramp for a short
time without any success, and finally returned to
the barn, concluding to await Frank's return and
enjoy the lunch we carried with us, rather than
proceed further in the hot sun. We sat in the shade
of the old barn eating and recovering from the
effects of our long walk, expecting every moment
to have Frank join us, until the time for his arri-
val was long past. At last we determined to go
back to the place where we separated in hopes
of finding him there, but disappointment awaited
us, so we returned to the barn and remained for
an hour, but no Frank appeared.

By this time I began to repent that I had sent
him in search of deer, for he might easily have
wandered in the wrong direction and lost himself
in thick woods, which stretched for several miles
away from the village. It was useless either to
wait longer, or endeavor to find him in the woods,
so we returned home rather expecting to meet
him there, but judge of our surprise on reaching
our destination, to learn that he was not there,
and had not been during the day. A searching
party was immediately found and started for the
woods, hoping to find our companion before dark,
for after that time it would be almost impossible
to make our way through the thick under-brush.
After searching thoroughly in all the places to
which he was most likely to have gone, without

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Montague standing there with an air of serious perplexity. He had not walked far when he felt himself seized by the arm, and, turning around, encountered his now enraged parent.

"Come, William; this wont do. You can't pull the wool over my eyes. I want you to come to my office and explain matters."

Billy looked intensely annoyed. "Sir, let go my arm and stop pestering me, or I will call a policeman. I may look young, but I am not green enough to be taken in by a confidence man." So saying he wrenched his arm away and went on again.

Turning the next corner he looked back and saw his father standing in the same place, looking more mystified than ever.

Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him forcibly; he frantically hailed an uptown omnibus and entered it.

This action caused Billy to look sad. "By Jove; I wonder if he is going to the depot!"

The next bus was boarded by Montague junior, who arrived at the Grand Central just in time to see his father leave the ticket office with a white slip in his hand. "That settles it," said Billy, as he purchased a ticket for Schenectady and climbed stealthily into the smoking-car.

The scenery along the Hudson River Road is very beautiful, but Billy did not have time to take it in. He was watching the door. At Albany a few minutes were allowed the passengers for lunch, but Billy thought he had better stay right where he was. The old gentleman climbed out and took a good square meal.

From Greenbush to Schenectady the rear platform of the last car was good enough for Billy.

Just as the train rounded the curve into the station Billy swung lightly off and made rapid time to his room. It was the work of a very few minutes to change his clothes, don his dressing-gown, and settle down to a don't-disturb-me-while-I-am-grubbing attitude.

Presently a knock was heard. "Come in," sang Billy. The door opened and there stood Mr. Montague, too much dumbfounded to say a word.

Billy jumped up and walked briskly across the room. "This is an unexpected pleasure, father;

I am real glad to see you; come right in and let me take your coat. Too bad I did not know you were coming, I might have met you at the depot. How well you are looking. Let me see; I have not seen you for nearly ten weeks."

"Why, William; my son. I—a—I am surprised to find you here. I thought that—a—you—I have made a great mistake."

"What do you mean, father? You will always find me here while college is in session."

"Certainly; of course my son; that is right. Of course you are here. Mother wanted me to come up to see how you were getting along. You know she worries so."

"Ah yes, father; I see."

An hour later Montague Senior and Montague Junior locked arms and went to tea.

IN MEMORIAM.

ON Wednesday afternoon, January 16th, Nat Gest, one of the most esteemed members of the Senior Class, was killed while coasting Cemetery Hill. The sled, while moving with great speed, got out of the track into a rut and became unmanageable, was dashed against the end of bridge which crosses a brook at the bottom of the hill. Mr. Gest, who had been steering, was at once carried into a neighboring house in an unconscious condition, and died in a few moments from a fracture of the skull. The news soon spread over the whole college, carrying sadness to the hearts of all who heard it, for no one has been more universally respected and loved.

At eleven o'clock on Thursday morning, a short funeral service was held in the College Chapel, after which a procession of nearly all the students accompanied the body to the depot where, under the charge of a delegation from his class and society, it was put on the train going westward.

The deceased lived in Rock Island, Ill., and there the funeral took place from the Presbyterian church on Sunday afternoon at half past two. Mr. Gest had been widely known and loved in his native place as at College, and the church was crowded with friends who came to pay the last token of respect to his memory. The pall-bear-

ers were two of his former companions in Rock Island, and the delegation from the College, consisting of Mr. P. Dewey, and Mr. L. Y. Gardiner of the Senior Class, and Mr. C. E. Greenman and Mr. J. B. Carse of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity of which Mr. Gest has been a member.

The sympathy and sorrow of the Senior Class were expressed publicly in the following resolution.

"Whereas, Our Heavenly Father has seen fit in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst one universally beloved and esteemed, and especially endeared to us, his bereaved class-mates, by all those ties which near association and friendship make strong and perpetual; and,

Whereas, We feel in his sad death a heavy and personal loss; therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to his family and chapter our deep and heartfelt sympathy in this hour of their sorrow.

(Signed) H. P. DEWEY, }
T. D. KNIGHT, } Committee.
NORRIS BULL, }

Williamstown, Jan. 17, 1884.

SONG OF THE BACHELOR.

YOU may rhyme and sing
Of the flowers of spring,
Of June and its glorious roses;
But this old pipe
Beats all to tripe
Your "fields and flowerful closes."

Sing the sweet delight
Of a moonlit night
And a walk with a pretty maiden,
I much prefer
My dog to her,
And my shelves with good books laden.

Sing your household joys
And your romping boys;
But I prefer peace and quiet.
I want no brats
To break my chats
With my friends, by their childish riot.

EIGHTY-FIVE'S GUL.

AFTER many delays and disappointments the Gul has at length appeared. In quantity it surpasses all its predecessors, and the general verdict will probably be the same in regard to its quality. It contains forty-five pages more of reading matter than last year's Gul, and the editors deserve great praise for the energy they have

displayed, although a few pages might have been omitted without injury to the quality of the whole. The tendency to personal grinds is more manifest than hitherto, and more labor seems to have been expended on this feature than on literary merit. Still that is a matter for individual preference; from its success in the past it must be considered what the college desires. The tone of two articles we would surely criticize; it is possible to ridicule an unpopular custom just as well by satire or parody, as by a direct attack, and the former method leaves a more agreeable impression on the reader's mind, and at the same time avoids the danger of exciting anger from the object of the parody.

With these two exceptions, the good-natured raillery of the longer articles is decidedly pleasant, and may prove effective in changing some especially unpopular practices. There is, on this account, little to which the Faculty can object, as one always finds it difficult to be provoked with a smiling critic.

The cuts are all excellent conceptions, and in only a few instances have they been marred by faulty execution. The picture of Prof. Perry is exceptionally good, and the Historical Society cut will recall to many graduates and upper classmen their course in United States history. Altogether, the Gul is a publication of which the Junior class may well be proud; and we think that we may justly reverse the remark made after the election a year ago, and say that "mouse labored and brought forth a mountain."

JUDGING from the number of mysterious boxes that have recently made their appearance in Williamstown it is safe to predict that "stove-pipes" will prove an epidemic in the Spring.

PROF. to Student: "Are there any methods of getting rich except by trading?" Student: "One might marry a rich wife." After the "howl" which ensues, Prof. remarks, "Do you advise us to go into that branch of industry, Mr. Thomas?" Howl No. 2. Prof.: "I think your point will not hold, for even then your wife would have bought you, and you would have been sold." General confusion. Curtain falls.

AN EXPLANATION.

SHE has the name of flirt, and so
 I quickly will explain it;
 And tell you everything I know
 Of how she came to gain it.
 She ne'er had felt Dan Cupid's dart.
 She went her way serenely
 In spite of those who sought her heart,—
 And Juno walked less queenly.
 One starry night the god of Love
 Saw this fair maiden straying,
 And quickly came from heaven above
 With arrows for her slaying;
 But when he saw her soft hair blown
 About her face so charming,
 "I'll have this maiden for mine own,"
 He cried, in haste alarming.
 In vain ye pray the gods above
 To help you in your wooing,
 For she has fallen in love with Love;
 In vain is all your suing.

JACQUES.

COLLEGE NOTES.

A PROMISING boxing class has been started at one of our society houses.

DAY, '87, has rejoined his class.

B. L. ROBINSON, '87, has gone to Harvard.

"N. F." has an invoice of paper headed "Morgan Hall."

OUR Gymnasium is at last furnished with a new horizontal bar.

QUITE a number of '87 men are confined to their rooms by sickness.

FROZEN ears have become quite common during the severe cold of late.

MR. P. C. RANSOM has resigned from the editorial staff of the ARGO.

AN expert banjo-player gave an exhibition of his skill in Dick's not long ago.

THE Second Division of the Sophomores are working off their orations of last term.

MARR, '85, was taken seriously ill last Saturday, and went to his home in New York.

THE first division of the Junior orators will deliver their productions a week from last Thursday.

'85 enjoyed a respite in Physics on the 26th ultimo, owing to the indisposition of their Professor.

PROF. DODD was seriously ill during the vacation and has not yet fully recovered his usual health.

IT is possible that we may have a visit next term from Dr. Coit, Rector of St. Paul's School, Concord.

A TRAVELING merchant, (?) with silk hats for sale, met with a number of purchasers among the students.

THE Juniors finished their tiresome work of copying lectures in the Evidences of Christianity on Tuesday.

THE College Y. M. C. Association met for their annual convention at Amherst, on Friday and Saturday.

Now is the time that "W. O." sits by his fire, and mutters imprecations on the head of his successful rival.

Two Freshmen were seen waltzing in the Gym. Isn't it pretty early to prepare for the festivities of Commencement?

A MOVEMENT is on foot to secure a subscription list sufficient to keep the reservoir adequately cleaned for the skaters.

F. B. HARLOW wishes the statement that he is in '86 at Amherst to be corrected; he says that he is a full course Junior.

"I WANT some soul-stirring motto," was the remark a certain Senior made to an agent for valentines a few days since.

IT is said that the Professor who has of late taken his seat so near the choir is anxious to become one of its members.

THE bursting of one of the steam radiators in a bath-room at Morgan, proved a great inconvenience to the inmates recently.

IT seems likely that it is entirely improbable that Mr. H. W. Phelps, '86, will ever recover the property which he had stolen.

IT is said that three sleigh-loads of skating enthusiasts from North Adams will attend the prospective opening of the rink here.

THE North Adams Rink Carnival was a brilliant affair, and well attended by Williams men. Only two students, however, were bold enough to venture on the crowded floor.

JOHN B. GOUGH lectured in North Adams last Tuesday evening, to an appreciative audience. The popular lecturer failed in nothing to interest his hearers. Several students were present.

WE sincerely hope that the college organist will not try any more variations on the doxology. We think we reflect the public sentiment when we say that the standard "Old Hundred" is good enough for us.

QUITE a number of students are regular boarders at John Williams', either for breakfast or lunch. A discount is made by the obliging proprietor of the Mansion House for the benefit of those taking such a course.

IN addition to the men who have been selected for the College Nine and who now regularly frequent the Gymnasium, are seen already several anxious individuals presumably training for the position of scorer or water-carrier.

PERSONALS.

THE Editors of the ARGO respectfully desire that alumni and friends of the college would take pains to send us any items which would be of interest to the college or their brother alumni. Such matter may be sent to the Editor-in-Chief or to the Corresponding Secretary.

'55. Rev. Dr. H. A. Edson, pastor of the Presbyterian Memorial Church in Indianapolis, is having marked success in the financial and spiritual prosperity of his church.

'55. Hon. Charles E. Fitch, an editor in Rochester and a regent in the State University, is largely sought as a lecturer. Few men have so facile a pen in the delineation of character as Mr. Fitch.

'56. The January number of *Shakespeariana* contained an article on "Shakespeare's Life-endings," by Col. A. F. Rockwell of Washington, D. C.

'59. The necrologist of the Alumni is Rev. E. B. Parsons, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Baldwinsville, Onondaga Co., N. Y. The intelligence of any death among the Alumni should be sent to him. So far this college year twenty-seven deaths have been noted,—Grange 1816, Richards, 1831, Clapp and Darling, 1831, Rollo, 1837, Day, 1838, Howard, 1839, Cornwall 1840, Fisher, 1841, Page, 1846, Granger, 1851, Pingree and Sikes, 1856, Stork, 1857, Blackburn 1860, Wilkinson, 1863, Bradner, 1864, Warner 1865, Hallock, 1866, Gould and Pratt, 1866, LeGrange, 1868, Davey, 1869, Smith, 1871, Cahoun, 1873, Page, 1880, Marcusshon, 1881.

'59. Rev. Robert Weeks, so long the beloved rector of St. John's Church at North Adams, and St. Luke's Church at Catskill, after a two-year trip in Europe, is now serving Grace Church in Utica, N. Y.

'60, '62. William D. Spalding is a busy journalist in London, England, and his brother, Rev. James F. Spalding, is equally busy as the rector of Christ's Church in Cambridge, Mass.

'77. Dr. Gaylord P. Clark is attaining his rank as a physician in Syracuse and a professor in the medical department of the University.

'83. G. H. Badger is in the London Theological Seminary.

'83. W. H. Frick is studying law in Buffalo. He also teaches in an academy in that city.

'83. W. H. Johnson was chosen a member of the executive committee of the Williams Alumni Association of Boston, at their recent reunion.

'83. H. Ketchum is studying law in Albany. His address is No. 69 Ten Broeck street.

'83. F. DeL. Smith's address is No. 911 I street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

'86. Baldwin returned to college last week but his eyes have not permitted him to do much work as yet.

'86. Chamberlain has not yet returned to college.

'86. G. W. R. Wallace will probably return to college.

'87. Tarbell has left and intends to go to Yale.

with his present occupation and longings for something different. A man should not go to college without a well-defined purpose, to which he is prepared to cling tenaciously after graduation. This principle might diminish the *number* of collegians, but it would certainly improve their quality.

LIFE AT OTHER COLLEGES.

PRINCETON.—The chair of Political Science and Jurisprudence, which had been vacant for more than a year, has been at last satisfactorily filled by the election of Prof. Johnston. The Seniors heard his first lecture with great pleasure, as it was equal to the expectations raised by his reputation.—The *Chicago Inter-Ocean* recently published an attack upon Dr. McCosh's theological and scientific views in regard to Evolution.—A College mass-meeting of seventy-five men decided, a few days ago, that Princeton should continue to row.—The Glee Club gave a concert in Princeton on January 24th.—Dr. McCosh has an article in the January number of the *Princeton Review*.

HARVARD.—President Eliot has issued his annual report.—The question of Professionalism in Athletics is agitating the College Press, as the Faculty have as yet not expressed themselves at all clearly upon the matter.—The Athletic Association have appointed officers over each department of track athletics, in order to select the most able men to supervise, exercise, and to encourage training in every possible way.—Sixteen men are now in training for the 'Varsity Nine.—The new track in Holmes' Field will be of cinders mixed with blue sand, the whole rolled smooth and level. The track is one-quarter of a mile in circumference and will be fifteen feet wide.—Every locker in the gymnasium is now filled.

YALE.—The *Lit.* Board has been elected by the class of '85.—The appointments have been given out for the Junior class.—Twenty-five thousand dollars has just been given by Mr. Kent, in addition to the fifty thousand previously donated for a chemical laboratory.—'87 has as yet not lost a single man.—Mr. Ambrose Tighe has

organized a series of seven or eight lectures, to be delivered each week, on live subjects of interest to thoughtful men in the undergraduate department. Prof. Sumner delivered the first lecture of the course on the subject of "Protective Taxes."—"Penikeese," Prof. Shepard's opera was given January 28th, 29th, and 30th, at Carleton Opera House.—The sufferers from the Glee Club accident are slowly recovering. Suit has been brought by the Club against the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad for \$2,000 damages, for delay which prevented the fulfillment of engagements at Louisville and Cincinnati. Private suits also probably be brought.

CLIPPINGS.

ENGLISH people say that the American girl is loud—probably because she bangs her hair so much.—*Lampoon.*

A GENTLEMAN who had received a long bill from the doctor exclaimed, "These doctors charge like sin." He spoke truly, for "the wages of sin is death."—*Lampoon.*

ATHLETIC YOUNG UNCLE (*who has just had mug of milk spilled over him by baby*)—"You young rascal, how dare you be so careless with liquids?"

Baby—"What is a liquid, Uncle Jack?"

Uncle (*hesitating*)—"Oh! oh! well, anything that runs."

Baby—"Are you a liquid?"—*Spectator.*

A FINE CIGAR.—Here y'are, gents; try yer luck; three shots for three cents. Knock down one and I give yer a fine cigar; knock down two and I give yer five cents.—*Lampy.*

"THIS," said a burglar, when caught by the night-watchman in the act of unlawfully entering a bank, "is another instance of the evils of protection." And he made a mental vow that when he became a Congressman he would favor a tariff for revenue only.—*Princetonian.*

"Boys," said a Bootle teacher, holding up his right forefinger to make the scholars attentive, "What is Indian meal composed of?" A little boy on the back seat got up and answered, "Please, ma'am, roast missionaries."—*Ex.*

opportunity. These lectures and Mr. Smyth's readings furnish the most satisfactory evidence of an advancement in the methods, and of a departure from the old policy, of the college that must be as gratifying to its friends as they are profitable to the students.

THE rink has now become a very popular place of amusement for the students, and contributes much toward relieving the monotony of this wearisome term. Lately much has been said, in a quiet way, of forming polo teams in each of the four classes, and having a series of games for the championship. The suggestion is a praiseworthy one, and should be carried out, as this opens another avenue for Williams to achieve success in an athletic way. After a succession of inter-class contests, the best players should then be selected, and a match game played either in the neighborhood, or, if possible, with some college. The exercise is a healthful one, and aside from that, most pleasurable. It is our earnest wish that this project, which ought to interest all, should be consummated, and for that purpose we would propose that a representative from each class be chosen who shall pick out his team; and then let the games begin which are certain, from their novel character, to attract as much concern as the contests in base-ball of last fall. It is frequently said that we lack athletic ambition here, and in some degree this is partly true, but let us take this occasion to prove that the fire is not yet dead; let us seize this opportunity while roller skating is in vogue. All that is required is a little enthusiasm, and polo can—nay, will—be established at Williams.

THE subject of the gymnasium must be irksome to the ears of our readers, but some of its wants are so manifest, some of its defects so noticeable, that we feel it imperative to speak of them. We have heard from many that a running-track is now the thing most to be desired. This indeed is a very important and necessary feature in every gymnasium, and it is not right that the college should be without one. The question may be asked, where could such a track be laid without interfering with those exercising

on the other apparatus? This is easily answered. Among the rafters overhead is an abundance of room for constructing a track, which, without difficulty, could be five feet wide. This change might be readily effected by taking out four joists which could not materially weaken the roof, and making bridges across the two ends of the room. By this means those who use the track would be in the way of others in the gymnasium differently occupied. Another good that would be accomplished is, that classes in the lecture room immediately below would not be inconvenienced by the tramping of many feet overhead. At present the noise occasioned by men running frequently so disturbs the recitation that the Professor must request those persons to desist. This and many other annoyances could be obviated if a running-track were built where we suggest. As voicing the sentiments of those who daily use the gymnasium, if not of the whole college, we sincerely trust that the Faculty will investigate this matter, and, if practicable, the track be laid.

WE are glad to see that action has been taken in regard to athletics. The board called a college meeting, and it was decided to leave the selection of men to attend the inter-collegiate contest with them. It is well this has been decided as early as it has, since the board informs us that the men who are to be sent down to Mott Haven are expected to go into training regularly this term. There is one plan talked of which strikes us as being a very good one, a plan that is that several men, as for example, two for the dashes, and two for a longer run, be selected immediately with the understanding that there shall be a trial between them just before the inter-collegiate contest, when the men who make the best time will be sent to represent the college. This manner of making the selection will naturally excite competition and result in getting the best records possible from the contestants. It is often complained of that in certain periods of the year the interest in athletics narrows down to comparatively few men, and whether this results from the condition of our present gymnasium or the want of incentive, it still is a fact. We think

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A VALENTINE.

shall I send to my valentine?
message sweet to my lady fair?
offering laid at her shrine
to her of the love I bear.

of roses, blushing red,
he at her girdle perchance may wear?
acquemont bud costs a dollar, 'tis said,
a Ponce de Leon she never could bear.

ah, I have it, a bonbonniere,
filled with Hugbee's candy, too;
will I send to my lady fair,
or sweets to the sweet are as tribute due.

HANK.

UNSUCCESSFUL.

HERE once lived in New York a certain crowd of men who were much thrown together. Scarcely an evening passed in which could not be found either at the theatre or the other place of amusement. They were congenial to each other, with perhaps a single exception; and this was not marked, since the man was a very generous, polite fellow, notwithstanding his eccentricities, which, however, were of an annoying nature.

Mason, for that was his name, was a trifle above the medium height, with brown eyes and dark hair. He never seemed to be in a hurry, and at times was fond of lounging. In disposition he was almost phlegmatic, rarely if ever displaying signs of anger or joy. His main fault lay in the fact that he was always the hero of his own story, and no matter what was related—be it some strange adventure or curious sight, a funny tale or novel experience—he could always, if I may be permitted to use a slang phrase, "go a man one better." Now, this peculiarity, though his friends had become partly accustomed to it, was exceedingly disagreeable to them, and what was worse, they saw it constantly growing. One could hardly make an assertion to which he would not take the opposite view. Mason's friends were too polite ever to take any direct notice of this unpleasant feature in his nature, but they hinted that they would be delighted, so his

Not long ago, the party were at a small reception, and Mason, after much difficulty, managed to gain a *tête-à-tête* with a young lady whom he greatly admired, but who considered him a trifle of a bore. In the course of their conversation, the young lady told a singular story of a shipwreck, which, in spite of its uniqueness, was true. Her listener was attentive during the progress of the tale, but as soon as it was concluded he remembered that he had heard of a similar case, only it was more harrowing, more unreal.

When he had finished, his companion naïvely asked:

"Mr. Mason, have you ever read 'Don't'?"
"Yes," he answered, in a way showing plainly that the advisory question had fallen on barren soil; "and some of the injunctions in it could be followed profitably by many persons."

"I agree with you most sincerely, Mr. Mason," replied the young lady, rising in acknowledgment to an invitation to dance, and leaving him alone.

One evening, the gentlemen met down town, and, while passing a theatre where an exceptionally good play was being enacted, one of the party proposed that they go in. The suggestion was accepted with pleasure, and a short time later found them in one of the boxes. The curtain had just risen for the second act, which was attentively watched by a critical audience. The house was filled almost to overflowing, and it was mere good fortune that enabled the gentlemen to obtain the box they were occupying. Soon the curtain fell again, and a conversation arose in the stall, in the course of which the subject of mesmerism was brought up. Most of the party did not believe in it; but, as might be anticipated, Mason did, who not only gave his reasons fully in its favor, but said that he was something of a mesmerist himself, and would prove it, if agreeable to the company. All assented, and Mason began by saying: "Do you see that lady in Row D, the center chair from the second aisle, I by looking at her steadily for a few moments, I can make her stand up as long as I wish."

With this, he began his operations, and in a little while succeeded in gaining her attention. Mason's subject evidently became quite nervous, but her tormentor kept his eyes fastened upon

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of our national cheek, we found comfortably ensconced in a first-class car, to be molested for the rest of our journey by the company of any strangers.

Necessary for me to go into a description of the journey, as nothing of interest occurred the following morning.

At the Russian frontier we were met by the train, with bag and baggage, and had to fall in line to pass the ordeal before being allowed to pursue our

to the "*grand salle*," a fine-looking hall, where a military officer, dressed in military attire, addressed us in French tongue, which we supposed must be correct. Seeing that he could not make us understand, he called for an interpreter, who came to our assistance. He said that the *chef de police* wanted to know our nationality, business, and occupation in Russia.

He said: "American travelers, going to visit the people, history, customs,"

It did not seem to satisfy our examiner, but, after a few questions and answers, he proceeded to the examination of our baggage. Two men came and took our bags, and began to lay them out on the counter. They took up each article and examined it. All were satisfactory except two—a stylographic pen and a Chinese puzzle, which, although now greatly valued, had proved to us then a source of embarrassment. These served to puzzle the examiner. I do not know what he thought of it, but by the way he handled it one might suppose it to have been dynamite. He took it away, and asked for an explanation. The interpreter immediately showed him how to handle it.

Whether he thought that it was a dangerous invention to endanger people's lives, I do not know, only that he confiscated it among a collection of torpedoes, etc., which he had evidently taken away.

As for the Chinese puzzle. That was too much for either from his inability to comprehend it, or from its peculiar appearance. He thought that we were some con-

spirators, and that these were our deadly weapons. His brow contracted, and his eyes seemed to shoot daggers at us in his perplexity. I tried my best to explain the puzzle to the interpreter, but of no use. His brain was not active enough to understand anything so complex. I moved the blocks up and down, and worked the puzzle out for him, but of no avail. It was too much for him. This, too, was confiscated.

On searching our persons they found our passports, with which they marched us to the police station, surrounded by *gendarme*. We asked that the American consul might be sent for, and, had it not been for him, we might now be laboring in the mines of Siberia, and the *chef de police* working over the 15.14.13. He gave security that we should immediately return to Berlin, and not again attempt to enter Russia. On these conditions we were allowed to take the next train southward.

In passing the station the *chef de police* appeared, with his coat off, leaning his head on his hands, and staring vaguely at the puzzle and the 15.14.13 which I had written on a scrap of paper.

L'ECHELLE.

IF I WERE KING.

IF I were king, then might I dare to kneel
To kiss thy garment's hem, to kiss thy feet ;
But as I am, in inmost heart I feel
I am not meet.

If I were king, I'd bring to thee my crown
For thy acceptance ; offer thee my throne ;
But as I am, I fear thy queenly frown,—
Thy heart is stone.

If I were king, and thou should'st say, " Bow down
And kiss the dusty ground, whereon I tread,"
Thou would'st see me, in my robe and crown,
Bend low my head.

If I were poet, and about my brows
Were bound the laurel and immortal bay,
The song in which I sang to thee my vows
Should live for aye.

L. W. A.

So far, the lectures on Zoölogical Research, by Professor Wilson, have been extremely well attended, as would be expected when an opportunity is given of hearing so distinguished a scientist.

its different expressions. She had very regular features ; too regular, I think. But her complexion was perfect. I hired a horse of the landlord, and used to ride over to my father's plantation in the morning, always managing to get back a little while before dinner. But under one of the trees I would nearly always find Miss Ellen sewing or reading, and until dinner I would sit on an old rustic seat and talk to her and get her to tell me about the country around there. She told me very interesting stories about the old places in the vicinity ; but when I asked her about the people and towns farther off, she did not seem to know anything at all about them. This was surprising in a girl who had spent her life in that village. But then she said she had never been far from her house, and did not know much about the localities in the neighborhood. But though she would lead me to suppose that she had not been far from there, I knew better. For she had manners which her father and mother could never have taught her, and she had a certain way of talking, and a certain grace and air, that was entirely foreign to her parents, and which she could never have acquired from anyone in that part of the country. The more I thought of it, the more curious it struck me to be. But then, I thought perhaps it was my imagination. I sounded the stable boy on the subject, asking whether Miss Ellen had gone away much. But he said he had only been there a month, and she had been at home all that time."

"I found," he went on after a minute, "that I had nearly finished the business I came on, and decided to return home the next day at noon. As I wanted to accomplish several little matters about my father's farm, I did not get home that last day till evening. When I walked up to the old hotel at dusk I heard Miss Ellen speaking to her father and mother. She was thanking them for something, and the tones of her voice and the manner of speaking was not at all that of a daughter to her parents. So it seemed to me at the time. That night I began packing my valise, preparatory to starting the next day. And it was then, as I thought of going away, that I felt very sorry to leave the old place, and felt much worse about giving up my conversations with Miss

Ellen. The more I thought of leaving, the more I wished to stay. Remembering the conversation I had overheard that evening, I became convinced that the girl was not what my landlady had led me to suppose. I had nothing especial to call me home then, and determined to remain and see more of my young acquaintance. So I wrote my father that I had finished the business I came on, but liked the country around there very much, and thought I would remain for a few days longer."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE ANSWER.

"TO show a stronger feeling,
And blood that swifter flows,
To me alone revealing
Thy love, drop down a rose.

"A bud, a bud, revealing
A love that blooms and blows ;
To me, thy love, appealing,
Drop down, oh, love, a rose."

I said, and stood and waited,
And watched her window high ;
With voice and breath abated
To catch her faintest sigh.

The twilight slowly darkling
Spreads a soft haze above,
Thro' which the soft stars, sparkling,
Seem eyes of tender love.

No sigh, no word she utters,—
How still the twilight grows,—
Ah ! Down to me there flutters
A tender, full-blown rose !

JACQUES.

A SILENT BARBER.

"Mullins has a large business," said the two-days-growth-of-beard stranger, one day, to the college man, with distended head. "Do you know I always come here, even if I have to wait awhile. There is something soothing in Mullin's shaves."

"Yes," said the college man ; "I always come here, too. I wonder why it is."

"I will tell you," replied the two-days-growth-of-beard stranger ; "it is because he does not talk us to death, like other barbers, but leaves

IN the early part of the week, a fair was held at the Mansion House for the benefit of St. John's church.

THE German division of the Junior Class has been divided according to scholarship. "Is thy servant," etc.

THE singing at the Episcopal Church has been greatly improved by the introduction of a choir of student voices.

THE would-be funny editor says that a certain Williamstown celebrity is not honest, because he always goes on *Trust*.

REV. DR. MAXCY, of Bridgeport, Conn., will officiate at the Episcopal Church on Sunday morning and evening.

DR. CLARKE will probably not sail for America before April. His place will be filled by Dr. Wilson until his return.

THE Junior Class, having finished the subject of *Electricity*, as treated in *Norton's Physics*, will study *Sound and Light*.

PROFESSOR LIVESY, the champion roller skater of England, is expected soon to display his skill at the Williamstown rink.

THE proprietors of the skating rink promise an extension of the floor, should their receipts warrant the additional outlay.

THE Germans in '85 were treated to a very hard examination last week, while the Frenchmen suffered likewise on the 11th inst.

A CERTAIN Professor wants to know what the "Three Letters" in the *Gul* signify. Let him ask the "Nicholas" of Williams College.

WE notice, with pleasure, that our departed friend, Mr. F. M. Vermilye, has been chosen President of the Freshman class at Trinity.

We congratulate the *Athenæum* on their change of base, and hope that they may be as successful in the future as they have been during the past.

MR. SMYTHE, having finished reading the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, will continue with the *Alcestis* of Euripides. This kindly-offered opportunity of hearing the finest works of the ancient dramatists should be enjoyed by all who are interested in literature and history.

• ABOUT four men may be said to train regularly now in the gymnasium; and yet we say that the baseball prospects for the spring were never better.

EVEN now some dissatisfied spirits are wishing for evening chapel once again. But there are certain people whom even the millenium would not satisfy.

IT is said that one of our professors is becoming so intimate with the men in his classes that he calls them by their middle names when they are reciting.

THE Joint Debate will be held now in about a week, having been delayed by the sickness of one of the speakers, and on account of an excess of College work.

The meetings of the Lyceum of Natural History are unusually interesting this term, as the members have more time at their disposal to work up reports.

THE quartette of '86 gave a concert on February 6th at Buskirk's Bridge, N. Y., which was very well attended, and appreciated, if one can judge of the number of *encores*.

THE Juniors have just had an examination in German. The general exclamation is: "If the paper had been shorter, and the time shorter, would have—! But as it is—! Ach—!—!—!—!—!—! himmel!"

A PARTY from Pittsfield spent last Sunday at Williamstown, visiting friends in the college. Those who came are Mrs. Colt, Mrs. Pingree, Miss Florence Colt, Miss Pingree, and Mr. Adams, of the class of '78.

"PROFESSOR, was it not a mistake that my name was not read off in the first division?" inquired a number of '85's German class. "By no means, sir," was the cruel answer, thereby saddening the ambitious German.

IT seems strange and unreasonable that the Juniors should be obliged to write their orations on specified subjects, while the Sophomores are allowed free choice in the matter. As both classes are competing in the same contest, it certainly appears hard that one should be hampered with such restrictions.

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the University requested permission to publish his dissertation in the *Anglia*, the highest magazine in English philology.

4. Edward A. and William J. Day are at 766 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

L. V. Davison is senior partner of the Davison & Davis, (successors to Ezra & Co.) importers of teas and coffees, 101 St., New York City.

W. H. Ellis is at present teaching the Latin at Troy, N. C.

5. Robert Townsend is in Florida.

6. W. L. Adam, who is practicing law in Williamstown last Sunday.

7. Rev. R. H. Stearns, who has recently graduated from a theological seminary, has been called as pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Marlton, N. Y.

8. H. V. Halbert is engaged in business in Duluth, Minn.

9. Harris E. Adriance is a student in a business college in New York.

10. Chamberlain is absent from college because of sickness.

11. L. J. Tuck has returned to college.

12. In Englewood, N. J., reside the following Williams men: '63 W. F. Corliss, '64 Rev. H. M. Smith, '50 Wm. J. Booth, '72 E. P. Coe, '66 Townsend MacCoun, '74 L. V. Davison, '58 J. H. Ellis.

JASON'S LOG-BOOK.

SOME time ago the *Northwestern* took the ARGO to task for its number of editors; in the opinion of our critic, too large. Jason lately collected this criticism, and, to ascertain whence it came, picked up a brown-covered journal from a table, with a very fair representation of a fash-plate on its title page, to discover its character.

Was he successful? Well, somewhat; there isn't very much to discover. The paper consists of twelve pages, instead of the more usual sixteen, and is edited by eight persons. Then it does have a smaller number of editors than the ARGO? Yes, but, mark this fact, two of them are co-eds! Who couldn't write with two guiding pairs of eyes following the movement

of one's pen? Jason is positive that he could. Indeed, he begins to feel toward the *Northwestern* as toward the *Magnet* and *Lasell Leaves*, that it would be almost discourteous to find fault with its contents; but possibly their last board meeting was held during a snow-storm and the representatives of the fair sex, detained in their rooms by stress of weather, had no hand in the issue under consideration. On this supposition, Jason's courage rises and he ventures to suggest to his Western critic that he thinks any paper could be easily filled by very few editors willing to insert a three-page article on the "Norman Conquest," and another of three columns on the "Western Association of Collegiate Alumnæ." Truly such articles must be of a highly interesting character to the readers! For himself, Jason is of opinion that he can learn all he cares to know of the conquest from the pages of the standard histories, and as for the Western alumnæ, he thinks he could, if he would, learn much more than he cares to know from the paper before him; but enough of the *Northwestern*.

The question of what should fill the columns of a college journal is continually the subject of more or less discussion in the papers themselves and among the students; and Jason's general purpose, the thread, however slender at times, of his remarks, is to lay before his readers an idea of the contents of his different exchanges, that they may decide between the merits of the policy adopted by the leading Eastern papers and that in vogue, with a few exceptions, in the West. After a glance at the *College Olio*, from Ohio, Jason will return to his more congenial friends of this section of the country. The *Olio* devotes two pages and a half to the conclusion of an article, by one of the professors, on "Roman Comedy," a subject seemingly more suitable for the lecture-room; a page, also in conclusion, "Macaulay's Literary Career;" and the remainder of the paper to a "Science Column," "Editorials," Editorials, etc. By a comparison of this literary feast (partly solid) with that offered by other papers, and chronicled in previous numbers of the Log, Jason believes sufficient matter has been provided to enable the reader to form his own judgment of the two styles; and now he can let

THE ARGO.

OLIPPINGS.

said—"I'm not in my usual spirits," but we noticed that his usual spirits were in *Ex.*

A YARN OF A SKEIN.

I held a skein of yarn for Ruth,
She was as pretty a maid, in truth,
As any you shall see.
I did not hold it to her liking
She said, my clumsy fingers striking—
I did it awkwardly.

Well, then, I try to mend my ways;
In vain, the witching damsel says:
"Its in a fearful tangle."
She puts her white hands close to mine,
And tries the muddle to untwine;
It catches in her bangle.

I drop the yarn—yea, let it travel
Where'er it will, untwist or ravel—
I wash my hands of it,
And gently take her dainty wrist,
Feigning the tangles to untwist;
The first she knows her hand is kissed—
She does not care a whit.

She blushes just a little, though,
(Pale rose-leaves, wind-kissed, act just so),
And, as she meets my eye,
She murmurs, the entrancing maid,
With double meaning, I'm afraid:
"You do this splendidly."—*Lampoon.*

PROF. (exhibiting fossil specimens to Geology ass)—"Here is a *crinoid*: you see that it is much compressed and distorted, that the arms are broken off, and that the stem is gone; but still it is a good illustration of the order."—*Orient.*

SNOD's coffee-pot boiled over and burned his and the other day; and now he is getting himself generally disliked by telling people he was hurt by the eruption of Java.—*Lampoon.*

THE following is a placard posted in a Hoboken ferryboat: "These seats are for ladies. Gentlemen will not occupy them until the ladies are seated."

"Do you see that young man going along?" "Yes, what of it?" "He's got a girl dodging from appearances"

JOHNNY MILL informs us in one of his chatty talks on political economy, that to save the life of an unproductive laborer is to perform unproductive labor. Hereafter, when we see a man drowning, we shall know enough to look up his record in the directory before we pull off our boots.—*Ex.*

GEOLOGICAL.

A stratum of solid, slippery ice;
A stratum of slush so soft and nice;
A stratum of water; over that
A stratum of man in a new silk hat;
Above the startled air is blue
With oath on oath a stratum or two.

—*Record.*

LETTER to a Freshman from his tailor: "*Messier Windy*—I haf send the bill for dose pants at your father at the place you named 2 times and I haf got no answer yet already. i can not help it if you can not get them on but you told me to make them by mr. batboys measure and if they are to tite it is his falt and if you dunot send me the moneys putty kwick i will speek to the Prex.

yours respekfully

JOHANN SCHRIEBER."

—*Lehigh Burr.*

OWED TO A CREDITOR.

AS USUAL.

Thou fiend who art ubiquitous,
And seldom but iniquitous,
Who e'er dost haunt the college grounds from morning
dawn till night.

With eyes before and eyes behind,
With searching glance you seek to find
The very one who's dodging you and keeping from your
sight.

So crafty, sly and curious,
With countenance so furious,
You'll prowl around the banisters and wait till they appear.
Your business don't press you much,
And waiting don't distress you much,
For every hour you tarry there means oyster stews and
beer.

And should they turn the key on you,
Or turn and plant their knee on you,
They'll find it irritates you but deters you not a whit.
You're used to bolts and locks and all
That's been devised to check your gall.
You'd hang around until next fall,
You've no such word as "quit."

H.
—*Record.*

acher should confine himself to the book. Indeed, it is far more beneficial, both to himself and his pupils, that work of an original nature should, in some degree, supplement the instruction which is derived from the text-book. We earnestly hope, however, that the present Professor in Sophomore Mathematics will see the force of these remarks, and should he care to follow them out, we feel confident that less friction would result between his class and himself.

AS a person approaches dissolution he is possessed by a desire to do some good to mankind, to repair the injuries he has inflicted.—And to this praiseworthy sentiment the present Argo board are no strangers. We have firmly determined to refrain from all mention of the gymnasium during the remaining issues of this volume, convinced of the inutility both of the thing and the complaint, and are going to turn our attention to a new service to our readers. Although hitherto a department foreign to the paper's policy, we intend to indulge, for the benefit of our readers, our taste for literary criticism; and will begin, too, with "Nature's Serial Story." First, have you read it? Yes? then we are friends, for misery loves company. No? then don't." This interesting piece of literature may be found in *Harper's Magazine*. We shall do no further than to discuss its name and the relation of its name to the story. It is undoubtedly "Serial;" there is no doubt of the truthfulness of that word; for have we not been eye witnesses of it during four months? It is also entitled to the word "Nature's;" for it discusses poultry's nature, birds' nature, the nature of powers, arboriculture, etc., to such an extent that with each successive installment we are obliged to take a new estimate of its character from thinking that it was a fruit-tree guide, a poultry guide, a treatise on ornithology, to the final question, of what is it? The "Story" though seems to be the isomer. We have searched long and carefully for the story, and were rewarded by the discovery of about ten lines of narrative in the March number. At Harvard a lecture was recently delivered on "Movement in Narrative;" we don't know what the average speed is, but at its pres-

ent rate it seems probable that "Nature's Serial Story" may continue to serial its way in *Harper's* during the remaining existence of that periodical.

WE have heard with surprise that several Juniors contemplate leaving Williams either at the end of this term or the year. While such an action will not, in the least, hurt the College, or its reputation, a word to the men themselves may not be ill-timed. With the exception of those men who have been obliged to go elsewhere, we know of no one who has left Williams and not afterwards regretted it. It is the custom of some students to indulge in a deal of fault-finding with the institution of which they are members, and, blinded by their distance, to ascribe every good quality to similar institutions. When, however, they have graduated and seen men from other colleges, or left and enrolled themselves elsewhere, they become speedily convinced of the superiority of Williams. Very few persons of experience advise a change of institutions, and agree that it is apt to impair the usefulness of a man's course in both. The completeness of his college education is destroyed; he has to devote twice as much time to becoming familiar with the different methods; and loses, in a great degree, the opportunity to form lasting friendships. Especially does it seem unwise to leave at the end of Junior year. The last two years are confessedly the most profitable in our course, as is abundantly proved by the large number of men who join every Junior class, and to leave at that time is to endure the grind, and to lose, in great part, the benefits of Williams. We advise the men who propose to do this to inquire carefully about the students and methods of instruction in the college they select, and not to place too much reliance on rosy-colored catalogues.

IN view of the enthusiastic reception accorded to Dr. Wilson's lectures and Mr. Smythe's readings, we should think further extension of this mode of instruction highly advisable. While our curriculum is one of the best arranged of any with which we are acquainted, there is a danger always attendant upon prescribed studies, that

Mr. F. T. Ranney followed and argued that the word "should" meant first "power" and second "advisability," and tried to show that Congress had not the authority from the constitution to pass a National divorce law. After music, the last speaker on the affirmative was Mr. H. D. Bailey of the 'Logian, who refuted the interpretation of the word "should," claiming that the word meant, according to the dictionary, "ought." Mr. Bailey then ably answered several arguments made by the negative and summed up the points advanced by his side. Mr. E. P. Hill then closed the debate in a very telling manner, getting at the gist of the question on the grounds of Parliamentary law, and bringing in two new arguments, the strongest offered by the negative. Exception was taken by the affirmative to bringing in new points at that late period of the debate. According to the opinion of one of the judges it has not been the precedent, they claim, as a matter of courtesy to introduce new arguments after the last affirmative speaker had finished. After music, the judges, Profs. Griffin, Mears, and Hewitt, handed in their decision which was in favor of the negative. The debate lasted nearly two hours, and was listened to with a good deal of interest.

ECONOMY.

CHAPTER I.

"BILL, I'm going to economize," said Isaac Nutter to his room-mate, the night before the winter term opened.

"Dew tell," answered Bill. "It seems to me I've heard you say so before on various occasions after your return from home and an interview with your pater. Going to employ the same method?"

"No, sir! I mean what I say! Rigid economy. I've made an accurate culculation. In the first place, I'm going to board at the Hash House and save thirty dollars cold. What's the use of the college setting up cheap board, if a man doesn't profit by it?"

"You'll soon get sick of that."

"Wait and see. Then I've found a place in New York where you can get clothes made as

cheaply as you can buy them. Why, for example, a dress-suit for forty dollars, and mine, you know, cost seventy. They'll make a cutaway suit for thirty. I left my measure and think I shall write for a suit and save about twenty dollars on that."

"All right," said Bill, "but I doubt if it will be satisfactory, and I know you'll get sick of the Hash House."

The next day Nutter persuaded a bankrupt classmate, Tom Sewall, to join him, and they started in to save thirty dollars each at the Hash House.

CHAPTER II.

Their first meal was dinner, and they speedily discovered that they were going to save time as well as money by their new departure, for they were surprised, although the last to leave the dining-hall, to find that but fifteen minutes had been consumed over the repast. Nutter went to his room and had just finished a letter to Cheap-cut & Co., with an order for a cutaway, when Sewall dropped in, and, after a minute's silence, said:

"Ike, don't you feel kind of hungry?"

"Yes."

"What do you say to some oysters? John received some fine ones this morning."

"Well, to tell the truth," said Ike, hesitatingly, "I have half resolved to keep away from the restaurant this term, but I guess I'll go with you."

As they devoured the oysters and chatted, Sewall remarked that it would be an awful grind if they crawled and went back to the hotel. To this Nutter assented and proposed a solemn compact that, happen what might, they would stick to their plan till the end of the term. So they agreed that they wouldn't crawl. The next morning the two economizers met after the 11 o'clock recitation, and walked to the post-office together. As they were about to separate, Nutter said:

"Won't you come out and have a chop? It will serve as a kind of appetizer for dinner."

Sewall embraced the proposal, and found the chop so succulent that he ordered some steak to follow it, and then Nutter added eggs and coffee, until at length their appetite was satisfied and

think that she was compelled to stay there contrary to her wishes, and that the conversation I had overheard had been arranged purposely to mislead me. At another, she would act and talk so honestly that I would change my opinion, banish all misgivings, and believe she was really the Graves' daughter."

"Why did not you ask her outright?" I inquired.

"Well, I'll tell you. When I began to speak about her staying there in the country, and the very dull life she must have to lead, and go on in that strain, she would assume a little manner—I can't describe it—that would almost command me to go no further on that topic. And then, chaff as you may, I had become seriously interested in her, and I was afraid that if I told her she was acting a deception, and offer her my assistance, it might end all our friendly *fête-à-fêtes*. If I had been sure, I would have done it, but I thought it might only be my imagination."

"Perhaps you were right," I observed, "but I think I should have done differently in your place. But go on."

"The second evening of my extended stay," continued Tom, "we sat out on the old porch alone. That night I talked a good deal about myself, which you know I do not often do. She seemed to be very attentive, and asked me lots of questions, and I flattered myself she really took an interest in me. As I noticed this, I drifted on into a more serious vein, and I am afraid I talked too earnestly about my prospects, for, in a slight pause in the conversation, she hastily rose, and, saying it was late, bade me good-night. The next morning neither Mr. Graves nor Miss Ellen appeared at breakfast, and in answer to my inquiring look, Mrs. Graves said her husband had unexpectedly heard that his niece was sick, and Ellen had been bent upon going to her, and so Mr. Graves had driven her over to the early train, leaving a good-bye for me. I was dumbfounded, and thought I could see that the old lady was lying as she told me. I almost sneeringly asked her what was the name of the place to which Miss Ellen had gone, sure that she would mislead me. But to my surprise the old lady told me immediately the name of the town,

which I remembered to be about thirty miles from there."

"Well!" I observed, as Tom stopped.

"Well," he said, rather despondingly, leaving out all the details and merely stating the facts, as though he would have over with the last part of the account, "Well, I left on the noon train and went to the place the landlady had told me. But I could find no Miss Ellen and no sick niece of Mr. Graves'. In disgust I wandered around the place till evening, and then took the express on my way toward home."

"That is what I call hard luck," I said, sympathetically. "And have you never seen her or been to the old hotel since?"

"No, I have never seen her since. I had not the heart to go near the place till nearly a year afterward, and then I found that old Graves had died five months before of an apoplectic fit, and his wife had gone to live with some relatives 'up country,' so the new proprietor said. I then went to the place where Mrs. Graves said Miss Ellen had gone, but finding no clue, I gave it up. And that is why I have never paid attention to any young lady. I suppose you cannot understand my feelings, but I have never cared for any one since!"

Three days afterward, as I sat at my desk in the office, a messenger entered and handed me a letter. It was from Tom, and read as follows:

"Will you come and take lunch with me at once? Arrange, if possible, to get off for the afternoon.
Yours, Tom."

The first words he said on my meeting him were, "I have seen her." He went on to explain. He had seen Miss Ellen in a carriage with a lady on Fifth Avenue the afternoon before. He lifted his hat, but was not sure whether she cut him purposely or did not see him. He had been unable to keep up with the carriage and lost it in the crowd. He wanted my advice. I told him the only thing to be done was to walk up and down Fifth Avenue. So the whole afternoon we spent in scanning the occupants of every carriage that passed. But no success. When it became too dark to discern anything, I suggested that as

HIS SECOND DEFEAT.

THE battle of Waterloo was won. Here and there on the field that had witnessed such awful and bloody struggles, a few blades of grass and a thistle or two had dared to raise their heads, and the earth had begun to go around again.

* * * * *

Napoleon stood on the shore of St. Helena, gazing seaward. The orange-colored moon shone emetically down on the placid expanse of water. Bonaparte took a few more puffs from his segar and again looked over the dimly lighted waters. A vessel had loomed up out of the darkness, and a boat had put off. The great conqueror watched its sole occupant approach the beach. As the little boat came within a few yards of the shore a huge roller caught it and hurled, and to Napoleon's horror, its single passenger headlong into the seething undertow.

The great director of battles did not lose his self-possession(s). Carefully laying his segar on a bowlder, throwing aside his Prince Albert coat, and with difficulty pulling off his patent-leather Wellington boots, he rushed to the rescue of the drowning man. Again and again the wave washed its victim to his stocking feet, but he was compelled to retreat. Finally, making a desperate reach, he grasped the man. They stood there on the sand silent for a moment, thinking of their narrow escape, the one wet to his skin, the other to his ankles. Suddenly the moon came from behind a cloud and again cast her sickly light on the scene. The two men gazed at each other and an exclamation roared from the lips of each.

"Bonaparte!!"

"Grouchy!!"

"I hear all posterity lay that matter of Waterloo to my door," hissed the marshal with visage blackening, "and you told them so, too, you, — you Roman-nosed, clean shaved —, —, —, —, —!!"

"Why in — France didn't you brace up your men in time," yelled Napoleon, "and help me out! you — procrastinating — —! you dilly-dallying — —!"

"Oh, pluck a feather from the wings of your imagination and put it in the tail of your judg-

ment, will you, you old battle hitter!" cried the infuriated subordinate general.

"Oh! you're a — — —!"

"You're another!"

As the blue air that had thickly settled down over the scene was slowly wafted away by the evening breeze, the two men were seen to grapple. Now the victor of Europe would be in the ascendancy and would bury his knee in his adversary's chest. Now the Marshal of France would twist his knuckles in the fierce eye of his combatant.

An hour later two men were seen to raise themselves cautiously from the sand; the one rowed silently seaward, the other with difficulty returned inland.

The next morning Miss Bonaparte said pa would not come to breakfast as his eye was all swollen with a cold. But Master Napy said, in his opinion, he never heard of a cold causing a swollen eye and a swollen nose at the same time.

UNO.

HER LETTER.

A TINTED, mystical page
Covered with characters sweet;
Ah, all the world could not buy
This fair little, dear little sheet.

Words, overflowing with love,
Traced by a beautiful girl,
Standing in outline clear
From a scented background of pearl.

How did she look when she wrote?
Does she mean all her letter could say,—
Or has she written these lines
In an off-hand, mischievous way?

If the first, when the holidays come
They will usher a season of bliss;
If the second, before she's aware,
Her red lips will forfeit a kiss.

THE JACKSON FESTIVAL CONCERT.

LAST Monday evening the Beethoven Club of Boston gave a concert in the Congregational Church, under the auspices of the Jackson Festival Committee.

The program contained eleven numbers well suited to the taste of a popular audience, and cal-

GOODRICH, '85, Phelps, '86, and Peck, '87, are training for the inter-collegiate games at Mott Haven.

W. W. WILCOX, '85, was called home during the early part of the week by the death of a relative.

SEVERAL Sophomores were so unfortunate as to get less than fifty per cent. in their German examination.

THE Junior who continually had to pause to think of the next word, says he delivered a thoughtful oration.

THE Dramatics Committee has at length gone to work in earnest, and will probably give two performances next term.

W. H. NOYES, Harvard, '86, was in town, last week. Mr. Noyes will enter the corresponding class here, in a short time.

IT is rumored that the cast-iron rule about absences immediately before or after a holiday is to be made more reasonable.

AT first blush, the Juniors thought this an odd sentence: "Members of Parliament are not paid, and some consequences of this."

THE assistance of a popular member of the Faculty at one of Dr. Wilson's lectures recently, was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

A WEEK ago Tuesday we were surprised by the distribution of tickets to the concert, which the Faculty gave instead of the Jackson dinner.

PROF. LIVESY'S exhibition of fancy roller skating was exceedingly good. He has been skating for fifteen years, and is very skillful in his art.

THE Glen Fem. Sem., of which we have heard so little, recently, was so unpatriotic as to continue its exercises on Washington's birthday.

THE date of the last division of Junior orations has been moved forward one week, and of the fifth three days, to March 13th and 11th, respectively.

PATRONS of the new restaurant should remember that its proprietor runs on a very small capital, and that unless bills are paid promptly he may be compelled to relinquish his enterprise. "A word to the wise," etc.

PROF.—"As far as the mere combination of letters is concerned, we might just as well spell the word *horse*, b-double-o-k." Class smiles.

THE Senior Class made their first recitation under President Carter, last Wednesday morning. The text-book for this term is *Flint's Theism*.

THE Juniors have organized a chess club, with E. J. Wheeler, president, and A. L. James, secretary, and are prepared to play other clubs in college.

A DOG wandered into one of the recitation rooms, the other day. The fact that the door was opened for him was not the *sole reason* for his exit.

MR. SMYTH fell on the ice when coming out of chapel, the other day, and hurt his hand so severely that he was unable to hold his first recitation.

C. W. WOOD, '84, was recently called home by the death of his father. Mr. Wood has the warmest sympathies of his many friends in town and college.

THE handbills of the '86 quartet read, "The *Male* Quartet of the Williams College Glee Club." Where is the *female* quartet of the same association?

INSTRUCTOR PARSONS has adopted the Harvard method. He does not require the Freshmen to attend recitations, but holds them responsible for good examinations.

WHY did the inmates of Morgan who wanted to know who George Washington was, keep asking the same question until half past two o'clock, on the morning of the 23d?

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER WALKER, the well-known composer and interpreter of Scottish music, has recently dedicated a new "Grand March" to the Williams College Orchestra.

No one can complain that there has been a lack of variety in the weather, recently. There has been enough to last, at least, a year. For the last two or three weeks, the streets and walks have been in such a condition that they could be traversed in comfort only by a pig, or a man on stilts.

'35. Rev. Lumas H. Pease was chaplain of the famous Ellsworth Zouaves (the Forty-fourth N. Y. Vols.) and after serving faithfully during the war became chaplain of the Seaman's Friends' Society at New Orleans, La., where he has been eminently successful all these years since the war.

'49. The Rev. C. S. Robinson, D.D., has a letter in the current number of the *Century* on "Organs and Orchestras in Church."

'56. Rev. James McLean died at Springfield, Mass., of typhoid pneumonia. The class secretary writes: "I am sorry to announce again, and so soon, the decease of another—now the twenty-first of our number."

'57. Rev. Charles A. Stork, D.D., President and Professor of Didactic Theology at the Lutheran Seminary in Gettysburg, Pa., died of throat disease in the German Hospital at Philadelphia, December 17, 1883.

'59. Rev. Washington Gladden's work on the *Christian League of Connecticut* seems to have attracted a great deal of notice in the country. The *Century* has an article concerning this important subject.

'59. Solomon Wright is proprietor of the Hoosac Valley Mills, Pownal, Vt.

'63. Frank Abbott, M.D., is a physician at Lincoln Place, corner Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

'63. Charles Hume Baldwin, M.A., is a Presbyterian minister, Amsterdam, N. Y. Baldwin studied after graduation from college in the Union Theological Seminary in New York.

'63. Edward E. Sill is general agent of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Sill has a fine military record. He was in the battles of Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga, Missionary Ridge, and Knoxville.

'67. Dr. G. Stanley Hall is to deliver at Princeton his course of lectures on "Pedagogy," which met with a flattering reception in Boston a year ago.

'69. Alfred Clark Chapin of New York, ex-Speaker of the Assembly and now the State Controller, was married the 20th inst. to Miss Grace Stebbins. The wedding took place at the residence of the bride's father, No. 8 West Fifty-

second Street. The house was filled with inent people. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. John Hall at 9 P. M. The bridegroom will spend a month on a Southern tour.

'74. L. H. Andrews, the valedictorian of the Class of '74, is employed in the office of Dudley Field, where he holds a responsible position.

'74. At a dinner given to his class recently, by Charles Bulkley Hubbell, of New York, the following members of '74 were present: L. H. Andrews, L. V. Davison, William B. Wood, M. D., and John N. T. Including contributions received from the members of the class residing in Chicago, over \$1000 was raised and sent to a member of the class laboring among the freedmen of North Carolina for use in his work. This sum, together with two large boxes of clothing and supplies, was forwarded to a little settlement in the Blue Mountains, where William H. Ellis has his headquarters in missionary work.

'74. Charles S. Holt is practicing law in Chicago, where he is a member of the Williams & Thompson, one of the most important ones in that city.

'80. A. L. Van Antwerp has been ordained a deacon and has obtained a curacy in the Church of London.

'83. Holmes, who is now studying law in New York, thinks it improbable that he will be called to the bar next September.

'83. J. P. Hubbard has returned from Europe on account of sickness.

'85. T. R. Johnson, who left college last year on account of a long illness, has again been treated with peritonitis at his home in New Providence.

JASON'S LOG-BOOK.

WHEN Jason picked up the Cornhill and glanced through it for something new, he found besides reports of lectures and letters from President White on political subjects, a story which fell on a subject entitled "Sophomores kidnapped!" From this article it appears that Freshmen kidnapped two Sophomores, who

ing at Yale."—The Glee Club gave a most successful concert at Carll's on February 11th; '85 had four boxes.—An illustrated paper has been decided on, and may be expected soon.

VASSAR. The Physical Laboratory has been recently improved by the addition of several delicate foreign-made electrometers.—Dr. Behrends of Brooklyn conducted morning services on the Day of Prayer for Colleges.—The *Misc* proposes that the *Amherst Student* present its writers with dictionaries that they may learn how to use words properly.

CORNELL. The Junior was held on the evening of the 15th, with great success.—A Senior club called the "Mermaid" has been recently organized, and found much favor.—A department of physical culture has been established under the charge of Dr. Hitchcock.—The commodore of the Navy has appointed a committee for a Navy ball.—*Protection* and *Free Trade* are to be upheld in two courses of lectures; one by the Hon. E. H. Roberts, and the other, the regular course, by Prof. H. C. Adams.—Dr. Roberts's lectures will be on the following subjects: (1) Revenue in the Old World. (2) The Growth of the American System. (3) Freedom of Production. (4) Commerce Broader than Barter. (5) Fallacies about Markets. (6) Nations, like Persons, do best for each other when they do best for themselves. (7) Duties, Prices, and Wages. (8) Revenue and National Development. (9) The Rivalings of Commerce. (10) The Ideal Revenue System.

DARTMOUTH. Hon. E. A. Rollins of Philadelphia has promised \$30,000 for a new chapel, provided the alumni shall raise double that sum for a new library building.—Corcoran has been coaching the nine.—Gen. Cary on February 12th, delivered his well-known lecture on "Mistakes of Moses or Ingersoll, Which?"—Six delegates represented *Dartmouth* at the Y. M. C. A. Convention held recently at *Amherst*.

PATERFAMILIAS (to materfamilias)—"Honey, dear, have some honey?" Young Son (to elder brother)—"Cuss, dear, have some custard?"—*Chaff*.

OLIPPINGS.

A VALENTINE.

MY little girlie, girlie,
With the little curlie, curlie,
With the seal-skin sacque and bangs;
With your jaunty little air
You have filled me with despair,
And my heart with O, such pangs!

Will you be my Valentine,
Will you take this heart of mine,
Will you let my love entwine
Like an arm around that seal-skin, fly?
Let it hang upon your lips,
And like little laden ships,
Go sailing in your deep, dark eye.

My loveliest little maid,
I am just a bit afraid
That the latter figure is a little mixed;
But what I mean to say
Is,—I love you; *comprenez?*
O, I wonder what the deuce will rhyme with mixed.
—*Amherst Student*.

CAN the bashful young man, who blushes violently whenever he performs polite offices for the ladies, be called the *pink* of courtesy?—*Chaff*.

CHATTY old bachelor—"Most r'mark'ble likeness between those children, nurse!" Nurse—"Yes, sir. Twins, sir." Old gent—"What, both of 'em?"—*Punch*.

"I WATH much surpwithed," remarked an English dude, "to hear an American lady use the expression, 'Yank the bun.'"

"It's a very common slang phrase in our country," remarked the fair Chicago girl at his side.

"You don't tell me, aw; I suppose that's the reason Americans are called Yankees."—*Ex*.

CLASS-ROOM of advanced section in Freshman Latin: Instructor—"What grows in South Latium?" Student—"Wine mostly!" Instructor—"What kind of wine?" Student (hesitatingly)—"Roman punch, I think!"—*Her Crimson*.

"THIS," said a burglar, when caught by the night-watchman in the act of unlawfully entering a bank, "is another instance of the evils of protection." And he made a mental vow that when he became a Congressman he would favor a "tariff for revenue only."—*Princetonian*.

competitors for the Cobden medal will be subjected to the same rules as the Graves prize essayists.

WE have learned with surprise that the members of the nine have been very derelict in their attendance upon the gymnasium exercises. The base-ball season is almost here, and for only four men to report regularly for training is indeed a poor augury for a repetition of the gratifying success of a year ago. The necessity of systematic and conscientious drill to insure good results in any branch of athletics, is a truth worn almost threadbare by constant repetition, and we had supposed that the members of the nine sufficiently realized its force to render another reference to it superfluous. Such, however, does not seem to be the fact, and we again call their attention to the need of seconding the captain's efforts if we are to make a creditable record in the spring. While on the subject, it may be a fitting occasion to express our regret at the decision of the Faculty which debars the nine from playing Princeton on their own grounds or in New York. If, however, this decision is final, we urge the management to try to obtain permission to arrange for a game on some intermediate grounds, if the Princeton nine will give their assent. The desire among all the men in college, and of the nine itself, for this game is so strong, that we believe the Faculty would gratify it, if they thoroughly understand the feeling of the men.

WITH the last days of the term comes naturally a retrospect of what the past three months have brought, of what has been accomplished, and what left undone. The sins of omission and commission now press more heavily than at the time of their happening, while past occurrences throng the mind in long procession. The term so nearly finished has not shown the monotony usually regarded as peculiar to it, but has been made memorable by several events not readily forgotten. The sadness of the first month made an impression on all hearts, although the sharpness of the sorrow has been softened by the touch of Time, and subsequent incidents

have aroused interest in many directions. The profitable amusements of the term have been numerous, and sufficient to fill all the spare time of those disposed to realize their opportunities. The literary societies have been well attended while the joint debate and the concert of the Beethoven Club are evenings to be remembered. The Junior and Sophomore speaking also attracted some, and the preliminary contests of the evening and next Thursday will doubtless also be interesting. The kindness of Mr. Smyth in giving public readings of Greek plays should meet the thanks it deserves. Especially is the cause for self-gratulation on the part of those fortunate enough to have heard the course of nine lectures given by Dr. Wilson on "Aspects of Modern Zoölogical Research." The interest of the last three weeks has of course centered in the display of spirit between the two lower classes which was unusually protracted. On the whole, the term has been prolific in events of interest and profit.

IN another column we print the report of the Conference Committee which was prepared for publication and unanimously agreed to by the Committee. It is an old but true remark that "it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," and however much reason for regret there may be in the disturbances of two weeks ago, and in the outrageously misrepresented reports of them in the newspapers, every thoughtful man in College must rejoice in the method adopted to solve the difficulty. The establishment of this Committee seems well-advised for long experience has clearly demonstrated the practical impossibility of checking disorderly conduct between the lower classes unless the students themselves are in sympathy with the movement. Undoubtedly it might have been done, but only at the sacrifice of all friendly relations between the Faculty and students, and at the risk of great injury to the College, and interruption to its work. Even then there would be no assurance against a renewal of the trouble in the ensuing year,—indeed, it is probable that they would break forth even more violently from the embittered feelings consequent upon previous disciplining. Whatever may be

PLEASANT.

OUT in a blinding rain-storm,
 Tramping a city street,
 Bearing your charmer homeward,
 Through a cloud of driving sleet;
 Under the same umbrella,
 While lips and kisses meet,
 With a pretty maid enjoying
 A dose of bitter-sweet.

x.

WILLIAMSTOWN CELEBRITIES.

IV.

IN WHICH THE YARN IS WOUND INTO A BALL AND
 LAID AWAY.

FOR the past three weeks our editorial cabin has been invaded by men of note and notes of men (these last of a somewhat questionable style and chirography), soliciting a column of *biography* in our pages. But the beauty of the whole thing is that each applicant has alleged specific grounds for his claim upon our earliest leisure, to examine into his particular case, so that we are not at a loss for sufficient data, some of which points toward the revelation of many strange phases of social life in Williamstown. Notwithstanding this great initial aid in our undertaking, we are met with an obstacle at the outset. In fact, we find ourselves totally unable to make a selection from the throng of anxious fame-fiends which daily presses at our door. We have, therefore, decided to lay the matter before the public in the form that has been carefully compiled by our biographical editor.

N. B. This list contains selections from many hundred applicants, arranged alphabetically, with the peculiar (and sometimes painful) circumstances which attach to each.

AMOS. Son of old Mrs. Amos. Occupies front suite (4th floor) of that "old and well-established" building known as the *Onion House*. Has been called by some great scientists "The Missing Link." Chews tobacco. Can put up the 200-pound dumb-bell, and hence is a bad man in a rush. (N. B. He is not preparing for college.)

OLD NECESSITY. A tricentenarian covered with the intellectual mould of the middle ages. A peripatetic philosopher and the interpreter of the Williamstown penal code. Has been likened to necessity. Takes no exercise. Is harmless.

CLARK. Christened P'aterick. Speaks broken English fluently. Is easily subject to mesmeric influence and can lie when necessary. He once said: "Ach, shure me b'ys, oi shuppose oi'l be hevin' to go to th' bad place whin oi die."

"Why, Pat?" some one asked him.

"Faith, an' won't oi hev to be deown ther' to black yez gintlemen's boots."

FITZ-GERALD. Owns the "House of Ruin," near the Smedley grape vines. Formerly made an honest living in the liquor traffic, but was constrained by the centurians of the Commonwealth (headed by T. O.) to relinquish his stock-in-trade. Since then he has been under a cloud.

HUNT. A blacksmith by trade, but

"He can tinker a watch,

Or a clock,

Or a lock

By the rules of his horse-shoeing art."

He has splendid sleeping capacities—in fact, he never entirely wakes up. But he is a wonderful jeweler.

MILLO. The noted smuggler of "Three per cent." and abettor of vice in Williamstown. Keeps a large assortment of pickaninnies on hand of all styles, shapes, and colors. Will probably keep company with Pat Clark after death.

RHEINLANDER. "Mein Gott in Himmel! Der pill vor dem close vosh ran sinze der tay pevor yestertay! You dink I vants to vait touzand year vor dose money?" An adept at pressing clothes and his creditors. Works all night. Has not yet completely mastered English idiom of speech relating to time—is still under the impression that *next Wednesday* means the day after term closes.

NOTICE. Our biographical editor has left town, and we refer all questions of etiquette, with regard to peaceable settlement, to our friend and backer, Hi. Waldron (The strongest man in town).

road at one place ascended a branch of the Rockies, and was in a pretty wild part of the country. The night was dark and stormy, and I got farther down into my coat collar as the wind beat in through the window, and tried to sleep; but the jostle of the ungainly vehicle only permitted me to doze now and then. An old farmer traveled the first ten miles with me till we reached Yankton, and I was beginning to think that I was to be the only passenger for the rest of the journey, when, just as the stage was leaving the town hotel, a stranger opened the door, got in, and settled himself in the opposite corner from me. I glanced curiously toward him, but could not see his face through the darkness, so I settled down to my own thoughts, as sleep was impossible, owing to the increased roughness of the road. The old stage on which I was traveling carried the mails from Caleb to Unionham, and it was only the week before,—so I had learned from the old farmer,—that an attempt had been made to rob the mail, as the stage-coach was slowly going up a steep part of the road on ahead. The thought flashed across me that the man opposite, who had got in in such a hurry and kept so silent, might be an accomplice to some road agents; but I laughed at the idea the next moment, and thought no more of it. The rain was now coming down in torrents. As we went creaking up a steep, muddy part of the road, suddenly I heard the driver shout "Ho-a!" and we stopped. Throwing open the door I called out what was the matter.

"The horses are a trifle blowed," answered the driver. As I drew my head in I noticed that the stranger slowly put his hand in his pocket and took something out. He then shook something out of a pouch, handled it peculiarly, and raised it to his lips. Finally his hands dove into another pocket. I watched all these movements with some surprise, not to say apprehension, and when I saw his hand go a second time into a pocket, I felt something was going to happen. The actions of the stranger were suggestive, but from the darkness I could not make out what he was about. And yet the motions he went through with seemed familiar. Where had I seen a man do that before? All these consid-

erations passed through my mind at the moment the stranger put his hand a second time in his pocket, and, though watching him suspiciously, I reassured myself that a road agent would not get into a stage with a large valise. As I looked I saw the man raise his hand to the level of his face, and then there was a snap and a small flash, followed by something that sounded like a curse. A second after came another snap, and a larger flash. "Thank Heaven! his powder is damp," I thought, and in an instant I jumped across and grappled him by the throat.

"You will shoot a man like a coward, will you?" I hissed, as my fingers encircled his neck. He struggled desperately, and I was aware that I had a powerful man to deal with. I was afraid to call the driver, for fear of alarming the confederates which I feared were in the vicinity, only waiting for a signal. As I held him I thought I felt him reaching for his pistol, which I had forgotten about. Taking my hands from his throat I attempted to anticipate him in getting the weapon, and at that moment he shouted hoarsely for help. The stage stopped, and the driver, jumping down, saw me holding down a man who was calling for assistance. So he levelled his old horse-pistol at my head.

"Throw up y're hands, or ——!" he said in a low voice, threateningly emphasizing the last word. "Not a word, or ——!" he continued, as I attempted to speak. I held up my hands, seeing the rascal had turned the tables on me, and wondered whether the driver was also an accomplice. I lay on the floor of the stage, hands aloft, while that vile agent went to get the lantern on the box. When he came back, and holding the lantern up, glanced now at the driver with the horse pistol suspended, and then at me, he burst into a roar of laughter. In a moment I joined in, for the man was no other than old Kersing, a class-mate of mine at college.

After pumping explanations into the driver's head for about five minutes we at length succeeded in making him grasp the situation and lower his shooting-iron, and I did the same with my hands.

"I had no idea you were in this part of the country," I laughed, perhaps a little nervously,

A PERSISTENT CHARACTER.

WHATEVER else may be said of Sam Russell, every one who knows him will readily agree that he is endowed with a wonderful power of perseverance, and that he pursues an object, on which his heart is set, with a devotion rarely seen. This trait of his was illustrated very clearly, a few years ago, in the case of Kate Holman. Her family was one of the best in St. Louis, and at the invitation of her brother Frank, a college friend of mine, I enjoyed a most delightful visit at their country place, some little distance from the city; and it was during this visit that I met Sam Russell.

He was in some way connected with Mr. Holman's business in the city, and greatly respected by his employer and the family. He was then about twenty-eight years old, I should judge, not prepossessing either in appearance or manner, while his conversation betrayed a knowledge, merely superficial, of affairs not of the most practical sort. From Charley LaGrange, a classmate, and, like me, a guest at B——, I learned that the fellow's parentage was of the "poor whites" of Tennessee, and that he was entirely a self-made man. Still, he evidently possessed a good business capacity, and on this quality I explained his intimacy with the family.

At the date of my visit, Kate Holman was a mere girl, of sixteen years, possibly, and much less developed than Southern girls of that age ordinarily are. She was rather pretty, but not remarkably so, and her attractions lay rather in her frank, high-bred character, and charming conversation. LaGrange and Russell both seemed very attentive to her, although in a different way; the latter had the advantage, or disadvantage, of being considerably older than the collegian, and conducted his campaign on a skillful and systematic plan, without, in the least, exciting the notice of the family. I was only two weeks at B——, but during my stay was greatly entertained, aside from the delightful hospitality of my hosts, by the rivalry of the two young men about its unsuspecting object, Miss Kate, and was often compelled to become the recipient of LaGrange's expressions of hope or fear, and hostility towards his competitor. In the latter sen-

timent, I heartily concurred with my classmate in contrast with whom Russell impressed me very unfavorably; but neither of us could give much reason for our prejudice, which we concealed generally, as Frank Holman was hand in glove with our fellow-guest. LaGrange did not progress much in his attentions. He was very punctilious, and would never approach Kate when Russell was with her; Sam, however, was troubled with no such scruples, and did not hesitate to join Kate and LaGrange when together. The natural consequence was that he was always in Kate's company, and often alone with her.

One feature of his courtship was novel and amusing. The house at B—— was large and old-fashioned, with some modern additions on the exterior, but, in other respects, much the same as the builder left it. Its most noticeable arrangements were a large hall, extending through the center from front to rear, ornamented with a broad oaken stair-case, and a piazza, which surrounded the building on three sides, where we spent our leisure moments. To this house the whole family, and especially Kate, was strongly attached, for it had been their home long before they lived at St. Louis; and before three days had passed, Russell participated in this admiration for the place. Much of his time he employed seated in a comfortable chair on the lawn, sketching the house, now from this point of view, now from that; Kate soon observed his occupation, and would stand for many minutes offering suggestions or bestowing praise upon the results of his labor. When she was seated on the piazza with LaGrange, the *pro tempore* artist not infrequently called her to inspect his work, and she invariably complied,—and once by him remained there while LaGrange sat watching them and cursing his luck. On a rainy day, and we experienced several, the devotee of art transferred his chair and himself to the large hall, indoors, and zealously copied the old stair-case. His trunk must have been filled with various sketches of the house.

Once I heard him explaining to Kate that he expected to build a house for himself, and was so pleased with this one that he wanted his as like it as possible.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE College Polo team has won and lost a game with the North Adams club.

Two proclamations for the events of "Saturday morning," March 8th.

THE Juniors may hand in the Senior essays next term, if they so desire.

PROF. ALEXANDER WALKER has dedicated a grand march to the leader of our orchestra.

THE inmates of Morgan sincerely regret that Dan, the janitor, will be removed next term.

THE choir looked tired when they finished the fortieth line in the hymn last Sunday evening.

MR. PARSONS said that the last examination was the best that the Frenchmen had yet passed.

THE last Junior orator received a well-merited applause at the termination of his witty oration.

PROF. PERRY expects to finish the constitution and give one or two lectures on the amendments this term.

THE last-page cartoon in *Puck* for March 12th, must have pleased the Professor of Political Economy.

WHO was the mysterious person who was seen hanging about the college buildings on the night of the 8th?

L. L. LEWIS, '87, has resigned the position of class choragus. F. N. Van Duzee was elected to the position.

H. F. WINSLOW, '85, returned to college last week after a prolonged absence rendered necessary by illness.

GEO. N. SOUTHWICK, who has been suffering from neuralgia, has gone home to Albany for an indefinite period.

OUR respected postmaster, after a prolonged illness, has again put in his appearance at the "General Delivery."

BILLIARD rooms have been defeated for another year. The townspeople seem determined to drive us to Adams.

PROF. CLARKE has been very sick with typhoid fever at Naples. Great anxiety was felt for a few days, but we are happy to announce that in all probability the danger is past.

IN less than a week the Juniors will have finished their long and pleasant course of studies under Professor Perry.

THE next building needed, and needed badly, too, by the college, is one for recitation rooms. Alumni please take notice.

A "SELECT FEW" were initiated into the mysteries of *etchings* by our modern Professor of Modern Languages, last week.

'87 feels that her contribution to the Gest Memorial Fund was insufficient, and opportunity is to be given for additions.

RUMOR has it that a certain professor heard and greatly enjoyed the proceedings of the Junior class-meeting of the 14th inst.

THE resolution may have been pacific in character, but it resulted in almost as much excitement as the rushes occasioned.

THEY say Glen Fem. Sem. is to have a reception soon. The program will consist of literary exercises in cream and chewing-gum.

THE Professor in Physics was obliged to omit one of the most interesting lectures in acoustics Monday on account of a deficiency of gas.

W. H. NOYES denies the honor of the statement that he is to join the Sophomore class. He will be enrolled, therefore, as a member of '87.

IT is probable that the Gymnasium exhibition will take place next Wednesday. Remember that it is for the benefit of our nine. Let every one come.

A LITTLE book, entitled "American College Fraternities," has been sold quite extensively in college. It is an interesting work, and its perusal repays one.

"GOD alone is great," sighs the pious Spanish historian, and so also does a certain Senior, who is working off a condition in mathematics for Freshman year.

THE Freshmen held a class meeting on the 5th, in which the following class-supper committee was chosen: E. L. Adams, C. H. Bigelow, H. Burden, F. J. Fessenden, D. I. Jackson, L. L. Lewis, and W. Perry. The power of selecting the place for the supper was given to the committee.

PERSONALS.

WE would correct the misprint which occurred in our last issue. The gentleman to whom we are especially indebted for alumni notes is Rev. E. B. Parsous, D.D., of Baldwinsville, N. Y.

'17. Of the late Dr. Clarke the *Boston Post* says:

"Rev. Dorus Clarke, D.D., died at his home on Walnut Street in this city Saturday, March 8th. He has not been engaged in pastoral work since 1851, but has taken great interest in religious, educational and historical subjects. Dr. Clarke was the son of Jonathan Clarke, who married Jemima Lyman. He graduated at Williams College in 1817, and at the time of his death was the oldest living alumnus of that institution. He graduated at Andover Theological Seminary in 1820; was ordained in 1823, and was pastor of the Congregational Church at Blandford, Mass., from 1823 to 1835; he was settled at Chicopee from 1835 to 1840. He was editor of the *New England Puritan* from 1841 to 1845, of the *Christian Parlor Magazine* from 1845 to 1847, and of the *Christian Union* from 1845 to 1851. He was for several years the historiographer of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society. During the last thirty years he has spent his time at Waltham and Boston. His principal literary work was in connection with his editorial duties, but he published a volume of eight sermons to young people, 'Four Letters to Horace Mann,' and 'The Ancestry and Writings of Rev. Dorus Clarke.' He married Hannah A. Bliss of Longmeadow, Mass., in 1824. His wife died a few years ago. He had five children, three of whom are now living; one daughter is the wife of Mr. S. D. Warren, and another the wife of Mr. George D. Hammond of this city. The surviving son is Mr. Henry M. Clarke of Boston."

'42. John H. Kellom, after a residence in Omaha, Neb., since 1856, has removed to Tustin, Cal., where he has an orange and lemon grove.

'52. Pitkin C. Wright is editor of "The Artisan," at Nashville, Tenn.

'53, '54, '55, '60, '64, '72. Williams men are prominent in preparing helps for the Sunday schools of the country. Rev. F. H. Peloubet edits his volume of "Select Notes" and a series of other helps; Rev. Dr. Grout edits the department of the *Observer*, and Rev. Dr. Kittredge the same in the *Evangelist*; Rev. Dr. Grout and Rev. G. R. Leavitt write sermons for the "Monday Club," and in the Presbyterian "Half-Hours" are sermons by Rev. Drs. Edson, Booth, Mitchell, Kittredge, and Hall.

'56. Rev. Charles W. MacCarthy, for some

years past a Presbyterian clergyman of central New York, has commenced a very hopeful religious work at Milnor, Sargent County, Dak.

'59. Rev. Henry C. Haskell was one of those at Harmar, O., who was obliged by the floods to forsake his house and property.

'59. Large accession is reported to the membership of the First Church at Norwalk, Conn., under the acting pastorate of Rev. Charles H. Everest.

'60. David W. Judd is head of the firm that publishes the "American Agriculturist."

'62. The church at Southampton is greatly prospered in all things under the ministry of Rev. Walter Conduct. A liberal sum is being expended upon improvements in church property and twenty-five new members were welcomed to the church at the last communion.

'62, '63, '66, '68, '78. Franklin Snow, Leverett W. Spring, James W. Green, James H. Canfield, and Arthur G. Canfield, are all members of the Faculty of the State University at Lawrence, Kas.

'63. Sixty-two new members were added to C. H. Bodwin's church at Amsterdam, Sunday, March 2d—forty-four by profession and eighteen by letter.

'72. F. W. Fiske is now Professor of Latin and Greek in the High School at St. Paul, Minn.

'76. C. B. Gilbert is Principal of the High School at St. Paul, Minn.

'76. Harvey J. Stafford is engaged in a successful grocery business at Canajoharie, N. Y.

'79. Rev. Robert E. Jones is rector of St. John's Episcopal Church at Kalamazoo, Mich.

'82. Downer is in the law department of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad at Minneapolis, Minn.

'82. Fargo is a member of the Chicago Board of Trade, representing Poole, Kent & Co., commission merchants, 116 La Salle Street.

'82. W. E. Fish is connected with the Mackinaw Lumber Company at St. Ignace, Mich.

'82. Geer, formerly with Theodore Schintz, has accepted a more lucrative position with Campbell & Custer, lawyers, 162 Washington Street, Chicago. He was admitted to the bar in that city, March 12th.

LIFE AT OTHER COLLEGES.

COLUMBIA.—Fifteen men are in training for the Freshman race to be held with Harvard next summer.—The *Spectator* publishes a list of delinquent subscribers.—Interest is now evinced in base-ball, and it is proposed to organize a nine and secure either the Polo grounds or the new Metropolitan grounds.—The need is felt of a general lecture course.—The *Columbiad* has received highly complimentary notices from the Harvard, Yale, and Princeton papers.—On Tuesday, Feb. 26th, the Glee Club gave a very successful concert at Bergen Point, N. J.

HARVARD.—A course of Historical lectures on the battles of the Civil War has met with great success.—The lecture by Major J. F. Huntington, (Subject: "Chancellorsville") won much applause, as did also the last on "Gettysburg" by Colonel Dodge.—Mr. Dorsheimer, '59, is to write the life of Van Buren for the Statesman series published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—The total amount of the Ellis Bequest for the endowment of professorships in the Medical School is estimated at \$150,000.—The proportion of Harvard students and professors in attendance at the performance of Irving and Miss Terry was very large.—The Harvard Club of New York, gave its eighteenth annual dinner at Delmonico's, Feb. 21st.—A very satisfactory statement of the Harvard Co-operative Society has been published by the superintendent.

PRINCETON.—The alumni residing in Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri, and Kansas have taken steps toward the formation of an Alumni Association, and the undergraduate members from Ohio have organized an "Ohio Club."—The report is false that compulsory gymnasium exercises are to be imposed upon the two under classes.—There are 113 men in '84.—The anonymous letter which has been the cause of so much disturbance is proved to have been a slander.—The annual dinner of the N. Y. Alumni Association took place at Delmonico's on March 4th.

CORNELL.—The *Era* publishes in the same issue abstracts of the rival lectures by Hon. E. H. Roberts on Protection, and Prof. H. C. Adams on Free Trade. "You pay your money and take your choice."—The Gymnasium is

lighted by electric lights, and is kept open until nine o'clock every evening.—Sixteen men are in training for the University nine.

BROWN has been expelled from the Intercollegiate Athletic Association, and **UNION** has taken her place.—The captain of the nine was recently injured quite seriously in the gymnasium.

DARTMOUTH.—Seven of last year's nine will play during the coming season.—The *Egis* has made its appearance.—Dartmouth is at last reinstated in the College Base-ball League. R-r-revenge!

TRINITY.—Mr. Charles Dudley Warner is to deliver a course of lectures on some portion of English Literature.—A prize of \$50 a year has been instituted by a lady of Hartford, to encourage the study of Greek.—The Faculty have suspended their decision in regard to the Athletic resolutions now so much discussed.

CLIPPINGS.

THE GLOVE.

SHE dropped her dainty glove one day,
Neglected in the dust it lay,
Until I chanced to see it there
And took it gaily to my fair.

"Would I might keep this glove," said I,
Scarce hoping that she would comply.
"Thou ha'st already," answered she,
"My glove for e'er without the G."

—*Courant.*

"Yes, you may come again next Sunday evening, but"—and she hesitated. "What is it, darling? Have I given you pain?" he asked, as she still remained silent. "You didn't mean to, I'm sure," she responded, "but next time please don't wear one of those collars with the points turning outward, they scratch so."—*Ex.*

PROF. in Moral Philosophy: "Mr. R., what end has a mother in view when she punishes her child?" **Mr. R.** blushes and sits down.—*Courant.*

SHE: "Doady dear, why is it that Hawthorne calls epitaphs "tender falsehoods?" **Doady** (who is just beginning Freshman Latin): "Because they generally begin with *hic jacet*—'this lies'—I suppose."—*Argonaut.*

THE ARGO-SUPPLEMENT.

Altogether the events went off well, and the day was a successful one. The time in some instances was not up to last year's, but the heavy track to a certain degree accounted for this. The change in the rope pull was a decided success. So was the general impression with the exception, perhaps, of a few '87 men. The prizes were very satisfactory, and were pronounced to be the handsomest for several years.

FOOTBALL.

THE improvement in football is so slow as to be almost imperceptible, and the lack of interest exhibited by the players in the daily practice will surely cause our defeat in the games so soon to be played. Next Wednesday the Dartmouth eleven will play Williams here, and if we are to make any kind of a creditable showing, a decided brace must be made. The fault does not lie with the captain, but with the men: for example, but eight reported on the campus Tuesday afternoon for practice, and consequently one day was lost. Unless more enthusiasm is speedily awakened, our football record will be like that in base ball, two years ago, when nine men would be chosen the day before a game, and then stand up and be beaten. Two weeks remain before we play Harvard, and the eleven should get a good afternoon's practice every day before they start for Cambridge; if this is done, a great improvement will be possible, and if it is not done, the engagement should be canceled, for Williams' athletic reputation has already suffered too much by putting poorly equipped teams in the field, to be able to repeat the experiment. To be more particular in reference to the weak points: when the ball is kicked, the rushers do not come down with sufficient force and quickness on the man who catches it; they are weak in catching; they don't drop on the ball soon enough; the ball is fumbled too much; the passing, though fair, can be greatly bettered; the half-backs should kick much better. These criticisms are not prompted by a spirit of fault-finding, but because we feel that the team contains good material, and can make an honorable record if they will only bestir themselves in season.

The tackling is very good, and shows what the men are capable of doing. The eleven, subject to possible changes, is as follows:

Rushers: Carse, Person, Williams, Field, Jones, H. A. Garfield, Phelps. Quarter-back: W. B. Safford. Half-backs: Wells, Hewitt. Full-back: Taft.

COLLEGE NOTES.

NOW, are you *ready!* Prist! *Now* are you ready! Prist.

PACH is in town.

WE were glad to see that no undershirts were pulled off while men were spurting last Wednesday.

THE beautiful moonlight evenings of this week have been enjoyed by many parties going to Stamford and other adjacent towns.

'85's DEBATE last Wednesday was enlivened by a few truthful statements on a "delicate subject," which considerably shocked the chairman.

Base ball is dead for the time. The campus that once re-echoed to the cry of "Seven balls! Take your base," is now aroused by shouts of "Hel-l-l-d!" "Daown!"

A CERTAIN Sophomore lost his watch and some money at Athletics. He left his coat in the dressing-room, and when he returned the loss was noticed. It was the only disagreeable feature of the afternoon, and we sincerely trust the loss is made good by this time.

WEDNESDAY, Penrose and J. R. Garfield, '85, played one set in the college championship series, resulting in favor of the latter by 11-9. Leake and Thompson, '87, played three sets, of which the latter won two; the score, 5-7, 6-1, 2-6. It is hoped that the singles will be all played off by to-day.

It is rumored that two Juniors have said to certain members of the Faculty, that they have not enough work to do. What the consequences will be if the class discover the informers, is a difficult thing to say. However, it is encouraging to add that no extra work as yet has been imposed on that studious class.

*Received
May 26, 1883*



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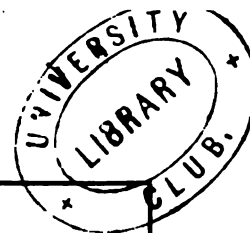
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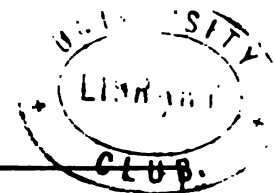
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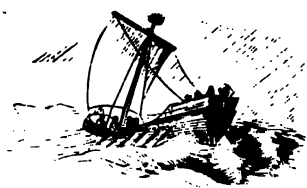
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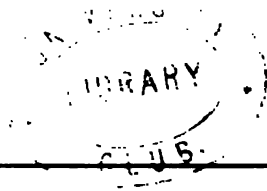
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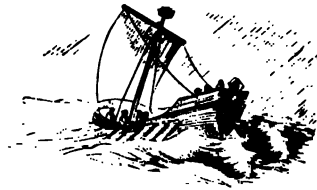
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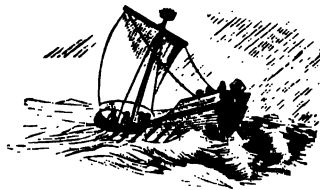
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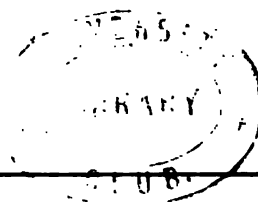
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